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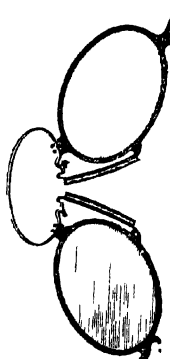
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IDEAL HINDU WOMANHOOD.

LANE J. ALLEN speaks in one of his books of ideals as being of two kinds. The first, the unattainable ones, he compares to *light-houses*, which serve as guides, but cannot be lived in. Woe to the man or woman that does not cherish ideals of this kind ; without them he will drift aimlessly and without fixed purpose. The second kind of ideals are those within our reach, that denote a comparative perfection, determined by our surroundings ; these are the lamps we carry in our hands, we must keep them fresh and trimmed and full of oil, so that we and others may rejoice in their light and guide ourselves by them.

From this point of view let us consider "ideal Hindu Womanhood." Whilst keeping in mind the very highest image of perfection as loadstar, let us yet limit our aspirations to the attainable and possible under the present imperfect surroundings, and not expect the impossible or hinder, even destroy, the growth of development by wanting to hasten it unduly.

The ideal man is manly and the ideal woman is womanly : this is the perfect standard for all times, climes and conditions ; only the blending of manliness and womanliness in social and family life can produce an harmonious whole. This, too, implies that without ideal manhood there cannot possibly be ideal womanhood, so that the vision unfolded before our inward gaze at these words, belongs at present to the light-house ideals ; and as we are here chiefly concerned with womanhood, we cannot follow up, interesting as the subject is, ideal manhood, and the effect of one upon the other.

But let us ask : wherein consists this beauty of womanliness and its great charm ? What are the chief characteristics of the womanly woman ? It is said that *man* represents the *day*, *woman*, the *night* ; the calm and brooding night, though outwardly still, is throbbing with a deep inner life, a hidden activity, which contains the germs

of all that the day will positively manifest. Again, night is the emblem of repose and soothing calm ; who has not felt the motherliness of merciful night, that folds to her bosom the weary and disappointed wanderer, that lays a cool hand on the fevered brow of the children of the day ? Again, *man* is compared to the *sun*, and the *woman* to the *moon*. There is often pain and fever in the ardent and fiery activity of the sun, but the calm splendour of the moon, being a softened reflex of the all-pervading light of the sun, does not pain or burn or dazzle. It comforts and delights, it lifts the heart out of earthly and sordid surroundings into regions of pure emotion. Repose then and calm, a soothing sympathy that springs from the hidden recesses of a loving heart, and that tender motherliness which embraces in its compassionate mercy every poor and needy child of earth—these make up womanliness.

Undoubtedly Hindu mythology and folklore testify amply that from the earliest time India has produced ideal women, who often, under most trying circumstances, proved loving and devoted wives, faithful, self-sacrificing mothers. The most ideal figure is certainly that of Sita, the heroic wife of Rama, whose splendid endurance and unwavering faithfulness deserve an undying fame. What can be more pathetic than the words, in which she implores her husband to let her share his exile :—

A wife must share her husband's fate.

My duty is to follow thee

Wherever thou goest, apart from thee,

I would not dwell in heaven itself !

If thou must wander forth

Through thorny, trackless forests,

I will go before thee, treading down

The prickly brambles to make smooth thy path.

Walking before thee I shall feel no weariness ;

The forest thorns will seem like silken robes,

The bed of leaves a couch of down.

To me the shelter of thy presence

Is better far than stately palaces and paradise itself.

Roaming with thee in desert wastes

A thousand years will be a day ;

Dwelling with thee, even hell itself would be to me a heaven
of bliss.

Not only did she share her husband's bitter sorrow; during his absence too she clung to him in chaste fidelity; but the crowning act of womanliness consists in her magnificent loyalty which continues, even after Rama—who in no wise shows up as the ideal man at this time—doubts and deserts her. Though Hindu lore and history furnishes many instances of loyal wives, devoted mothers, and clever and thrifty housewives, not one of them can compare with the gentle and yet lion-hearted Sita. It is good to keep this in mind, as we travel through the centuries and find, how, gradually, woman descended from the high pedestal, on which ancient Eastern chivalry had placed her, and how she became a slave and victim under the trammels of a degenerating social system. That this was the case, can easily be seen from the sacred and historical writings of the following centuries; we quote only one characteristic passage from the Mahabharata; though the origin of the story is as old as that of the Ramayana, the various parts were committed to writing at much later periods, and hence we find in the Mahabharata glaring contrasts equally emphasised.

Women have no sacrifices ordained for them. There are no shraddhas, which they are called upon to perform. They are not required to observe any fasts. To serve their husbands with reverence and willing obedience is their *only duty*.

In other writings the value of a cow is considered higher than that of a woman, and the woman is compared to a venomous snake, who can never be trusted. Is it possible that woman can remain self-respecting, high-souled and pure-minded, if she is given to understand that she is an inferior being, living altogether on a lower plane than man—if she is so surrounded by restrictions and limitations, that she almost ceases to be a free agent? An Indian woman writes truly, that woman is so much degraded that in the ordinary Hindu mind she is no less and no more than a "mother machine"; and though the expression may seem crude, the truth it conveys is undeniable.

The essence of manliness is strength, and the essence of womanliness is beauty: strength and beauty of mind and soul which must find also expression in the physical life. It is true that the beautiful soul makes the body its indwells its servant and instrument and consequently stamps this body with an expression so essentially belonging to it, that soul and body become a harmonious whole.

The grandest and most complete description of the ideal woman in Eastern writings might be considered "The Song of Praise of the Virtuous Woman," in the 31st chapter of proverbs attributed to the Hebrew King Solomon, but more likely written by a keen observer of humanity belonging to this shrewd and wise nation. In order to find out, by its guidance, all the characteristics of the virtuous or ideal woman of the East, we give the passage here in full:—

10. Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is above rubies.
11. The heart of her husband can safely trust in her,
So that he shall have no need of spoil.
12. She will do him good and not evil
All the days of her life.
13. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.
14. She is like the merchant's ships :
She bringeth her food from afar.
15. She riseth also while it is yet night :
And giveth meat to her husband,
And a portion to her maidens.
16. She considereth a field and buyeth it :
With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vine
17. She girdeth her loins with strength
And strengtheneth her arms.
18. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good.
Her candle goeth not out by night.
19. She layeth her hands to the spindle
And her hands hold the distaff.
20. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor,
Yea, she reaches forth her hand to the needy.
21. She is not afraid of the snow for her household :
For all her household are clothed with scarlet.
22. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry :
Her clothing is silk and purple.
23. Her husband is known in the gates :
When he sitteth among the elders of the land.
24. She maketh fine linen and selleth it,
And delivereth girdles unto the merchant.
25. Strength and honour are her clothing :
And she shall rejoice in time to come.
26. She openeth her mouth with wisdom :
And in her tongue is the law of kindness.

27. She looketh well to the ways of her household
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
28. Her children rise up and call her blessed,
Her husband also, and he praiseth her.
29. Many daughters have done virtuously
But thou excellest them all.
30. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain :
But a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.
31. Give her of the fruit of her hands :
And let her own works praise her in the gates.

Truly, never has husband or son sung more enthusiastically of the wife or the mother who embodied to him ideal womanhood. And yet, so simple is this whole song of praise, that it cannot fail to impress us with the sense of reality ; we feel that somebody draws here, with the fervour of love and devotion, the picture of a beloved woman, with whom he has spent a life-time, whom he has had time and opportunity to observe at all times, under all conditions and yet has never found a spot or a flaw in her matchless beauty of character. Happy the Eastern poet, who could call such a priceless pearl his own. And yet ! why should not our time produce such women, develop out of the hidden and often buried treasure such priceless gems ?

Within the apparent narrow sphere of an Oriental home, what scope we find for womanly virtues : how unlimited is the range of influence for a woman in this small world—this home—this kingdom of hers—and from there that sweet and beneficial influence spreads in widening and ever-widening circles, into the world beyond, so that in truth we can say : A woman's kingdom is no less than the whole world.

Besides the characteristics of the ideal woman in general, we find here in a few masterly touches the portrait of the ideal *wife*, the ideal *mother*, the ideal *mistress*.

The conception of the virtuous woman as *wife* is the chief one and stands out here and there in vivid colours, especially in the 11th, 12th, 23rd and 28th verse. That "the heart of her husband can safely trust in her," seems to almost gather into one the whole pearl string of lovely and lovable qualities that this chapter contains. And alas ! Is it not just in this respect that we find the Hindu home

of the present day lacking? Where is that quiet and unlimited trust with which a husband crowns his wife as queen of his home? But if he thinks his wife incapable, unreliable or perhaps even untrustworthy, is it not, as pointed out before, because the very springs of a Hindu wife's life and heart have in many cases been dried up—buried under the rubbish of traditional customs and social fetters?

Is it not, alas! too usual to hear a Hindu man belittling his wife, doubting her capacity for every untried thing, simply because she has never been given the merest chance of trying, instead of praising her and trusting in her? How sweet is the wifely devotion depicted in the few simple words of the 12th verse, that "she does him good and no evil all the days of her life"; for better, for worse, she remains faithful and loyal in the lot that has been cast for her; and not a blind dog-like devotion, but intelligent, and instinct with the consciousness of the dignity of her position as her husband's help-meet. We have heard or read that "the woman is the glory of the man," how truly we find this expressed in the 23rd verse! Happy and proud in the consciousness of the fellowship of his virtuous wife, of his well-ordered household, his prospering children, conscious, too, that there is a heart that shares as well his prosperity and honour, as it would his adversity, the husband takes his place among the councillors of the town, and how often, when the affairs of the town or country are discussed, may he remember her words of counsel and advice, with which she orders her little kingdom at home, and this gives him new impulses, new wisdom, that still makes him more sought after and listened to, as he sits with the elders in the gates and the multitude of complaints and questions is brought before him. Yes, verily, the ideal wife is the glory of her husband and the very source and mainstay of his strength.

Only a single direct allusion is made to the virtuous woman in her capacity as *mother*; but it speaks volumes: "Her children arise and call her blessed." Can we not picture them, the stalwart noble sons, the virtuous handsome daughters, perhaps already with families of their own, standing around that stately, dignified matron, whose life-work on earth is almost done, she, the law of whose lips is kindness—can we not picture that group, tender and loving, drawn together more and more during the flight of years into that mysterious communion of hearts, with tears of joyful emotion calling

her blessed ? How well they must remember that gentle restraining power checking their flightiness and disobedience, and ever-more guiding them towards that which is good and pure, and inspiring them continually by her sweet presence and holy life. Blessed, indeed, the mother who can adorn herself with such jewels !

The virtuous woman is neither an over-exacting nor a slack mistress. Neither does she spoil her servants with undue familiarities nor does she exclude them from the privileges that her bountiful house offers. In the fifteenth verse we are told that she arises while it is yet night, to provide for the following day with her own hands for the whole household. Her motherly kindness is not confined to her own kith and kin, her servants also are included in that loving care. If they work for her faithfully, she provides for them richly and also clothes them beautifully. Not only does she do this out of kindness, she also wishes to uphold the honour of her house and the fame of her husband by providing for a befitting outward appearance of every one that belongs to her household. Who would not serve gladly such a mistress ?

To make a catalogue of all the feminine virtues enumerated in this chapter is a delight and we wish to see every daughter of India adorned with a necklace of such imperishable jewels.

The ideal woman is *virtuous first and foremost*. The soft lustre of her virtue, the purity of her heart and mind excel the brilliancy of precious stones ; she is loyal and faithful, devoted and trustworthy, and that not out of a slavish sense of inferiority, but because she finds her glory and delight in giving her life out for others in glad and voluntary service.

The ideal woman is a *thrifty and prudent housekeeper*. Without being stingy she is economical, without being extravagant she is generous, she makes, as the popular saying is, " a little go a long way," she is not slothful, merely contenting herself by giving orders without seeing them carried out, or leaving others to do what she herself ought to do. She is the first to rise, the last to go to rest. Yes, sometimes her lamp does not go out during the night ; she watches over the interests of the house. Her ambition is, to be everybody's servant, and her service of love is her crown of glory. Her example inspires everyone and a glad ambition pervades the whole household to try and imitate her virtues.

Under the thrifty management of the ideal woman the affairs of the household prosper ; she is nothing if not a business woman ; with all her love for the seclusion of her home, she has a shrewd knowledge of worldly external affairs. She does not bother her husband unnecessarily with her domestic troubles ; she is able and willing to act on her own responsibility. Behold her bargaining with prudence and dignity for the purchase of this beautiful field, that flourishing vineyard : her foreseeing judgment has already calculated next season's gain. Not only is under her guidance the clothing for the whole household spun and worked within the house, nay, her skill and that of her daughters and handmaidens is so great that her merchandise is famous far and wide, and so she increases the family wealth, thinking in her loving foresight of her children's future.

And does she hoard up her wealth for selfish purposes ? We need scarcely ask such a question, after the picture that has been unrolled before our eyes. It goes without saying that the ideal woman is *generous and open-handed* : she is not, like the unloved and unloving barren soul "a fountain sealed, a garden shut," but a fountain of living water whose liquid flood spreads over the parched country, which, in ever giving out, ever increases itself, a "fruitful garden full of fragrance and beauty which nourisheth thousands with its satisfying fruit and delights weary eyes with its fresh and varying beauty."

The ideal woman is by no means, as has been indicated before, indifferent to outward appearance. If, in her husband's interests, she cares for befitting apparel for the members of her household, she is also intent on her own personal adornment. She certainly has no childish pleasure in a vulgar display of jewellery. We do not read that she covers herself with ornaments which are sometimes almost barbarous in their over-laden clumsiness and are intended to advertise the husband's wealth. No, her noble form is clad in such rich and befitting garments as emphasise the beauty of her person, betoken her husband's rank and betray her refined and cultured taste. As in everything else, so she shows also here her wisdom in *moderation*. Well can we imagine her queenly form in silk and purple garments, bound by a chaste golden girdle, which harmonise with the quiet and tasteful splendour and comfort of her surroundings. We may be sure that every detail in her house is arranged with artistic taste ; that

is an instinct in every woman of culture or breeding. No affectation or imitation, no aping of foreign appearance that befits the children of oriental soil so badly, and has, alas! become a mania in some Indian households, but a spontaneous expression of the beauty and orderliness that reigns in her own soul.

And what is said of the speech of the ideal woman? How can we best characterise her utterances? In the 26th verse we read, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Kind and wise speaker! How we would love to listen to thy sweet counsel, to thy wise warnings, to thy kind behests! How soothing your comfort, how tender your endearments, how cheering your encouragement! No idle chattering, no petty bickerings and quarrels, and least of all impure gossip and scandal-mongering, that pollutes heart and imagination even of tender childhood. Can we not imagine the look of indignant grief with which she would put such an offender to ashamed silence? Impurity and unloveliness in tone or manner has no place in the home of the ideal woman; they fly from her presence like hideous reptiles from the pure daylight.

Incomparable are the words in the rich meaning they convey, "Strength and honour are her clothing." Who are the foolish and ignorant people that assert that a woman's glory is her weakness? On the contrary, we are told that it would be her dishonour; her honourableness lies in her quiet strength, that is conscious in its objects and aims, and perseverant in their attainment. The ideal woman is *strong* in *service* and *sacrifice*. And who would prefer a weak servant to a strong one? It is certainly the strong, self-reliant and capable servant, that does the most valuable work; a woman's glory and honour lie in her strength, even in the intense strength, which is greater than her own.

The root of perfection of all these virtues is shown in the 30th verse. "A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised!" How simple it sounds and yet how profound.

Religion is the inexhaustible fountain from which the ideal woman draws all her strength, all her virtue. All her fountains are in God. Religiousness is the first and chief condition for the virtue and usefulness of any woman. An irreligious woman! What a sad spectacle. A tree without root, a flower without fragrance. A woman

must exhale the fragrance of heaven in this world—must strike her roots in the heart of the Eternal, if she is to be a true woman at all. The substance of all her virtue will be found in religion ; without it she loses her self-respect and that of others.

How does this description of the ideal woman fit the present-day Hindu woman ? Trying to answer this question, we must, however, bear in mind, that the average woman can never be the ideal woman ; but still she can have and ought to have the main characteristics, that tend with culture and development towards the type of the ideal woman. Is it too bold, then, to assert that the average Hindu woman has elements of ideal womanhood in her ? And that it only wants care and patient training to develop them ? If we call to mind the famous Hindu women of former times, of whom some have been heroines, some martyrs, some wives and mothers of the noblest type, do they not represent fair specimens of ideal womanhood illustrating its various aspects ? Why is it then, that the present-day Hindu woman, with rare exceptions, answers so little to the picture drawn by the eloquent pen of the inspired Hebrew singer ? That this is not the case, is not difficult to perceive ; many of the reasons too are evident.

Let us look at the Hindu woman in her home-life. Hers is a life full of opportunities, of rich and varied activities, if lived at its fullest. The self-sacrificing devotion of the good Hindu wife leaves nothing to be desired. In this respect she can indeed be well held up as a model to many of her European sisters. The Hindu conception of the true wife is grand in its simplicity which commends itself to every thoughtful observer. To *be* and to *live* for her husband, to show him unwavering faith and devotion as long as life lasts, is its chief characteristic. If we think of the thousand and one different interests, amusements and activities, that often threaten to interfere and do interfere with the duties of the European woman, we cannot hesitate one moment in preferring the concentration of duties looked for in and realised by the Hindu wife. But as no good thing in this world is absolute and carries the danger of excess in it, so also it is with this idea of wifely duty ; devotion becomes slavish obedience, faithfulness a mechanical law, an exclusive concentration of thoughts on the husband, an unreasonable dependence born of ignorance and tradition which never questions the moral right

or wrong of any matter. It is only, as we have seen, in the picture of the ideal woman, the reasonable and *self-determined* subjection to an intellect and a moral force which she can safely trust, because she knows them to be higher than her own, that causes the ideal woman to see her pride and her glory in her subordination to her husband. Only when she shares his moral standard, his social status, can she intelligently obey him and at the same time become, as it is well expressed, "his better half," and certainly not otherwise. One sometimes hears Hindu gentlemen use this phrase, where it is out of place, simply because they cannot take in its full meaning. Nobody is to blame for this caricature of wifedom, that we so often see and deplore, but the man himself. Nobody that has ever cared to investigate the matter, can deny that the majority of Hindu men are perfectly indifferent, suspicious, or altogether hostile, where the moral and social improvement of their wives is concerned. Some parts of India, or some communities, present exceptions, but on the whole the statement is not exaggerated. As long as their wives are pliable and submissive and in good health so as to fulfil their wifely and motherly duties, the man is perfectly satisfied; he opposes and regrets every move that is made towards the enlightenment of his wife. There is, thank God, a small majority, which is, however slowly and gradually, increasing, who are thoughtful and advanced enough to see how great will be the advantage to themselves, their families and their country if a gradual progress is made in raising the status and standard of woman. It has been hinted at before, that it would be by no means advisable to take the present-day European wife altogether as a model for the Hindu wife—far from it! Nothing could be more disastrous. Firstly, there must be always a difference between the Oriental and the Western wife on account of climatic and social difference, into which, however, we need not enter here. Secondly, the modern European wife, especially as represented by Anglo-Indian society, is by no means what we would wish the Hindu wife to be. In many cases, alas! she may be held up as a warning example as to what unchecked love for amusement, selfishness, love of ease, and self-indulgence may lead to. In the case of women who are not capable of self-control, the entire lack of social restraint and control by an outside force leads to lamentable results. Certainly,

the western ideal is as high and, in some respects, higher than the Hindu ideal, and all that can be learnt from history and literature, and especially from personal intercourse with good and cultured * women from the west, cannot be valued high enough. The western wife is supposed to share her husband's life to the fullest, and so to harmonise with him, adapt herself to him, that in their married life they represent completeness and perfect unity. While, therefore, recognising the evil tendencies and avoiding them, let the Hindu world still choose and utilise all that is good and adaptable for their community from the mode of married life in the West.

Let us now turn to the Hindu *mother*. In the fulfilment of her motherly function lies the *raison d'être* of woman : even wifehood is subordinate to motherhood. Here again we see the bright and the dark side of the picture. While, on the one hand, it is true that a mother represents the perfect woman, and that her children are her crown of glory, it is, on the other hand, not only foolish, but wicked to despise the childless woman, or to consider her as an imperfect and unblest being, who is deserving of contumacy in this and in the next world.

Let us now recollect what we learnt of the ideal woman as a *mother*: the loving and patient training of her children, her utmost care for their bodily needs, her words of love and wisdom, and, above all, the splendid example she set them in every detail. Truly, in training children, example does more than coaxing or scolding or fretting. What sad scenes one has often to witness in Hindu homes ! Spoiled children, neglected children, disobedient and undutiful children ! And yet one can only pity them at the thought, that it is simply the ignorance and folly of the mother that has caused this lamentable exhibition of warped child-natures. And yet, is the Hindu mother lacking in motherly love ? By no means ! Anybody who knows and observes Hindu mothers must be deeply touched by all the manifestations of love and tenderness lavished on the little ones, the pride that she takes in her children. But alas ! that love is mostly so unwise, so short-sighted ! To indulge every wish of the little tyrant, lest he should cry and fret or even beat and kick, is the law for the female members of the household ; and when the often very small stock of patience is exhausted, an angry and immoderate

punishment is given and this in turn exasperates the culprit. The mother then, in a fit of weak and unworthy repentance, takes him on her lap, comforts and soothes him and finishes by conceding what he first asked for, yes, even gives him more. While in European countries, the school authorities expect everything from the home-training and the child has to bring home a report of his doings at school in order to be reprov'd and punished at home for his misdoings there, it is the custom here that the desperate and harassed mother expects everything from the school discipline. Yes, even a report of the home-conduct has to be given to the master and very often mothers or fathers appear in school, asking that the child may be punished for his shortcomings at home; that is: the parents practically declare themselves to be unfit to deal with their own children, and the children soon come to see that the parental authority is not the highest and consequently lose that unbounded respect they owe them. We all know what our own mother is, or has been to us; what a large share she has in the memories of our childhood and youth. In the West the mother remains in close and intimate contact with her children till they are quite grown up, and, therefore, she becomes part of her child's moral and intellectual life, always provided that she is what a true mother ought to be. Unfortunately, in this country, the mother very soon loses control over her children, partly through social restrictions, which prevent her in any way sharing or even understanding her son's school interest or out-door life, partly through the constantly cried down and condemned, but as yet still fully flourishing, habit of child-marriage, which so soon deprives the daughter of the mother's sympathy and wholesome influence and the mother of the daughter's care and help, which can never be replaced by that of the mother-in-law, and this at an age when mother and children should more and more closely be drawn together, instead of being separated from each other.

Scarcely to be calculated is the harm done to the children by the want of privacy in an Indian household; what is deplored as a great misfortune for the lower classes of England, is the rule in all classes of the Hindu community. In very few homes is that tact and delicacy observed, which is due to the delicate and sensitive child-mind. The thoughtless, indiscreet way in which Hindu women

are wont to discuss their own and their neighbour's most private affairs before the children, the publicity with which all social and domestic rites are conducted, which should be of a character of the strictest privacy, poison and degrade the child-mind. If we consider how observant and receptive the child is, how impressive and retentive the active little brain, what care should be taken to give only such impressions as will tend to sweeten and purify his mind ! Enough they hear and see in the streets and bazaar to harm and defile them ! Let, then, the home be the sanctuary. Let the mother's lips be those from which they hear nothing that they cannot treasure and remember with pure joy and delight all their lives.

Very little, if anything, is done by the average Hindu mother to develop and train the child's intellect, and yet in a simple way, the mother can teach him, even in tender years, the whole wisdom of life. There are mothers who give of their own to their children, and it is most necessary of course that the mother should possess something which she can impart to the child. The foundation of all moral and religious life can only be laid by the mother.

But we have not only to study the Hindu woman in her own home, in her capacity as wife and mother. The joint family system, prevalent in India, gives her a very complex character in her relationship to the other female members of the household. There is the aunt, daughter-in-law, sister-in-law, cousin, and so forth. Nobody can deny that the joint family system has its good points, yes, its ideal side, *but only then*, if there is love, tact, and patient unselfishness. The duties of the mother and mother-in-law towards all the younger ones are truly no easy one. How much dignity, how much tact, what unflinching patience, what brave and impartial justice are required ! Only the ideal woman can worthily fill such a post ! Only when the Hindu woman comes fully to understand her own worth and dignity and the unlimited responsibilities and opportunities that are laid upon her, can she adequately fill the post assigned to her. Similarly with the younger women ; only a just and kind treatment can elicit from them that obedience and reverence they owe to the one in authority ; only by humility and unselfishness can they hope to live happily among so many individuals, of whom each claims her own share and her own place in the whole. What bitterness and strife,

Outside her home the sphere of influence of the Hindu woman is infinitesimal. Her world is in her home ; yet the social life of the twentieth century India shows a marked progress, and possibly the Hindu woman may soon, in this respect, not only equal but overtake her sister of the past. History and folk-lore teach us, that in ancient times the social sphere of the Hindu woman was by no means so limited as it is now. Her words were listened to, her advice sought after, she was, with certain necessary limitations, the social equal of the man. Certainly the social sphere of woman is, and always must be, a different one from that of the man ; but that does by no means imply that it is inferior. At present the only social functions of the Hindu woman are connected with certain family events, such as births, marriages and deaths ; but even within this narrow circle she can move like a ministering angel, a faithful friend, a wise counsellor. But her social instinct seems, alas !

with rare exceptions, almost paralysed. Instead of being sympathetic and helpful, she is inclined to be interfering and meddlesome, and the callousness and indifference displayed to the sorrow-stricken world in general and her own little world in particular, is appalling. Certainly, this reproach of indifference is deserved more or less by the whole of India, but naturally one looks for such flowers of virtue as compassion, pity, and charity first in the woman, for here is her proper realm; and it is not to be doubted that, once the Hindu woman regains her place in society, these qualities, by example and training, will soon develop. Even now we find among Indian women some, whom the enthusiasm of humanity has laid hold of, and who might be classed with women like Florence Nightingale and Elizabeth Fry, whose whole life was a ministry to the sick in body and mind. The Hindu woman has in her the germs, not only of an excellent nurse, but also of a capable teacher, and we look hopefully towards the time when she shall be given opportunity and scope to shine in that direction. Some Hindu women have shown remarkable gifts as writers, and it cannot be doubted that incalculable influence on the whole community may be exercised in this way.

It is time, however, now, to ask ourselves in which way the present state of things, with its significantly hopeful points, but also with its many undeniable drawbacks, might be improved in a natural, gradual way, without trying artificial and unwholesome methods which might perhaps only hinder the cause and retard its progress. To begin with, let the Hindu woman remain a *true daughter of India*, and though she may make use of Western improvements that fit well into the frame of Oriental life, let well-meaning but over-zealous reformers beware of trying dangerous experiments. To try and deprive Indian home-life of its charming simplicity by substituting unnecessary reforms and accustoming the woman to superfluous enfeebling luxuries, would be almost criminal. Just as mistaken it is to press too eagerly for the emancipation of Hindu women from their present seclusion. We all know how gradual, hidden and mysterious is the process of growth in nature, how no forcing and driving can produce healthy effects.

The most pressing necessity is, certainly, that the Hindu woman should be not only a *loving*, but a *wise mother*; everything depends on the training and home-influence for the daughters of India. Only

those who from earliest childhood receive the sweet and tender influence of sacred motherhood will in their turn fill worthily that most important office. How then can some influence be brought to bear on the mothers, to make them better fitted for their duties ? In several of the large towns classes for women have been started, and no doubt they are one step towards giving new motives and thoughts to Indian mothers ; especially practical lectures such as on hygiene, nursing, general cleanliness, etc., cannot fail to make some impression. Certainly, one has for the present to be satisfied with a very small, scarcely visible result, hoping that a woman who perhaps carried out one of the impressions received into practical life will inculcate this into her children, and these, in their turn, having the same or better opportunities will improve on what they have learnt ; so that within one or two generations a considerable improvement should take place. Still, one cannot help thinking that *lives lived* according to the rules of sanitation, cleanliness, and common-sense in general—and lived amidst the less-favoured women—would bear most fruit.

The moral perceptions may take still longer time to be roused, and here, lessons and lectures avail even less than in the rules for clean and wholesome living. It might seem advisable to give Hindu ladies opportunities to visit Europe and America, in order to appropriate there all that can be transplanted with advantage into Indian soil. But these ought to be chosen women, full of patriotism, swadeshism (in the noblest sense of the word), who would be clear-sighted and wise enough to abstain from all harmful imitation and affectation that will in the end hinder success and the progress of true civilisation. Still, some such instances have been heard of ; and only a dozen of such Hindu ladies, whose hearts are on fire with the desire to improve their less fortunate sisters, could work marvels in India. It is clear that there are many dangers, some of them unavoidable, connected with the introduction of desired reforms. But the question is : Should, on account of these dangers, efforts be altogether omitted or not ? Every good cause has to pass certain crises and has to go through certain stages of development. So it will be in this case. As long as good men and good women, Indians as well as Europeans, who have the cause of the uplifting of the female sex really at heart, combine to try their best, the ultimate

result must be good, though some eccentricities and unnatural outgrowth may possibly not be avoided. The formation of meetings for mothers in *their own homes* and with practical demonstrations of the lessons taught, seem at present the best and most commendable course.

The ladies' Industrial Exhibitions that have been held here and there in various centres could certainly be increased, and at the same time simplified and localised, so as to make them more popular and to put them more within the reach of the average woman. Literary competitions for educated women in the vernaculars should be multiplied. There are many educated Hindu women of the middle-class, by the recital of whose experiences and suggestions others might be much helped, and at the same time it is a great help and encouragement to the writers themselves to be able to express their thoughts.

More difficult, but at the same time offering more scope for practical suggestions, is the question of education for Hindu girls. We know what rapid progress primary female education has made in India, especially in South India and Bengal, within the last 30 years, and whatever may be said against the wholesale introduction of the rigid and stereotyped English educational rules, it is without doubt a most signal and not to be under-rated benefit, that the English Government does so much in order to enable girls to get some education. The *power to read* is the most essential factor, next to the thinking power, in the education of mankind. If we consider that at the present time, one in three hundred girls in India is able to read her vernacular, it is a matter of great thankfulness and offers a fair vantage ground for further operations. The teaching is necessarily very poor in many primary schools, and in others the method of teaching and matter taught most unsuitable and not adapted to Hindu girls' minds, and here it is where practical reform is possible. There is in India an ever-increasing number of men and women who have the question of female education at heart, and surely many of them must have by now very clear ideas what lines they ought to follow.

Necessary it is above all that the children's minds should be roused, but also, that their moral and religious sense should be strengthened.

Religious and moral instruction, in the form of object lessons, (that is to say with some tangible mode of representing the subject to them) are a chief factor. It is a very deplorable, though unavoidable evil, that religious instruction, and therewith most moral teaching also, has been excluded from Government schools. True morality can only be inculcated by religious principles, and, as we have said, every pious and God-fearing woman can approach the ideal of womanhood. A mind bent on seeking God in everything true and beautiful, will certainly find Him there, and the child-mind is especially prone to such impressions. All hollow forms and repetitions should be limited to a minimum, but a true, living heart-religion be taught by precept and example.

Another subject of teaching should be the history and tradition of the Indian people, particularly localised. So often one finds, in the little private schools, a muddled and vague account of mythology largely mixed with folly and superstition; in most Government schools, on the other hand, history is taught in a most execrable fashion. Girls that have to leave before they pass the fourth standard get no teaching at all, and the girls that are fortunate enough to be able to read a year or two longer are generally made to learn by heart some little text-book which presents usually a dry list of names and dates. Even in infancy the child should be taught to love and revere everything that is good and great in the history of its country. Noble characters, noble deeds, should be represented in such a way as to impress themselves indelibly on the child's heart and memory. How can the child grow up to love and cherish its country and peoples without its heart being filled with love for the truly great characters which history unfolds? All exaggeration, all untruth, should be strictly avoided, and above all, the child should never be taught to excuse on any ground whatever an evil or mean deed, or to condone—as is customary in Hindu religious teaching—the wrong and immorality related, on the supposition that the perpetrators could do what they liked by a—one might almost say—special Divine licence. As the pupil's mind develops, she should be taught sound practical lessons as concerning her womanly work and duties in life. A sacred task, a high ideal, should be put before her. Love for nature should also be inculcated, and power of thought and observation be strengthened by suitable problems and questions

solved by little debating classes or essays. An evil to be avoided is the too early introduction of the English language in primary girls' schools. It will be found advisable to give the girls first a sound and thorough teaching in the vernacular, so as to master technicalities and the matter of the books read before any attempt is made to teach English. Max Müller repeats many times that "language is the vehicle of thought," and also of the mode of thought. Good vernacular text-books and story books should therefore be placed in the hands of the pupils. Arithmetic is a subject not to be despised for girls; apart from its practical value in domestic affairs, it is a sort of gymnastics for the mind, and makes it active and flexible. In every girls' school fine art should be taught, beginning germ-like in Kindergarten, work by clay-modelling, action songs, etc., and later on chiefly represented by needle-work and music. Drill and gymnastics should always be based on the pretty graceful games that the Hindu girls know to perform so well.

The reader will think, that it is very easy to make proposals for girls' school reforms; but where are the suitable teachers to come from? And this is, of course, the great practical difficulty. If we would propose to have only female teachers for primary girls' schools, the matter might seem hopeless. At present the majority of Hindu mistresses, trained or otherwise, are highly unsatisfactory. If untrained, they lack judgment, perception, and the power of maintaining discipline; on the other hand, most of the Hindu female teachers who have undergone a course of training in a Government institution—an idea utterly foreign to Hindu thought and tradition—have done so either from dire necessity, being widows or deserted wives that want to save themselves from starvation, or they are women who do not mind leaving their homes and families, and exposing themselves to a certain degree of publicity, and this, in the present state of Hindu society, is looked upon with apprehension, and rightly so.

The Christian community indeed turn out numbers of capable trained girls and women of respectable character, and the fact of their being accustomed from childhood to more independence lessens the danger of their more or less public occupation. But even then, their number is small: they are generally engaged by the institutions and communities to whom they owe their training, and

for the present they are unpopular in indigenous Hindu schools ; they are perhaps suspected of being more or less denationalised, and consequently might have an influence to that effect on the people.

In Southern and Central India, however, men are largely used as teachers in Hindu girls' schools, and on the whole this system seems to be working fairly well—at any rate, till the time for something better has come. Nothing can be better in a girls' school than to have a wholesome masculine influence, and though it is most desirable that the female element should predominate in the teaching staff, it seems under present conditions more possible to get conscientious, devoted, and honest teachers from among the educated high-caste men. The writer has come across some excellent Hindu schoolmasters in India and remembers especially with pleasure an old Pandit, who had been a girls' school-teacher for eighteen years ; nothing could excel his zeal and his method of teaching, the gentle and courteous manner with which he treated the little girls, and the influence he had over them. He was a born teacher, and his zeal to learn more and more in order to impart it to others was truly pathetic. Until, therefore, indigenous Hindu schools are able to mould and train their teachers from among their own pupils, which may not be till after two or three generations, the teaching of a mixed staff under an efficient female principal seems unavoidable.

The third channel through which reforms should be tried is literature. Already there exists a number of vernacular periodicals and one particularly good English magazine for Indian women, and though they are not all equally valuable in contents and get-up, yet it is the beginning of more good things to come. The great obstacle, of course, is the diversity of languages, but it might well be possible to publish a monthly paper containing the same subject-matter in several chief vernaculars, such as Mahrathi, Hindi, Bengali and Tamil, the respective publishers belonging to the various provinces. This would save time and thought, and really good matter can be utilised and be brought to the knowledge of many at the same time. For this purpose a sort of literary committee should be started, consisting mainly of Indian ladies residing in the various chief cities of India. Indian women have the gift of writing and possess a peculiarly graceful and imaginative style ; they also are good poets, and we know how fond the Indian women are of reading poetry.

Novels, suitable for Hindu ladies, have scarcely been written at all. "Kamala" by Krupabai Satthianadan, is a fair specimen of what an Indian novel intended for the female sex should be. Very likely the number of novel-writers will increase; still, it is to be hoped that only those who have the inward call for writing will try their hand at it.

If we have thought of the Indian woman as teacher and writer, we might just attempt to look at her as a future active agent in nursing at hospitals and private residences, foster-mother of orphans and similar callings. The average Hindu woman will make a capable nurse, deft with her fingers, clever and full of resources, provided that the power of sympathy in her is developed. We see Hindu mothers and wives as most devoted and self-sacrificing nurses at the sick-beds of their parents, husbands, and children; but ask them to bestow a little of this wealth of affection on outsiders and they will generally be quite unresponsive. Further, their conscientiousness has to be developed. To be reliable and punctual in every matter comes not naturally to them: everything is done in a casual way. In sick nursing, if anywhere, the Hindu woman can learn much from her European sister. Once the power of sympathy is awakened and developed by patient training at home and at school, and through instruction and private classes, above all by good and practical example, the Hindu woman will find one of her chief vocations in the sick-room, in the nursery, orphanage or other charitable institutions. So far, the Hindu world can boast only of few indigenous institutions for public charity. Most of these are started and supported by Government, Christian Missions, or some other philanthropic body.

In the great work of recalling the Hindu woman to her own noblest self, to elevate and purify her daily home-life, to give her the place that rightly belongs to her in home and society, to make her "the woman whose price is far above rubies," the co-operation of man is wanted. As long as they are content, yes, anxious that matters shall remain as they are, neither their own nor the other sex can be improved. Many Hindu men have begun to feel the need of feminine influence in a more direct, ennobling, and refining way than they have hitherto experienced. And once they lend a helping hand in the work of restoring and reforming Hindu woman-

hood to its true ideal, they themselves will feel the sweet and ennobling power that a good woman is destined to exercise in their own life and home and in the world at large. Let men and women join hands in the great endeavour, not only to dream of unattainable ideals, but to become such ideal men and women, that they will shine like lights in the world and shed sweet and warm radiance in the dark and dreary places of our beloved India.

H. E. RHIEM.

Germany.

EDUCATION OF HINDU WOMEN OF THE HIGHER CASTES.

" 'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

THE word "education" is derived from *e* out and *ducere* to lead. According to Webster, it means the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of the principles and the regulation of the heart.

Female education is now generally considered necessary or at least desirable. The question is—what kind of education should be given to females ?

In deciding this question, it would be well to remember what eminent and experienced men have said about women in general.

Some have observed as follows:—

1. Woman is good, honest, sensible and prudent. She is no doubt more frail than man. But he is dead who lives without such a help-mate. She loves her husband so dearly that she will even die for him. She takes care of his children and nourishes and brings them up ; she is the best housekeeper and watches over the interests and welfare of the family. Through her vigilance, the house is kept in order. She is the most amiable and agreeable companion of man, pleasing in her words and actions, noble in her conversation, sincere and honest in her dealings, discreet in commanding, prompt in obeying, modest in behaviour, frugal in spending and temperate in eating and drinking. In fine, suffice it to say, that Virtue is painted female.

2. One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.

3. No mother is so wicked, but desires to have good children.

4. Can he that has a wife ever feel adversity ?

5. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.

6. She is adorned amply so that in her husband's eye looks she lovely—the truest mirror that an honest wife can see her beauty in.

7. An obedient wife commands her husband.

8. The wife is a constellation of virtues. She is the moon and thou art the man in the moon.

9. O woman, lovely woman ! Nature made thee to temper man. We had been brutes without you. Angels are painted fair to look like you.

10. If the heart of man is depressed with cares
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears.

11. What is a table richly spread.
Without a woman at its head ?

12. As unto how the cord is,
So unto the man is the woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him.
Though she draws him, yet she follows.
Useless each without the other.

13. O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please.
And variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

14. Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.

15. A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.

16. What better school for manners than the company of virtuous women ?

On the other hand, there are some who have made the following strictures :—

1. Woman signifies nothing but wit and mischief and one who sows discord and disquietude ; she is the fountain of deception and treachery—infernal labyrinth where are heard the complaints of husbands, the ruin of fathers, the torment of mothers, the scourge of brothers, the shame of relations, the perdition of houses and the pain and affliction of mankind.

2. Women, water and fire find their way everywhere without being asked.

3. A shameless woman is the worst of men.

4. You can argue a bull-terrier out of a bone, but not a woman out of her will.
5. It is the privilege of women to talk nonsense.
6. Everything dear is woman's fancy.
7. A woman's mind and winter wind change oft.
8. A woman, when she either loves or hates, will dare anything.
9. He shall find no fiend in Hell, can match the fury of a disappointed woman.
10. The proof of gold is fire, and of a woman, gold.
11. A woman's strength is in her tongue.
12. A woman, a spaniel and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them, the better they be.
13. A woman in love may show the greatest indifference when she really has the most intense feeling.
14. A woman can come to a conclusion without the slightest reasoning.
15. She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."
16. Trust not a woman when she weepeth, for it is her nature to weep when she wanteth her will.

There is certainly a great deal of exaggeration in the above descriptions of womankind, but it cannot be denied that there are some virtues and some faults peculiar to women. The object of female education should be to turn the good qualities to profit and to subdue the faults.

It should also be borne in mind that the course of education for women should not be such as may eventually lead them to become "suffragettes" of England who defy the authority of the police and raid the houses of ministers. The education must be suitable to the female sex. It must not unsex women. It must not make them less womanly. A woman's best chance of success lies in that for which she is by nature best fitted.

Then again, as time may make the earning of livelihood a necessity for a woman nurtured in luxury, each woman's talents should be turned into special channels to enable her, in case of necessity, to earn something.

A woman must know that there are virtues which make little show and glaring faults which only the fool admires. She must be

an image of modest virtue which, without any exterior splendour, commands the esteem of every sensible person by its intrinsic worth.

Having thus indicated the lines on which education should be given to women in general, I proceed to state the special circumstances which must be taken into consideration in connection with the education of Hindu women of the higher castes.

A Hindu woman of a higher caste cannot remain unmarried. The only course open to her is that of a wife. She cannot obtain a divorce nor can she remarry. She is generally married when she is more than ten years of age, and before she attains puberty. She is not a free agent in her choice of a husband. The thing is decided by mere destiny. Hence, on attaining majority, she may find that her husband is not an embodiment of her ideals. He may not be in affluent circumstances. The wolf of want may be staring in his face. But all the same, she must have nothing but devotion for her husband. The *shastras* enjoin this. No similar duty is imposed on the husband. Her interests require that the devotion should be reciprocal. Say the poets—

- (a) In the married state, the world must own
Divided happiness was never known.
To make it mutual, nature points the way,
Let husbands govern, gentle wives obey.
- (b) Man for the field, the woman for the hearth,
Man for the sword and for the needle she,
Man for the head and woman with the heart,
Man to command and woman to obey,
All else confusion.

She must use her innate powers of fascination and create devotion in her husband. She may not be the very picture of Venus and the pink of perfection. Her limbs may not be the marvels of symmetry and suppleness. The deficiencies in physical attributes must be made up by mental and moral qualities. Charms must outweigh imperfections. The chief charm that a man looks for in a woman is *womanliness* which consists of "restfulness, saintly frankness, dignity, unruffled temper, sweet eyes, tender voice and soft manners."

No level-headed man would ask for more or expect more.

The average man will not ill-use a woman unless she is a virago, or a shrew, or a Xantippe. He generally acts on the maxim—"Strike not even with a blóssom a woman guilty of a hundred faults." He never wantonly attacks a woman. This sexual etiquette obtains through the whole animated world.

She has to endear herself not only to her husband, but also to the husband's parents, brothers, sisters and other relations who live with him or with whom he lives. Some of these may love her, some may hate her, and some may be indifferent to her. But she has to look upon all as friends, learning tenderness from those who love her, caution from those who hate her, and self-reliance from those who are indifferent to her.

There are books which she ought not to read, places which she ought not to visit, and sights which she ought not to see.

She must know the value of time, and she must not spend any time in idle gossip or in gratifying blank or itchy curiosity.

The kind of education which Hindu women of the higher castes should, therefore, have is :—

(a) Reading, writing, composition, recitation, addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, rule of three, tables of weights and measures, elementary geography, outlines of the history of India and England, book-keeping, domestic economy and household management.

(b) Cookery, laundry-work, dairy-work, needle-work and dress-making.

(c) Religious and moral instruction.

(d) Physical training in the form of graceful exercises.

(e) Sanitary science or the application of the laws of healthy living to the prevention of diseases.

(f) Midwifery or the art of aiding and facilitating child-birth, and of providing for the preservation of the health and life of the mother during and after delivery. It is desirable, if possible, that the business of midwifery should be exclusively in the hands of women. The honour of the female sex requires this. Women must be able to determine the cases in which midwifery may be passive, and the work may be left to nature, and those in which nature is

insufficient to accomplish the delivery alone or at least without jury to the mother or child. •

(g) Nursing and domestic education of children.

(h) Gardening. .

(i) Music.

The education should be given either in schools or at home by fathers or brothers or husbands or the ladies of the house, and the tutors should see that their pupils become worthy daughters, worthy wives, worthy mothers and worthy ladies with reference to the above remarks.

·A HIGH CASTE HINDU.

THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY.

THE devout mind is a lover of nature. Where there is beauty it feels at home. It has not then to shut the windows of the senses, and take refuge from the world within its own thoughts, to find eternal life. Beauty never limits us, never degrades us. We are free spirits when with nature. The outward scenery of our life, when we feel it to be beautiful, is always commensurate with the grandeur of our inward ideal aspiration ; it reflects encouragingly the heart's highest and brightest dreams , it does not contradict the soul's conviction of a higher life; it tells us that we are safe in believing the thought, which to us seems noblest. If we have no sense of beauty, the world is nothing more than a place to exist in. But when the skies and woods reveal their loveliness, then nature seems a glorious picture, of which our own inmost soul is the painter, and our own loves, hopes, and aspirations, the subject. It is the apt accompaniment to the silent song of the heart of the onlooker.

The greatest blessing which could be bestowed on the weary multitude would be to give them the sense of beauty ; to open their eyes for them, and let them see how richly we are here surrounded, what a glorious temple is the world which we inhabit, how every part of it is eloquent of God.

The love of nature grows with the growth of the soul. Religion makes man sensible to beauty ; and beauty in its turn disposes towards religion. Beauty is the revelation of the soul to the senses. In all this outward beauty—these soft swells and curves of the landscape, which seem to be the earth's smile—this inexhaustible variety of form and colours and motion, not promiscuous, but woven together in as natural a harmony as the thoughts in a poem ; this mysterious hieroglyphic of the flowers ; this running alphabet of tangled vine and bending grass studded with golden paints ; this all-embracing perspective of distance rounding alto-

ther into one rainbow-coloured sphere, so perfect that the senses and the soul roam abroad over it unsated, feeling the presence and perfection of the whole in each part ; this perfect accord of sights, sounds, motions, and fragrance, all tuned to one harmony, out of which run melodies inexhaustible of every mood and measure—in all this, man first feels that God is without him, as well as within him, that nature too is holy ; and can he bear to find himself the sole exception ?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning expresses it admirably in “ *Aurora Leigh* ” :

The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness.

And again, as Keats has it in his “ *Ode on a Grecian Urn*,”

Beauty is truth, truth beauty.

Does not the season, then, does not nature, does not the spontaneous impulse of an open heart, which has held such sublime worship through its senses, more than justify an attempt to show how the religious sentiments may be nourished by a cultivation of the sense of duty ? This should be a part of our religious education. The heart pines and sickens, or grows hard and contracted and unbelieving, when it cannot have beauty.

The love of nature ends in the love of God. It is impossible to feel beauty, and not feel that there is a spirit there. The sensualist, the materialist, the worshipper of chance, is cheated of his doubts, the moment this mystery overtakes him in his walks. This surrounding presence of beautiful nature keeps the soul buoyed up for ever into its element of freedom, where its action is cheerful, healthful and unwearied ; where duty becomes lovely, and the call to worship, either by prayer or by self-sacrifice, is music to it.

He, in whom this sense is open, is put, as it were, in a magnetic communication with a life like his own, which flows in around him, go where he may. In nature we forget our loneliness. In nature we feel the same spirit, who made it and pervades it, holding us up also.

Through the open sense of beauty, all we see preaches and prophecies to us. Without it, when no such sensibility exists, how

hard a task, is faith ! How hard to feel that God is here ! How unlovely looks religion ! As without the air, the body could not breathe ; so without beauty, the heart and religious nature seem to want an element to live in. Beauty is the moral atmosphere.

The beauty we discover in nature, or in the soul of man, is the hall-mark stamped upon all God's works. God cannot deny Himself. He is beautiful, and His works are therefore all stamped with His own beauty where we have eyes to see. By saying that beauty is the moral atmosphere, we mean to convey that it is, after all, the heart that rules the realms on earth and the realms above, for the intellect and the will are only its servants. Therefore, in our conception of God we ought to bring to the forefront His love and His beauty, and according to our conception of God, so our moral atmosphere.

'Tis impious pleasure to delight in harm,
And beauty should be kind, as well as charm.

Myra, GEO. GRANVILLE.

The close, unseemly school-room, in which our infancy was cramped—of how much natural faith did it rob us ! In how unlovely a garb did we first see knowledge and virtue ! How uninteresting seemed truth, how unfriendly looked instruction ; with what mean associations were the names of God and wisdom connected in our memory !

With a mean chamber, a rod of torture, and a soulless wielder of the same—what a violation of nature's peace seemed duty ! what an intrusion upon the mind's rights.

What rebellion has been nurtured within us by the ugly confinements to which artificial life and education have accustomed us ! How insensible and cold it has made us to the expressive features of God's works, always around us, and always inviting us to hold refreshing converse.

It must be held, then, that without a cultivation of the sense of beauty, chiefly to be drunk from the open fountains of nature, there can be no healthy and sound moral development. The man so educated lacks something most essential. He is one-sided, not of a piece with nature ; and however correct, however much master of himself, he will be uninteresting, unencouraging and uninviting.

To the student of ancient history, the warm-hearted graceful

Greek, all alive to nature and its beauties, who made beauty almost his religion, is ever a more sympathetic object than the cold, formal Jew, whose moral code, however, was immeasurably higher.

And here around us, resist it as we may, our hearts are always drawn towards the open, graceful children of impulse, in preference to the stiff, insensible patterns of virtue.

The latter may be unexceptionable, but at the same time very unreal. The former, though purposeless and careless they ply through life, yet have trusted themselves to nature and been ravished by her beauty, and nature will not let them become very bad.

Consider a few of the practical effects upon the whole character of a growing love of beauty in the young mind.

Everything true is also beautiful in its root, and likewise everything beautiful is also essentially good. There has been a wonderful growth in modern times of the love of the beautiful. It is seen in its influence on the dwellings, in family life, in society and in religious observance.

The aim to have everything beautiful and harmonious begins to pervade the whole domain of civilised life—and necessarily the youth of the generation find it a potent stimulus, for youthful innocence is ever first to appreciate the highest, and expression of the highest.

Beauty in this aspect as an expression of the highest is admirably summed up by Sharp in his Essay on "Moral Motive Power."

Beauty comes, we scarce know how, as emanation from sources deeper than itself. It tends to give a love of order. It gives birth in the mind to an instinct of propriety. It suggests imperceptibly, with its concomitant inclination to pay homage, it inclines gently, but irresistibly, to the fit action, to the word in season.

The beauty which we see and feel plants its seeds in us.

Gazing with delight on Nature, our will imperceptibly becomes attuned to the same harmony. The sense of beauty is attended with a certain reverence; we dare not mar what looks so perfect. This sense, too, has a something like conscience contained in it, we feel bound to do and be ourselves something worthy of the beauty we are permitted to admire.

This feeling, while it makes alive and quickens, yet is eminently conservative in the best sense. He, who has it, is always interested on the side of order, and of all dear and hallowed associations—but

yet, consonant with ordered thought, he welcomes new spheres of action, and courses of progress.

He who lacks it, however, is as destructive as a Goth ; there is destruction in his systems, nought of elevation, building up, or restoring. The presence of beauty, like that of nature, as soon as we feel it at all, overcomes us with respect, and a certain sensitive dread of all violence, mischief, or discord.

The beautiful ideal piece of architecture bears no mark of wanton penknife. The handsome æsthetic school-room makes the children neat.

The instincts of obedience, of conciliation, of decorum, reverence and harmony, flow into the soul with beauty. The calm spirit of the landscape takes possession of the humble yet soul-exalted admirer. Its harmony compels the jangling chords within us to smoother undulations.

Therefore, "walk out," like Isaac of old, "at eventide to meditate," and let Nature, with her divine stillness, take possession of thee. She will give thee back to thyself better, more spiritual more sensible of relation with all things, and a feeling that wronging another is but wounding oneself.

Another grace of character, which the sense of beauty gives the mind, is freedom—the freedom of fond obedience, not of loose desire.

The man whose eyes and soul are open to the beauty there is around him, sees everywhere encouragement. To him the touch of Nature's hand is warm and genial. The air does not seem to pinch him, as it does most narrow-minded ones, who can see no good in anything but gain ; to whose utilitarian vision all that is natural appears hostile.

He is not contracted into himself by cautious fear and suspicion, afraid to let his words flow freely, or his face relax in confidence, or his limbs move gracefully, or his actions come out whole and hearty.

He trusts Nature; for he has embraced her loveliness ; he knows that she smiles encouragement to him. Now think what it is that makes virtues so much shunned—surely, it is partly our depravity, but equally it is her very numerous ungraceful specimens.

For it is the instinctive desire of all minds that what is excellent shall also be beautiful, lovely, natural, and free.

Most of the piety we see about us, is more or less the product of restraint, convention, or fear. It stands there in spectral contrast with Nature. Approve it we may, but we cannot love it. It does not bear the divine stamp; it chills, not converts. The love of Nature makes in us an ideal of moral beauty, of an elevation of character which shall look free and lovely, something that shall take its place naturally, and as a matter of course in the centre of Nature.

Again, the love of beauty awakens higher aspirations in us. He who has felt the beauty of summer, has drunk in an infinite restlessness, a yearning to be perfect and by obedience free. He can nevermore rest contented with what he is. And here, then, is the place to attempt some account of the true significance of beauty, and of its office to the soul. Of this significance a modern writer has well written :—

“It was a Jewish reformer who announced the great command on high: ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might.’ But as the poet has truly said: ‘No force divine can love compel.’ Therefore, the command to love God is inoperative until the soul realises that God by His wonderful beauty is worthy of man’s love. It is then only that the command is obeyed, and then it becomes at once a necessity and also a joy of man’s Nature.”

Beauty always suggests thoughts of the perfect. The smallest beautiful object is as infinite as the whole world of stars above us. So we feel it. Everything beautiful is emblematic of something spiritual. Itself limited, its meanings and suggestions are infinite. In it we seem to see all in one. Each beautiful thing, each dewdrop, each leaf, each true work of painter’s, poet’s or musician’s art, seems an epitome of the creation.

Is it not God revealed through the senses? Is not every beautiful thing a divine hint thrown out to us? Does not the soul begin to dream of its own boundless capacities, when it has felt beauty? Does not immortality then, for the first time, cease to be a name, a doctrine, and become a present experience? When the leaves fall in autumn, they turn golden as they drop. The cold winds tell us of coming winter and death; but they tell it in music. All is significant of decay; but the deep, still, harmonious beauty surpasses all

felt in summer or spring before. We look on it and feel that it cannot die.

The Eternal speaks to us from the midst of decay. We feel a melancholy ; but it is a sweet, religious melancholy, lifting us in imagination above death since above the grave of the Summer so much real beauty lingers.

The beautiful, then, is the spiritual aspect of Nature. By cherishing a delicate sensibility to it, we make Nature teach us a constant lesson of faith ; we find all around an illustration of the life of the spirit.

We surround ourselves with a constant cheerful exhortation to duty. We render duty lovely and inviting. We find the soul's deep inexpressible thoughts written around us in the skies, the far blue hills, and swelling waters.

But, then, to this desirable result one stern condition must be observed. If the sense of beauty disposes to purity of heart, so equally purity of heart is all that can keep the sense of beauty open. All influences work mutually. " One hand must wash the other," said the poet. The world is loveliest to him who looks on it through pure eyes.

Life is joy, every sense is an avenue of perpetual pleasure to fill our hearts with love.

What is so precious as life ? What is so beautiful ? In morality nothing is sound that does not tend to life. In art nothing is beautiful that does not suggest life. In religion nothing is of value that does not reveal life.

The Religion of Beauty gives the enthusiasm which has power to transform individual lives, as well as social and national lives.

A keen sense of beauty and refinement, if it is real and true, must be accompanied by a contempt for the mere grossness and vulgarity of luxury and fashion which pervades modern society, with its ostentatious display of wealth and worship of mammon.

To be in love with beauty is by no means the same thing as the being enamoured of the pomp of life : it is usually hostile to it. A new age will arise as the religion of divine Beauty gains strength, an age which will find its chief glory in a life moulded upon that highest of all patterns, the God of Beauty and Love.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :.
 If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Tempest, Act, I, Sc. 2.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

London.

THE BAND PROMENADE.

The band is very gay,
 The walks, and flowers.
 A brilliant sunshine floods
 The morning hours.
 A crowd of parasols,
 Reds, whites, and blues,
 Run down the rows of chairs
 Ranged there for *sous*.
 A ceaseless throng goes round
 Of passers by.
 Oft some amour is seen
 When eye meets eye.
 One there, childlike and pale,
 Sits far apart.
 Her thoughts are all her own—
 What of her heart ?
 Come, maybe, here to drink
 This sunny wine,
 Her eyes, fixed on the lawn,
 Betray no sign.
 And now there comes a sound
 Distinct. She stirs!
 A sabre clattering to
 The clank of spurs!
 Still will she keep her gaze
 Lost on the ground,
 As if all unaware
 Of the near sound ;
 Till, she can, trembling, hear,
 Ringing and sure,
 The voice she knows so well
 And counts so dear,
 “ Ah ! Ma'moiselle ! ”
 “ Bon jour, Bon jour.”

Nagpur.

H. CAMPBELL.

DIARY OF A DERELICT.

(Continued from our last Number.)

5-12-05.

IN "Harper's Magazine," for September 1905, there is a little story called: "A Madonna of the Desert." A poor young wife leaves her first-born, six months old, with her mother, as she has to nurse her sick husband in a distant land. She has been for two years putting by small sums to pay for the baby's journey and she is at last able to send for the little one. The description of her maternal yearnings is very powerful:

She was ready for her babe, and, therefore, her being cried out for him. Nor was it alone her spirit that made this demand, nor yet merely that she might learn how he had grown in thought, what words came to his lips, what expectations and fears looked out of his heaven-blue eyes. It was these things, truly, but it was much more. Her whole body desired him. The passion of the lover for his mistress is a little thing compared to this maternal hunger. Her arms ached literally to clasp him, her shoulders ached to bear his weight, her feet ached to run in his service, her eyes were hot for want of beholding him. At night she dreamed she felt him tugging at her long hair, or nestling his satin-soft and dimpled hand in her bosom, his delicious perfumed body against her own.

Whence came such yearnings? Are they not inspired by the Great Mother—

From whose immortal bosom
Gods and men and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom.

How beautiful and loving must she be.

12-12-05.

"Since the most forgiven love most, who, at the last, will love God most, Satan or Gabriel?" Satan says:—

I am that darkness from whence springs light. I am, the evil by which good wins its strength. I am the base on which the heights are builded. Conquered, I am eternal bliss. Conquering, I am eternal wretchedness. Conquered, I am life immortal; conquering, I am immemorial death.

And God says to him :

Hearken now, thou Emperor Dark
 Mine the raven, as the lark ;
 When frail men for love of me,
 Every one have conquered thee,
 Home-sick Satan, thou shall then,
 Dwell with me in heaven again.

13-12-05.

Job's whole argument against immortality reminds a writer of a child whom he saw recently playing on the sea-shore.

The child had built a church of sand. He had a pointed stick for a steeple, a shell for a pulpit, in which you could always hear the murmur of far-off things, and, inside the shell, for a minister, he had a bumble-bee droning away. He had a choir also, of crickets and fiddler crabs, in which there was always trouble afoot, and a congregation of pretty lady-bugs and uneasy sand-fleas. So you see, he had some idea of a church; but the church itself, the eternal institution, which appears and re-appears in every tribe and people, speaking and insisting upon an unseen order and harmony, had been sadly mixed up in the child's head with the outward and unimportant form and manifestations in which the church continually appears.

17-12-05.

Louis the Fourteenth of France said to himself at one time : "The Alps, the Pyrenees, the Atlantic and the Rhine are to be the boundaries of France." But when he won his victories, he said the plain on the right bank of the Rhine was strategically necessary for France. To Napoleon the First, not only the whole Rhine from its upper to its lower course, but the whole country as far as Lübeck on the Baltic was necessary as a frontier. So to some statesmen, Afghanistan and, to others, Thibet, appeared to be equally necessary to India, as a frontier. It is such men that make this world of life 'a garden ravaged'—this "elysian earth," a wilderness. The historian does well to be angry with such men.

He who is angry on the right occasion (says Aristotle) and with the right persons, and also in the right manner and at the right season and for the right length of time, is praised. We call him gentle.

More power to the elbow of all such gentle historians ! They are doing a real service if "the final purpose of our creation" is "the greatest possible enrichment of our ethical consciousness through the intensest play of contrast and the widest diversity of characters."

19-12-05.

W. T. Stead says, the Russians are ruled by clerks—by men who are ready to lay their mint, anise and cummin of Routine on the altar of Bureau. And we have that altar also in India, and the new God is perhaps more powerful than all the thirty-three crores of India's gods put together. It has erected its "throne of power unappealable" in India, Russia and many other countries. It takes "the life of interminable multitudes" and makes the dead-alive so many mechanised automata. Man, before this new god, is a passive thing unconsciously fulfilling its will, and the time is fast maturing when the unbounded frame of soulless red tape which the god pervades

Will be without a flaw

Marring its perfect symmetry.

20-12-05.

In the "Nineteenth Century and After" for October 1905, Miss Violet R. Markham has an article on the "True Foundations of Empire," in which she says :

According to the latest Statistical Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops, dated June 1904, at the close of the year 1903, there were 100,444 factories and 139,691 workshops upon the Home Office Registers. From the factories and workshops 92,600 cases of accident were reported to the Home Office. The above figures give one pause. Many pertinent questions are suggested by them as regards the conditions of life and labour they entail. It is not only a question of manufactures or commercial supremacy, it is the far more vital problem of whether possibly we may be *manufacturing everything except men*; anyway, men and women worthy of upholding the best traditions of the race.

No less than a million and a half of women are engaged in industrial establishments, and they must have had their fair share of the 92,600 cases of *accident*. The Industrial fiend and the Bureaucratic

fiend are perhaps the modern incarnations of the ancient Mammon and Moloch. They make our hearts as a millstone, and the poor, under their régime, "are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine," and "only the ledger lives" and "only not all men lie."

21-12-05.

What a beautiful dream-maiden I saw last night. Crowned with holy flowers—lovely beyond compare—verily a goddess—she came to cheer a lonely heart.

Her lips were parted, and the measured breath
Was now heard there ; her dark and intricate eyes,
Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death,
Absorbed the glories of the burning skies,
Which, mingling with her heart's deep ecstasies,
Burst from her looks and gestures ; and a light
Of liquid tenderness, like love, did rise
From her whole frame,—an atmosphere which quite
Arrayed her in its beams, tremulous and soft and bright.

May her light and fragrance come again and again to me!

6-1-06.

I have been to Prayag and to Kashi during Christmas. The electric light buttons in the train reminded me of God's Sankalp : one button for evolution—the other for *pralaya*. What are all the Ages to the Great Ancient of Days ? Let the West do "more thinking and less drinking" (as Sir Frederick Treves advises) and realise Him. Let it cultivate the inner vision ! An ounce of intuition is worth a hundredweight of tuition.

Gladstone says :

It is liberty alone which fits men for liberty.* This proposition, like every other in politics, has its bounds ; but it is far safer than the counter doctrine, wait till they are fit.

Does not this also explain the politics of God ? He gave to His worlds the precious gift of liberty to fit them for liberty. He did not wait till they were fit. And diversity and pain and evil are a present result of liberty, but not its final.

8-1-06.

Even perversity and disingenuousness and wrong-headedness have a lesson and a use for him who wants to climb the upward path. They force him to measure his own depth of tolerance and

patience—of sweetness and light. They bring into view his clouds of smoke and his pillars of fire.

13-1-06.

It is the *Makar Sankrant* to-day and I have a holiday. How curious that on such a day I should think of pain. It may be news to many that pain has splendid credentials. Carlyle says : " Thought—true labour of any kind—highest virtue itself—is it not the daughter of Pain ?" Not one daughter—but three. So when I am thinking of Pain, my thought itself is a child of Pain. " He who is afraid of pain," says Marcus Aurelius " is afraid of something that will always be in the world ; but this (dread of pain) is a failure in reverence and respect"—for it implies that whatever is, is not necessarily governed by a just law. Bolder is the justification of Jean Ingelow who says :

Pain that to us mortals clings
Is but the pushing of our wings
That we have no use for yet,
And the uprooting of our feet,
From the soil where they are set
And the land we reckon sweet.

It is, in short, the shortest cut to Vairag. Miss Havergal goes even farther :

Who would dare the choice, neither or both to know,
The finest quiver of joy, or the agony thrill of woe ?
Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss,
For the heart that is dull to that can never be strung to this.

In the long run, this justification is the same, for Vairag leads to the exquisite bliss of Moksha, and without exquisite pain Vairag may not be achieved. Spenser has the same idea when he quaintly sings :

Every sweete with soure is tempered still
That maketh it be coveted the more ;
For easie things that may be got at will
Most sortes of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little Paine
That endless Pleasure shall unto me gaine ?

In the same strain, Cowper, who knew a great deal of pain, tells us :

The path of sorrow and that path alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.

The "priestess in the vaults of death" is thus a very Isis. Adelaide Proctor refers to another aspect of pain when she says :

As gold must be tried by fire
So the heart must be tried by pain.

Thus pain—O my soul—is a tester—a disciplinarian—a school-master—a sweetener of rest—and a guide to the Highest. Why should you be afraid of it ?

It is pain that makes us turn to His Love, and His Love is all-embracing. Well does Henry David Thoreau say :

There's nothing in the world I know
That can escape from love,
For every depth it goes below,
And every height above.
It waits as waits the sky,
Until the clouds go by,
Yet shines serenely on,
With an eternal day,
Alike when they are gone
And when they stay.
Implacable is love
Foes may be bought or teased
From their hostile intent,
But he goes unappeased,
Who is on kindness bent.

And He is most assuredly on kindness bent when He gives me pain. Has not a Sufi poet said : " I tasted good on the bridal-bed of the gibbet " ?

Does He give me pain, or do I give it to myself ? I rather think I am its author. Pain, I feel, is but an entity of the Brain, and the right culture of the Brain can make it a non-entity. If the cactus can be made to lose its thorns—pain itself may be made to lose its sting.

" *Dukhe dukhadhikam pashya.*" What must be the feelings of a Hindu mother when her girl of barely fifteen becomes a widow. How keen must be her pangs when she finds the child is seduced !

How keener far must they be when she finds the seduced one gone and discovers her later in a Mahommedan home. The girl dies—and then arises a sordid question : “Who is to have her Stridhan.” She has children by her Mahommedan husband, she has also made a will, on the eve of her conversion, leaving her property to certain Hindu charities ! What strange complications arise in these days of comparative freedom ! Freedom is another name for complications. Had there been no freedom given by Him, there would have been no complications of good and evil, pleasure and pain. And yet we lovers of freedom blame Him for giving us a choice gift and do not blame ourselves !

20-1-06.

If I had the power, I would have houses for the aged poor of stainless character where they might spend the evening of their life in comfort and grateful prayer. I would have infirmaries for the old and feeble—who have not been of spotless character—and try to make them think of their past with sorrow, and prepare them for the life to come. I would have humane workhouses for my able-bodied unemployed brethren, willing to work—and I would have colonies for able-bodied loafers, vagrants, thieves and “the whole fraternity of those whose desire it is to live in idleness and comfort at the cost of others.” I would also see to the improvement of the feckless poor—of tramps, beggars, drunkards and other feeble persons of bad character, unfit for hard work. All these have abused the gift of liberty, and entailed on themselves the consequences of such abuse. It is a duty to set them upon their legs again, and to bring them nearer to the light from which they have travelled far away. And those who do not discharge this duty have also to suffer the consequences of such failure. The Karmic tree has millions of ramifications each of which, while alive and astir with all the implications and complications of freedom, is interpenetrated as well as overshadowed by His immutable Law and His own implacable Love.

* * *

How extremes meet. This is how Mrs. M. L. Woods prays for man:

Give him a power which is mighty above
Wisdom and Beauty, Courage and Love,
A gift from the gods for ever hid,

A charm to baffle the hounding Fates,
Yea, from himself to set him free,
Give him, O Maker, Stupidity !

So Tamas has some qualities not different from those of Sattwa. Both can baffle the hounding Fates !

"We move in the midst of a stupendous fairy tale." "We are compassed about with glories and mysteries." "We are miracles encased in miracle." And the end of rational liberal education, therefore, is "to keep ever alert the faculty of wonder in the human soul" and "to arouse and sustain in the mind a vivid realisation of the miracle of existence." So says Kappa, the author of "If Youth but Knew." He is against feeding the souls of children "on Greek accents and bowling averages." But Stupidity—the power mighty above "Wisdom, Beauty, Courage and Love"—goes her own way both in England and in India, and neither makes the world an Aladdin's palace to our students—nor makes them so many Sindbads on life's ocean.

22-1-06.

The times are the masquerades of the Eternities.

"Asatomám Sadogamyā tamasomám Jyotirogamyā."

Let the Lady of this World become to me a Bhanumāti—a Vir-mati—a Shrimati—a source of light, heroism and beauty.

(To be continued)

THE TRUE STORY OF MAJOR WEIR.

IN days long since passed, if you entered or left the High Street of Edinburgh on horseback, you needs must take one of two routes. You followed the way towards Holyrood and passed from the Town at the Nether Bow, if you were bound for the east; or were your path westward you climbed up through the Lawn Market, and at the point where the Castle Hill rose steep in front, you turned sharp to the left, and descended a narrow winding street, so steep that the rugged stones made a welcome grip for your horse's feet. Then you passed through the gate at the bottom, and so out into the open country. An impressive street that same West Bow, lined with great tall, gloomy houses set off by roundels and "pendes" and wynds and closes, and those other quaint architectural devices of the old Scots builder. And for well-nigh two centuries there stood in it one dismal mansion with a striking turret, half in ruin and undwelt in because of the accursed memory of Major Weir. Even yet R.L.S. assures us "old Edinburgh cannot clear itself of his unholy memory," and that memory still haunts the shadowy remains of that old West Bow, though the street itself has long since vanished. But in the years that followed the Restoration there was none of this evil tang. The West Bow was the chosen abode of the strictest of the strict, the true-blue upholders of the Covenant. "Bow Head Saints" was indeed a cant term of the time. Has not Scott, in the most stirring of his ballads, sung of it even at the time of the Revolution as the "sanctified bends of the Bow?" Among the Saints (temp. 1669) who so eminent a professor as Major Thomas Weir? He lived in the house aforesaid, a life of peculiar strictness and sanctity. A reputable and well-known citizen of Edinburgh was the Major. He was come of a good landed stock in the west, had risen to his rank in the army, and had been appointed to the command of the City Guard of Edinburgh.

It was not a day of half measures, but Weir's treatment of such Royalist prisoners as fell to his charge was even then noted for harshness. He had care of Montrose just before his execution. He held him straight, he showered on him a very wealth of vituperative epithet. He was "dog, Atheist, Traytor, apostate, excommunicate wretch," and with much to the like effect. And as your sympathy, so you praised or blamed.

An impressive figure ! A tall thin man with, you fancy, a lean and hungry look, big prominent nose, a severe countenance, which grew ten times more severe when one of the conforming ministers crossed his path, then with expressive gesture he would draw his long black coat tighter about him, pull a steeple hat over wrathful brows and turn away with muttered words of contempt. And as he went, his staff with an indignant rat-tat beat the stones of the street—that staff which was to become in after days a memory of terror to all Edinburgh.

Even Weir had his softer hour ; he was much sought after by those of his own sect ; devout women revered him as " Angelical Thomas." His " vast and tenacious memory " gave him complete command of fit scriptural expression, his gift of extempore prayer was the admiration of the elect, his fluency was wonderful, people came forty or fifty miles to hear him. With real or affected humility, he refused to preach, since that was the province of those specially ordained. He prayed " with great liberty and melting," in a phrase of the time, always leaning on the top of his staff, which might well-nigh seem a part of himself. It was all of one piece, with a crooked head of thornwood. When curiously examined in later days, it was seen to have carved on it the grinning heads of Satyrs. And so for many years the Major lived on in the very odour of sanctity in his turreted house in the West Bow, with his sister Jean, or, as some would have it, Grissel Weir. Hard it is to escape calumny ! Some twenty years before the end, a woman in New Mills in the West Country had, during a visit of his to the place, raised some horrid scandal about him, but for this she was, by express command of the horrified magistrates of Lanark, whipped through the town by the hand of the common hangman as a slanderer of such an eminent holy man. And so this reputable life went on till the year 1670. The Major was now well stricken in years, somewhere

between 75 and 76, and he might be deemed secure from the malice of fate.

All at once Edinburgh was startled by the report that he had suddenly confessed himself guilty of horrible and loathsome crimes, and had, with terrible cryings and roarings, demanded condign punishment on himself. The affair seemed so incredible that he was judged at first out of his senses—a theory still in favour with sceptical inquirers of to-day. Sir James Ramsay, then Provost, sent physicians to examine and report.

His own sect also visited him. All attempts to hush up the matter were vain, a horrid certainty gained ground that the confessions were substantially true. A party was sent to seize him, and he and his sister, the accomplice of his crimes, were forthwith safely lodged in the gloomy old Tolbooth, that Heart of Midlothian on which Scott was in after days to confer a world-wide fame.

It was a little way down the Lawn Market just where it joins the High Street, but that is indeed one of the oddest things about old Edinburgh. Every spot was but a few paces off, all the actors in the great events perpetually jostled one another, so packed and crammed together were the townfolk on that narrow ledge. His staff was not forgotten, his sister had implored the guards to keep it from his grip, as with it he was all-powerful. It had been carefully looked after and had been lodged in the Tolbooth with its master. But now the Town was in an uproar, all sorts and conditions of men "flocked thither to see this monster and discourse with him about his horrible crimes." And the attitude of the prisoner was such as to increase the morbid interest and excitement to the highest pitch. He let drop a hint or two, which but whetted the unsatisfied longing. One honest divine named John Sinclair straightway demanded, "Had he seen the devil?" "He had felt him in the dark," was the mysterious reply.

To another ghostly adviser he asserted "that Satan had appeared in the shape of a beautiful woman." He went so far as to describe the very scene of his crimes. It was a spot in Fife, and the curious preacher rushed off to see it. No grass grew there, was the somewhat tame report. Indeed, to ears prepared to be filled with blood-curdling horrors, nothing could be more tantalising and less satisfying. A gloomier and more authentic note of real tragedy is to be found in what strikes you as genuine heartfelt statements.

He refused to repent, to confess, or to be absolved. He roundly declared "that he had sinned himself beyond all possibility of repentance, that he was already damned"; and to one of the City Ministers who persistently urged him, he responded, "Trouble me no more with your beseeching me to repent, for I know my sentence of damnation is already seal'd in Heaven, and I feel myself so hardened within that if I might obtain Pardon of God and all the Glories in Heaven for a single wish that I had not committed the sins with the sense whereof I am so prevented, yet I could not prevail myself to make that single wish." And again, "I find nothing within me but blackness and darkness, brimstone and burning to the bottom of Hell." Here and elsewhere we seem to hear the very wailings of a lost soul. Here is the stern adherent of Calvinism who accepts with a certain terrible fortitude his self-ordained place among the non-elect. Yet it was hard to keep off those officious Divines. One at least was deaf to his refusals. "Sir," said this indefatigable person, "I will pray for you in spite of your teeth and the Devil your master too." Weir needs must listen in gloomy silence.

The accused was tried on the 9th April, 1670, before two Judges of Commission, some Court specially constituted, it would seem, for the purpose. Sir John Nisbet of Direlton, the Lord Advocate, prosecuted. He was one of the greatest lawyers of his time, and his treatise known as "Direlton's Doubts" long ranked high in the Parliament House. His task, however, was an easy one. The panel admitted his guilt, as also did his sister, who was judged by the same Court. But her case deserves a word by itself. The records of Weir's trials are still preserved, but it is impossible to reproduce them or even to name the offences. It must be said, however, that the English law of to-day would take cognisance of only one of them. It is specially to be noticed that he was not charged with any dealings with the powers of darkness. Indeed, there is only an incidental reference to the supernatural in the accusation. Of such trials the end in any event was a foregone conclusion. Weir was adjudged guilty and ordered to be strangled at the Stake on the Gallow Lee between Edinburgh and Leith on the Monday following, the 11th April. A great crowd attended. Tradition identifies the very spot as that where Lady Glenorchy's chapel now stands. Executions must have been the great popular spectacle

of the period, costless, exciting, tragic beyond anything we ever know ; but rarely had the most regular attendant at the ghastly spectacles such a feast of morbid horrors. Weir was stubborn to the last. "When the Roap was about his neck to prepare him for the fire, he was bid say, 'Lord be merciful to me.' 'Let me alone, I will not, I have lived as a beast, and I must die as a beast.'" There is some reason to think the strangling, from malice or accident, was ill done, but the curtain must fall on the scene. His staff, it is said, by order of his Judges, was consumed in the fire with its master. It gave "rare turnings and was long in burning," so the curious observers noted.

His sister's fate deserves some words. Besides being an accomplice in her brother's crimes, she was charged with consulting witches, necromancers and devils, and keeping a familiar spirit at Dalkeith, who used to spin enormous quantities of yarn for her. She was softer metal than her accomplice, and made many remarkable confessions as to her own and her brother's misdeeds. She told how she had been transported from Edinburgh to Musselburgh and back in a coach and six which seemed all on fire, and much more to the same effect. But the only thing very definite was the extraordinary quantity of yarn. One sight those in prison were favoured with at their earnest solicitation. "She put back her headdress and seeming to frown, there was an exact horseshoe shape for nails on her wrinkles, terrible enough, I assure you, to the stoutest beholder." The day after her brother's death she was hanged in the Grass-market. Excitement and suffering had shaken wits never of the strongest. On the ladder she groaned out a pious commonplace of the time. "I see a great crowd of people come hither to-day to behold a poor old miserable creature's death, but I trow there will be few among you who are weeping and mourning for the broken covenant." She tried to throw off her clothing in order that she might die with the greater shame. Baillie Oliphant, the presiding City Dignitary, was much scandalised, and ordered the hangman to be quick about his work. His roughness irritated the poor patient, who suddenly smacked his face. Even when she was thrown over, she got a hold of a rung of the ladder with one of her hands, and gruesomely protracted the last scene.

Weir's epitaph was written in various fashions. "Thus did the

holy justice of God eminently shyne forth in detecting such wretched hypocrites.' So his co-religionists dismissed him. Again, there was a wild rumour in the West that Weir had gone to Holland with money for the exiled brethren; the person burned was not Weir, "but another wicked person bribed by wicked *Prelates* and *Curates* to personate him." Such personation one would fancy impossible anywhere out of China. The other side had many as cornful jibe at the escape of the true-blues—all which was of course to be expected.

And here, as far as written record goes, the story of Major Weir remained unwritten for well over a century; but if we are to believe the statements then given to the world, the popular imagination had worked on it with gruesome delight during all that period. The building was used as a brazier's shop and later on as a magazine for lint, but none would stay in it for the night. Once a wretch in desperate straits had endeavoured to lodge his family there, but had fled by next morning, frightened by strange apparitions. The house at midnight was full of lights, strange sounds of ghastly revelry were echoed from its deserted walls, the noise of dancing, of spinning, incongruously mixed with howling, fell on your ears. Again the Major would issue from the door, mount a black horse without a head and ride off in a flame. At other times, in more stately fashion, the regulation coach and six would call for him and his sister. The magic staff loomed large in the popular imagination. Improving on contemporary records, it was now averred to have run messages, to have answered the door, to have acted as linkboy for the Major o' dark nights as he went about his unholy errands. Such are the fragments collected in Chambers' "Traditions of Edinburgh," first written in 1823. After this you could hardly expect the masters of Scottish Romance, Edinburgh men to their very core, to leave the Major at peace. In Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* the hum of the necromantic wheel and the enchanted staff parading through the gloomy ruins are commemorated as traditions of his own youth, and he notes the house in 1830 as just being pulled down, though James Grant affirms in his "Old and New Edinburgh" that the last relics were only removed as late as 1878. In *Wandering Willie's Tale* in *Redgauntlet*, the brief story that is the supreme flower of Scott's genius, you remember the Jackanapes that mocked the dying agonies of its master, Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and how he had called it "Major Weir, after the warlock that was burned," and

the important part that it plays in the story. R. L. S. describes how his own father had often heard the story, perhaps only half sceptical as to its falsehood, in the nursery, and how it had such a place in the boy's memory that some think it influenced the choice of the name of his last unfinished romance, *Weir of Hermiston*; and a very recent writer, Mr. K. L. Montgomery, in his *Major Weir* (1904) has worked up the material into a passable historical romance.

It has been said that the story suggested to Byron his drama of "Manfred." A strange theory! When it was urged that the Faust legend had served him as groundwork, Byron wrote: "It was the Steinbach and Jungfrau and something else much more than Faustus that made me write 'Manfred.'" Indeed, nothing could be more different from the sentimentalist vapouring his *Weltschmerz* with the Alps for decorative background than the central figure of this gloomy old Edinburgh tragedy. For real tragedy it is, in all essentials, much more truly impressive when the adjuncts of staff and spinning wheel and black art are swept away, and the matter regarded merely as the record of a human soul, whelmed in storm and tempest.

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THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM.

THE problem of religion, or man's bond of union or communion with God, is mainly concerned with two important issues : first, what is the nature and extent of our knowledge of God ? second, what is the common basis of all religions on which a universal system can be built up ?

The conception of the Divine Nature is as old as the date of creation. From time immemorial man's mind has been exercised to attain to a true knowledge of the Divinity. The Vedas inculcate monotheism. The unity of Godhead is also the doctrine of the Koran. As in the Christian doctrine of Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, there is unity of Godhead in the threefold character of revelation, fulfilment, and inspiration of law or truth, so the Hindu Triad of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva represents the threefold power of creation, preservation and destruction inherent in the One Absolute Being. The numerous deities of the Hindu Pantheon represent either abstract qualities or concrete objects, the former being a manifestation of God in mind, the latter in nature. The image in which any of these is worshipped is simply a medium intended for obtaining knowledge of God through mental attributes or for rising from Nature to Nature's God.

The beautiful and harmonious design manifest in the universe unmistakably points to an Intelligent Designer. The Atomic or Evolutionary Theory fails to account for the origin of creation. Matter is dull and inert. By no process of combination or separation of its properties, such as length, breadth, thickness, elasticity, cohesion, &c., can it be endued with thought or design. The stupendous works of creation, the mountains, the seas, the sun, the moon, the starry firmament, &c., have each a manifest design to fulfil. The sun is intended to give light and heat. Can it be contended that the atoms composing the substance of the sun held a council among themselves before its formation with a view to produce it for the purpose it is meant to subserve ? The Atomic Theory then—that the universe is the result

of a fortuitous combination of atoms, that there has been Cosmos out of Chaos—fails to solve the problem of the origin of creation.

The design theory, however, fails to establish the capacity of finite intellect to comprehend an Infinite Intelligence. God is Perfect and Absolute; we are finite and imperfect beings. Is it possible for the finite to attain to a knowledge of the Infinite? Can the imperfect realise consciousness of Perfection? A little consideration will show that God is not unknowable as the Sankhya Philosophy and Positivism would have us believe. Our finite and imperfect knowledge implies the conception or the ideal of what is infinite and perfect. The knowledge of a limit implies an actual transcendence of it. There is a vast difference between our ideal of perfection and our actual attainment. However great our progress towards it may be, we are conscious that it yet falls far short of our ideal. We are conscious of our moral infirmities, yet we can feel that there is no point of moral progress beyond which we may not aspire. We know that our knowledge is limited. Nevertheless, there is no limit to it in our conception. This boundless capacity of progress, while we have a secret ideal of perfection immeasurably higher than our highest actual attainments, is what is called a potential infinitude in our nature as spiritual beings. That is to say, the spiritual nature and life of man are capable of realising the consciousness of God and our essential relation to Him. We can only be conscious of imperfection because we have within us, latent or explicit, a standard of absolute perfection by which we measure ourselves. God is Absolute and Perfect, and our knowledge of Him as such is involved the knowledge of ourselves as relative and imperfect. It is our knowledge of God, the relation of our nature as spiritual beings to Him which alone gives reality to our partial knowledge and makes us aware that it is partial.

It may be contended that the conception of our imperfect knowledge is forced upon us by the presence of any intelligence relatively greater, however imperfect in itself; that nothing so vast as the knowledge of an Infinite Being is needed in order to make us conscious of our own finitude. But it is forgotten that the standard of measurement of our finitude is applicable to all stages of human attainment. It is a standard which, whatever may be the degree of our spiritual progress, would still reveal to us our own imperfection. We do not ultimately measure our knowledge or become conscious of its limited and imperfect character by comparison with any man's knowledge, because that also may be imperfect and erroneous. But by referring to an absolute knowledge,

we invariably act on the conviction that it is an infallible standard and an ultimate criterion of certitude.

Even scepticism cannot avoid the conclusion which it attempts to dispute. In the very act of doubting, it arrogates to itself a knowledge which it asserts it does not possess. To be able to pronounce human knowledge as defective and imperfect, the sceptic must necessarily have an ideal of absolute and perfect knowledge in comparison with which his verdict is pronounced. The very denial of an absolute intelligence in us could have no other significance but as a tacit appeal to its presence. An implicit knowledge of God in this sense is proved by the very attempt to deny it.

The fact that God is not cognisable to the senses does not affect our knowledge of Him. The mind equally with God is invisible, yet we know what our mind is. That is to say, we know God by His attributes, such as omnipotence, omniscience, justice, mercy, &c., just as we know the mind by its functions such as perception, imagination, memory, attention, &c.

According to Addison, by adding infinitude to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfection in One Being, we form our idea of the Great Sovereign of Nature. Our ideas of justice and mercy, for instance, are limited and imperfect; by adding infinitude to them, we obtain an idea of infinite justice and mercy, and so on with regard to other moral qualities. This shows that there is a vast gulf between the functions of the soul and the attributes of the Deity. "The soul in relation to God is like the asymptotes of a hyperbola which draw nearer and nearer, but never touch." In the Bible it is said that man was made after the image of God, which means, that the Divine essence is reflected on the human soul. The soul makes a near approach to its prototype or falls away from it according as it is perfect or spiritually developed or imperfect or depraved. As a dirty mirror does not reflect objects clearly, so a vitiated or corrupt soul does not transparently reflect the Divine image. Purity of soul is an essential condition of seeking after God. The requisite qualification is moral rather than intellectual. Neither the cobwebs of metaphysics of the schoolmen, nor the proud philosophy of the Positivist or the Evolutionist has succeeded in throwing any light on this important subject. "The first condition of success," as observed by Professor Tyndall, "is an honest receptivity and a willingness to abandon all preconceived notions, however cherished, if they be found to contradict the truth."

According to the Bhagavat Gita and the philosophy of Descartes, the knowledge of our soul is the foundation of all knowledge relating to God and the universe. The Cartesian theory is based upon the dictum *cogito ergo sum*—"I think, therefore, I exist." Taking our stand upon this ground we rise to the perception of the existence of the Deity. For our belief in His existence is an irrefragable proof that He exists. Otherwise, whence does this belief arise? Since nothing can come out of nothing and since no effect can be without a cause, it follows that the idea we have of God must have an origin, and this origin, whatever name we give it, is no other than God. Thus our ultimate proof of His existence is our idea of it.

Our knowledge of God or truth is introspective or intuitional, and not experiential or developmental. If seeking after good were to depend upon training or education, then, as the major part of mankind are ignorant or uneducated, they would be hopelessly debarred from the privilege. Such a hypothesis would be inconsistent with the Divine attributes of justice and mercy. God is truth. Want of knowledge of such truth in consequence of want of education would lead men astray from the right path. Such moral anomaly cannot be reconciled with the omniscience, infinite justice and mercy of God. Moral responsibility under the providence of a just and beneficent Ruler implies an intuitive perception of truth. The theory of intuition, then, is a key to the solution of the important problem—how to know or seek after God. There is a sufficient provision in our moral constitution fitting us for the enquiry. Our religious relation to God—the transcendence of all that is finite and relative, and the elevation of the finite spirit into communion with an Infinite and Absolute spirit—is a thing which is involved in the very nature of man. In the nature of man as an intelligent, self-conscious being, there is provision made enabling him to rise above what is material and finite, and to find the realisation of his natural yearning only in an Infinite Spiritual Perfection. An earnest spirit of enquiry after truth is a *sine qua non* of Divine knowledge. Our soul naturally yearns after God and truth. As a river runs into the sea, so our soul pants after Infinite Perfection unless there is an impediment obstructing its free and spontaneous flow. Above all, what food is to the body, religion is to the soul. As starvation causes physical death, so irreligion causes spiritual death or negation of humanity.

When we have known that God is Absolute and Perfect, we have still to enquire whether His providence is general or particular; in other words, whether His established laws of nature by which the universe is set going are mere substitutes for His own action or whether these

laws or forces are no other than His will-force. For, in the case of the former alternative, God is reduced to a mere mechanical harmony or order, and not a living personality to which our nature instinctively offers love and veneration. The philosophic name for this latter conception is the immanence of God, God not outside but in the universe. The relation of the physical universe to God is analogous to that of our body to our soul. It is the mind or the soul which excites or stimulates the bodily actions. When the eye sees, the ear hears, the tongue speaks, it is through the mental energy transfused into these organs. The intimate connection between the body and the mind does not imply that my body is myself, the ego. Similarly, the universe is the body of God, but as it is gross to confound the body with the man, so it is gross to confound the universe with God—which is Pantheism. Pantheism and the immanence of God do not mean the same thing, and belief in the immanence does not involve the Pantheism. Pantheism is the doctrine that All is God and God is All, that every existence is Deity and that Deity is every existence, that God and the universe are conterminous and identical. "The Immanence of God," says Dr. Martineau, "is by no means opposed to the Transcendency of God, that the fact of Divine action being everywhere and always through the physical universe, affords no inference that there are not spheres of Divine existence transcending and beyond that universe." Pantheism denies that the One Infinite Being is a person—is a free, holy and loving intelligence. It represents our consciousness of freedom and sense of responsibility as illusions. God, according to Pantheism, alone is. All individual existences are merely his manifestations, all our deeds, whether good or bad, are His actions; and yet while All is God and God is All, there is no God who can hear us or understand us—no God to love us or care for us—no God able or willing to help us. Pantheism represents absorption in Deity, the losing of self in God as the highest good of humanity, but this is a mere caricature of that idea of communion with God in which religion must find its realisation, as Pantheism leaves neither a self to surrender nor a personal God to whom to surrender it. The absorption of the finite in the infinite which Pantheism preaches is as different from that surrender of the soul to God dwelling in us and we in God, as night is from day, as death is from life.

As to the second part of the problem under consideration, *vis.*, the common basis of religion, it may be observed that it is only in the observance of rituals or rites, the mode of worship or prayer, and in the performance of religious or domestic ceremonies, and not in cardinal principles, that there are differences. The Hindu may recite his *mantras* in a temple,

the Mohammedan perform his *namaz* in a mosque, and the Christian say his prayers in a Church, but all these are meant to express, in a place dedicated to Divine service, our feelings of reverence and gratitude to the same Almighty Father, for it is the One and the same Being of whom the Vedas, the Koran and the Bible speak. A liberal interpretation of the real character of these three and other systems of religion will go to show that there is perfect harmony among them. Considered in their essential basic principles, they are not rival and antagonistic, but friendly and co-operative institutions, having one common object in view, *i.e.*, to promote equality, fraternity and piety.

Reconciliation of the fundamental points of faith is not of so much practical importance as improvement in the moral tone of religions. Religion may be considered under two general heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise for the regulation of our conduct and the discharge of our duties. The one is the province of faith, the other of morality. Faith seems to draw its principal if not all its excellence from the influence it has upon morality, and no article of faith can be true and authentic that weakens or subverts morality, which is the practical part of religion.

Religious rites and ceremonies are intended to produce moral results—to form an excellent moral character by purifying the heart. It cannot be said that purity of heart can be attained only by minute and punctilious observance of such rites and ceremonies and not otherwise. Such being the case, want of uniformity in their observance is not of any practical moment. Moral efficacy is the true test of their usefulness, and if that is secured, religious antipathy or persecution based upon such want of uniformity is highly unjustifiable. Proselytising zeal, to be of any value, should be directed to make converts to ideas of sound morality, which are invariable, and not to those of customary or religious formalities, which are variable. The moral standard being common to all forms of faith can easily reconcile all differences in them, and will meet with little or no opposition. The excellent moral teachings of the Bible are acceptable to a Hindu, whose Bhagavat Gita may be read with advantage by a Christian.

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A HUMAN DOCUMENT : WITH NOTES THEREUPON.

THE youthful heart which beats in all humanity is always on the alert to listen to the recital

Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes.

In every great human movement, every individual must have his own bit of adventure and romance, but not every individual gets the chance of telling it. Yet it is always the individual story which burns itself on the universal consciousness, because it is not everybody who is gifted with that imagination which can visualise for itself the stories that are not told. The world has resounded with the heroism of Leonidas, and his few men at Thermopylæ, because he made them all articulate by his one ringing speech, "To-night we shall sup with the Gods !" But when

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations—all were his.
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set—where were they ?

Then it is not everybody who remembers that loving eyes watched vainly for each lost "man" of those dumb "thousands" driven by a tyrant, to perish in a cause which was not theirs—that each man of all those myriads had had his love and his hatred, his hope and his despair. The very thought is almost too much to bear in face of the wholesale destructions of both old-world and modern armies.

The difference between the effect produced by the suffering of the dumb flocks of humanity and that wrought by the agonies of the

audible few, has never been made more manifest than in the history of the great French Revolution. For more than a hundred years, art and literature have occupied themselves with the story of the hapless French Royal family, with picturesque episodes of the guillotine, the prison, and the escaping emigrants—and in the hands of most painters and poets and fictionists, it would really seem as if a whole nation was suddenly and unaccountably seized with homicidal mania of the most violent type, and vented its savage fury only on the innocent and helpless ! Charles Dickens, though in his “ Tale of Two Cities ” he yielded so far to the predominant sympathies wrought up by his literary predecessors as to make his French hero one of the “ noblesse,” yet he was almost alone in the courage with which, in his terrible Chapter IX., he laid bare the evil spirit which had gone before to arouse this frenzy of murder. It remained for Carlyle to state plainly, that

There is no period to be met with, in which the general twenty-five millions of France suffered less than in this period they name “ Reign of Terror.” But it was not the dumb millions that suffered here : it was the speaking thousands and hundreds and units, who shrieked and published, and made the world ring with their wail, as they could and should : that is the grand peculiarity. The frightfullest births of time are never the loud speaking ones, for these soon die. They are the silent ones which can live from century to century.

So it is with the labouring classes of all nations. What has been the lever which, during the past century, has so marvellously raised the general regard for these, even where it has not yet favourably affected their material condition ? That lever was in the work of poets, and novelists who suddenly found subjects for art in the “ short and simple annals of the poor,” and thus forced upon the universal consciousness that here also were men and women, sharers in all the pangs and passions of humanity, not mere machines for digging or fighting or sewing or cooking.

The same thing is going on to-day. Perhaps the field whereon the stern battle for the recognition of the rights of humanity is most manifestly proceeding, is the great country of Russia—most manifestly we say, and this too mainly because the dumb millions have found voice through the mouthpieces of genius such as that of Tolstoy, Dostoyevski and others. Even yet, when a Grand Duke is assassinated, or a bomb explodes in the house of a Minister and carries its

deadliness into his nursery, there is too much of a shudder over the blatant horror—too little question how and why such things come to pass? I have heard a lady, generally resident in Russia, remark that the peasants and poor people were really getting so restless that it made life “quite uncomfortable!” The condition of the “poor people” and the peasants had never before concerned her! It is only when the patient beast of burden turns restive, that his rider realises his existence—and even then, as Tolstoy says, the last thing that the rider thinks of is to dismount; rather, he cries out that his seat is grown “so uncomfortable!”

Therefore, it may be that a glimpse of a real living “human document” of to-day, showing what Russian tyranny is, what degradation it would fain impose, what sufferings follow any attempt to evade this degradation, and possibly also the best means of checking this tyranny at its root, will not be out of place, and may help to make clear to us why occasionally fierce fury breaks out and Grand Dukes die and Ministers and Bureaucrats shake in their shoes. Assassination is always a crime, it is even—as Talleyrand would have said, always *worse* than a crime—a blunder! But it is rarely an unaccountable, sporadic frenzy. Its outbreak is generally but ruinous explosion after long and cruel suppression.

It must be remembered that whatever be the nominal form of Russian Government, the huge Russian Empire has within it forces seething with natural discontent. Finland is a province with ideals of its own, which it asserts from time to time. The Cossacks are kept loyal by being paid and used as a fierce military weapon against their fellow-subjects. Above all, Poland, once an independent kingdom, has never heartily accepted the Russian rule finally forced upon her in 1831. It is scarcely likely that she would do so, when the measures taken to reconcile her were the gagging of her native press, the destruction of her constitution, the appointment of viceroys by the Czar, chosen generally for their militant Imperialism, and finally the removal of her very name from all official documents, and the reversal of all her dearest traditions, down to the silencing of her language in every college and school. All education has long been carried on in the Russian language only.

Before beginning to tell the story of the “human document” falling like a leaf suddenly torn from the record of the Russian

struggle, it must be premised that the name of the hero is not given. There is substituted for it one so common in Poland that it gives no clue to identity. Even the names of places are mainly but approximate.

About nineteen years ago, in a town near one of Poland's capital cities, John Ladislas was born. His Polish father was a captain in the Russian Army, and died when John was only five years of age, he being the youngest of the four children, whom the widowed mother had to bring up. The widow was intensely patriotic : she forebade the Russian language to be spoken in the house, and brought up her children in the same spirit.

Yet, when John was eight years old, he was placed in a military school in his native town, where he remained until he was about seventeen. Then he began to prepare to enter the Russian Navy as a volunteer in the Naval band. It was noticed that he had great musical talent, and he was first taught the violin. Being taken with some of his comrades to an orchestra, he took a fancy to the clarionet, and in its favour, gave up the other instrument.

He very soon became a remarkably proficient performer, as may be gathered from the fact that on one occasion, he was chosen as a member of a military orchestra which played before the Czar himself at one of his palaces.

Russian bandsmen are frequently permitted to take engagements to play in the orchestras of theatres. During one winter John Ladislas was scarcely ever without an engagement, and he earned quite a large sum of money, which he desired to take home to his mother when he had leave to visit her. His railway journey took him through no remote parts of the big Russian Empire, but lay rather on one of its more frequented routes. Nevertheless, such is the state of disorder prevalent, that the train by which John Ladislas travelled was "held up" by robbers. There was terrible delay and imminent risk of losing all his treasure. But he had hidden it in his long Russian boot, consequently it was not suspected, and he kept it safely.

After that he visited the Russian Capital and one of the great naval stations of the Baltic, and was, as a Russian sailor, present at the latter at the time when a mutiny broke out.

According to John Ladislas nearly all the Russian Navy are revolutionists. John Ladislas has a brother who is a Russian soldier, but young Ladislas says that in a general way, the Russian sailor belongs to a superior and better educated class than the Russian soldier, and is, therefore, more alive to the sad condition of the mass of his countrymen, and has the greater yearnings for freedom.

In those days of the mutiny, Russian soldiers and sailors fired at each other across the narrow streets, from their respective barracks. When things had quieted a little, and the revolutionary naval leaders had been in various ways "disposed of," soldiers and sailors were officially forbidden to hold any conversation or even to accost one another.

John Ladislas had a soldier friend living in the Military Barracks, and this friend he knew had revolutionary sympathies. One evening about 8 o'clock in the month of May of the last year (1907) John Ladislas encountered this friend in a lonely street, and thought here was a fine opportunity to hand him a pamphlet on the subject of freedom for the Russian people, which John was carrying in his pocket. The friend took it eagerly, and hid it in his tunic.

But they had not been unobserved. A Russian officer pounced upon them, and asked the soldier what he had received from the young sailor.

He simply replied, "A book."

"What kind of a book?" enquired the officer.

"A history book," said the soldier.

"Shew it to me," demanded the officer.

By this time, John Ladislas was moving off. The officer called on him to stop, and whistled for the patrol, just then coming along in their slow and measured march. A patrol consists of three, two men in front and a corporal behind. The sound of the whistle brought them instantly to the spot.

John Ladislas was arrested.

The form of arrest is that the prisoner is walked off between the soldiers, the corporal following. Their bayonets are fixed and their rifles charged, and any attempt at escape means instant death.

The terrible walk was not prolonged, for the nearest prison was not far off. John Ladislas remembers something of his thoughts on that brief journey. He thought of his mother, and wished that he

could send her a parting letter. For well he knew what his fate would be, if he were staunch enough to refuse to reveal from whom and where he had received the incriminating pamphlet, and to answer any other questions which might be put to him. He knew that if he kept silence, torture would begin—the system of torture being, he says, first to press needles under the finger-nails, next, if that does not avail, to tear out the sinews from the arms, and if a prisoner goes through that, and still remains silent—then it is death.

It was nearly 10 o'clock. At the prison door they fronted a long dark corridor, and as they stood in the dusk, the two soldiers of the patrol began to unfix their bayonets, the corporal remaining on guard. It seemed an opportunity—though a slight one—and John Ladislav seized it.

With a swift and sudden stroke of his arm he felled the corporal to the ground, and at once made off at his swiftest speed for the docks—avoiding a straight line of flight, and dodging about in cross bye-ways. All the time he could hear the footsteps of his pursuers, and the blowing of many whistles.

He reached the dock, to find at that moment, at its edge, a half drunken man in a boat. He sprang in and urged the man to row him at once to the warship lying in the roads, pretending to be a belated sailor in fear of discipline—a ruse which accounted for his breathless and excited condition, and easily enlisted the boatman's sympathy and best effort.

When they were well out of the dock, John Ladislav turned up his collar, took off his cap and sunk it in the water, and revealed his true position to his companion whom he found to be a Swede, and by no means indisposed to help. He begged the man to take him to his ship, a Swedish steamer lying in the harbour. But to reach this, they had to pass the warship anchored at the entrance of the outer harbour. They had to go quite close to it. An officer on board saw them and hailed them with a string of questions. John Ladislav left the Swede to the answering which he did in his own language. The officer made several attempts at Swedish, but evidently knew the language imperfectly, and inferring that all was right, did not hinder them from going on.

John Ladislas arrived at the Swedish steamer, and boarded it unobserved by any of its "authorities." He was taken to the firemen's quarters, and lay there two days, his first friend, the boatman, supplying him with food and water. Then a new difficulty arose. A visit from the Russian Custom House Officers became imminent, and as their investigations are often most searching, his adviser thought it best to remove him from the firemen's quarters and to secrete him in the boiler room, where he had to stand upright in a little niche, so close to the boiler that he was nearly roasted. In this cramped position, he remained for about 24 hours. His faithful succourer brought him food, but he could not touch it, craving only for water, of which, he says, he drank sixteen bottles!

When the opportunity for release came, the Swedish sailor told him that he did not like the responsibility of keeping him on board for the whole voyage. For a moment, poor young Ladislas felt verily "between the devil and the deep sea." But if the Swede's kindly help was nearly over, he still had counsel and furtherance to offer. He proposed that at night, when the Captain would be away, he should row Ladislas off to a timber-laden vessel, bound for the north-east coast of Scotland.

They reached the timber ship safely—the officers were not there—and John Ladislas got on board under cover of darkness, and again found succour and refuge in the firemen's cabin—one of the firemen, a Spaniard, being evidently ready to take up the charge the Swede surrendered.

He took the refugee to the lowest hold of the vessel, and stowed him away among the cargo of planks. These planks were packed so closely that at first Ladislas could not stretch himself to get the sleep he was sorely needing. But as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he found that by climbing on some of the planks, he could squeeze himself into a little space left by some planks being shorter than the others.

The ship got under weigh, and Ladislas knew by the motion that he was out at sea. This went on for two or three days, life in darkness, dependent on one man's memory and faithfulness for food and water—any accident to the good Spaniard leaving the prisoner face to face with starvation.

Then a great storm arose. The planks being longer and shorter, and Ladislás' only refuge being at their ends, the plunging of the ship caused them to slip and slide backwards and forwards, buffeting the poor fugitive between them. The horror of thus suffering, imprisoned in the dark and in the depths of the sea, can be imagined but scarcely described. It presently became unendurable, and at one of the Spaniard's visits, Ladislás implored him, at any risk, to find him another hiding-place. It scarcely sounds an improvement when we hear that the Spaniard's only alternative was to secrete him among the coals. That terrible imprisonment amid the timber is now receded for months into the background, but John Ladislás still bears the marks of the cruel pounding he underwent.

He seems to have found the knocks given by the coals to be more bearable, but as the storm kept increasing in fury, and the vessel plunged more and more, the clouds of black dust that filled his retreat were both suffocating and sickening.

At last on Sunday, 26th May, 1907, the timber ship touched at one of the great ports on the east coast of Scotland. Its captain and most of its crew had never suspected the presence of the stowaway. His secret was kept among the firemen.

Towards evening, when the captain and most of the crew had left the ship, the Spaniard cautiously brought Ladislás up. The kindly firemen had rigged him out with a fresh jacket and vest, and following his good friend, the refugee stepped on British soil. The pair had scarcely left the dock when strains of music fell on their ears, and following these they found themselves in the presence of a Salvation Army Captain and his band. The Captain came to speak to the two so evidently seafaring foreigners, acquainted with hardship. Ladislás himself could neither understand nor speak a word of English, but the Spaniard, frequently visiting British ports, knew enough of the language to be able to enlist the Salvation Army Captain's interest in his companion, and strongly advised the youth to put himself under this gentleman's protection. The Captain gave them his address written on a card, and they went back to the vessel, where they could now spend the night in comparative ease, and next morning, after sharing his breakfast, Ladislás bade a grateful good-bye to the kind Spanish sailor, and found himself started on the crowded streets of a rough busy seaport and manufacturing town,

where he knew not a soul, nor one word of its speech. The address on the card was of little use to him, for when he showed it to people, he could not understand what they said. All day he wandered, through the highways, penniless, shelterless, practically dumb!

Then suddenly he came upon a building gay with the red and gold lettering he had noted on the garb of the Captain and his band on the previous night. Joyfully he recognised that this must be the Salvation Army's headquarters. He knocked—and again presented the card the Captain had given him. There they knew what it meant, and what was to be done with him. He slept that night in the Salvation Army captain's house. Next day work was found for him, hard rough work of a kind to which he was wholly unaccustomed, wherein his inexperience ran much risk of dangerous accidents, some of which, indeed, he has already encountered. And further, such work, he has reason to know, may, in time, spoil his musicianly touch. Still, the pittance which he receives provides him with honest board and lodging and a few pence over, and therefore he, and those who would befriend him, have determined that, for the present at least, it must be endured—since “it is ill throwing away dirty water till one has got in the clean,” and his ignorance of English, though he knows four other tongues, naturally handicaps him sadly.

Such is the simple little story of one among hundreds—aye, thousands upon thousands! Herein we see how autocracy and bureaucracy destroy the beauty and joy of the world, dealing out darkness and death and destruction and needless parting and bitter pain and poverty, where there might be peace and prosperity, and the pleasures of art and of home.

What is to be done? First, is there no point at which the sufferers can begin to save themselves? It is when a man begins to help himself that the Divine forces join in his succour.

Let certain points in this story be noted. This young man's parents were Poles. They could not believe in the goodness of the Russian Government which oppressed and stultified their nation, and yet the father went into the Russian Army and became an officer, that is to say, he accepted orders from the Russian Government, and vowed to be ready to wound and to slay in its interests.

The mother hates the Government which would fain steal from her, her native tongue. But her boys go to the Russian military school, and when they are old enough, one enters the army and the other the navy. The third brother got employment in a mill where he is now foreman, and the little ruined home has to depend wholly upon him, and the only sister who also works in a mill.

The soldier and the sailor sons take oaths of loyalty : they promise to serve the Czar, and to be ready to destroy his enemies. Having once got into the evil way of the army and the navy, they can only regain their rights as human beings to think and to feel, by other ways of evil—by mutiny, revolt and desertion, with their necessary concomitants of lying and possible violence. Is it likely that Ladislav would have refrained from taking the life of any soldier, who, loyal to his oath, had stood between him and freedom ? For aught he knows, he may have given the corporal his deathblow ! Why did these people ever find themselves in such a false position ?

Yet in recognising the mistakes of these poor oppressed people, there is no need to condemn. It has not long been given to many of us to understand that the whole force of tyranny lies in its possession of human tools wielding warlike weapons. This story is specially told because it is such a splendid illustration of the great Russian Tolstoy's thesis that militarism is at the root of the evil of tyranny and that militarism could not exist without the connivance of those who eventually suffer from it. He goes even further, and declares that the fundamental evil is the doctrine according to which "military service is an excellent and praiseworthy occupation, and murder during war an innocent action," a doctrine which, in other words, is inculcated in little boys at their mother's knee, in their schools, and in their whole environment.

If it be true, as John Ladislav says—and events seem to verify—that the Russian navy is almost wholly "revolutionary," that is, utterly dissatisfied with the autocracy and bureaucracy which dominate Russia—why are men found in the navy, which exists to support these evils ? Why are they in the army, their other buttress ? True, there is conscription,—but no force can compel a man to take an oath. There have been men who have successfully resisted conscription. Why do not more do so ? True, they would probably be punished, exiled, beaten, perhaps

tortured and killed. But if so, could their sufferings be greater than they are often amid the brutalities of barrack life, to say nothing of the nameless horrors of battlefields and battleships and military hospitals? Can any man laying down his life rather than joining in the evil of militarism, suffer more than those who perish within militarism? Think of the description of an eye-witness on a Russian man-o'-war, during the late conflict in the Far East.

Everywhere blood, morsels of flesh, trunks without heads, detached hands, the smell of blood from which even the most accustomed were sick. The conning tower had suffered most—a shell had exploded over it, and had killed a young officer who was directing the laying of the guns, all that remained of the unfortunate man was a clenched hand, holding an instrument. Of four men who were with the Captain two were blown to pieces, the other two were severely wounded (they had both legs amputated and then again higher up), the Captain escaped with only the splinter of a shell striking him in the head. Nor is this all. Neutral ships cannot give refuge to the wounded because gangrene and fever are infectious. Gangrene and suppurating hospital infections, together with hunger, fire, ruin, diseases, typhus, smallpox, are also part of military glory.

Therefore, as Tolstoy shows, any who would shrink from the righteous passive resistance of refusing militarism because of the punishment it would bring, can see that they do not escape suffering by accepting the sin of militarism with all its murders and violences. Further, it should be remembered that the greater the number of men, who should refuse to take the military oath, the lighter must their punishment become. It is not so easy to flog or imprison hundreds as tens, or thousands as hundreds. The Russian Government has been always aware of the terrible force possible in passive resistance to militarism. When cases occur, it does its utmost to conceal them, lest they should become examples to many—martyrdom being a voice which ever appeals loudly to the best. The Russian Government has ever been known in the end to allow the passive resisters to settle down and be troubled no more!

Mutiny, on the other hand, inevitably alienates sympathy. The question arises, "Why did these men take oaths, if they did not know what they meant, and were not prepared to stand by them?" Ther

is a smack of betrayal and treachery about mutiny, and instead of attracting the best it tends to draw the worst human elements around it, and so falls stifled under crimes of violence and greed.

"If my soldiers were to begin to reflect, not one of them would remain in the ranks," said the King whom they called Frederick the Great of Prussia. He might have gone deeper—and more against his own autocratic interests—had he added: "If my people were to begin to reflect, not one of them would be in the ranks."

Scotland.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

AN APPEAL TO THE PRINCES AND PEOPLE OF KATHIAWAD ON BEHALF OF THEIR SUFFERING DAUGHTERS.

THE best Indian patriots are at present divided in their opinions as to the precedence to be given to different kinds of reform—political, social, economic or spiritual. This conflict of opinions between divergent schools may be long continued, without the recognised leaders of thought arriving at any definite conclusion. But somehow, one incontestable fact remains too true to be ignored or hushed up. And it is this. As long as our homes are filled with child-wives, neglected widows, foolish and quarrelsome matrons wrangling with unruly children, all our boasted talk of reform or advancement sounds hollow and insincere. As long as weaklings are sent forth into the world, to be rendered weaker by the insipid life of an Indian school, under the double burden of study and married life, ending in complete breakdown of the physical as well as the mental constitution at the age of 25 : as long as the tears of our girl-widows are not wiped by the parental hand in the homes of high-caste Hindus, which are often paved with baby-skeletons : as long as the children of the soil are frightened with the nursery tales of ghosts and witches by credulous and ignorant mothers, so long will India present the frightful spectacle of “All heads and no bodies—” more of speakers and less of workers.

India at present needs thousands of workers—youthful and enthusiastic, morally brave and spiritually pure. We must have such workers not in the political field merely—not in one presidency only—but in every field of reform—in every province, district and town.

Why do we feel the dearth of reformers, patriots, captains of industry, masters of science and literature, even in the advanced provinces of the country ? Mainly because there are no fit nurseries, *i.e.*, real homes worthy of the name, where the future sons of India may be trained in the duties and responsibilities of civic life. In fact, the word “home”

has very little significance among our countrymen, instead of being the personification of the early seminary of sweet love, filial attachment, faith in God, and of manly virtues, as in Western countries. There the "beloved home" has the greatest attractions for the young man. When away from his country, he is pining after that "sweet abode, where saints and angels repair."

What do we find here instead of this glowing picture of the West? Why do our young boys try to break loose from the trammels of home life whenever they get the opportunity to repair to low theatres, clubs of evil repute, and coffee-houses which may turn out to be hot-beds of vice on close inspection?

Whenever we try to take a passing glimpse into the real life of Indian homes, whenever we picture to ourselves the dull monotony of those secluded interiors that form the "heart" of society, as it were, we find a ghastly, repellent picture of ignorance, superstition and credulity—all dwelling incarnate in our living idols—the presiding Deities of our homes—who are expected to be the guardian angels of an advancing society, whom we look upon as mothers of the future race of Indian saints and patriots that are destined to raise our motherland from the lowest depths of degradation to the high level of her enlightened sisters like England, Japan or America!

If such is the social status, such the mental gloom of the better half of our nation, what shall I say of the other half—I dare not say the worse half? No substantial results can be gained in any field of reform unless the "hearts" are thoroughly purified. This stands true in the case of whole nations as of single individuals. But the "hearts" of our society (nurseries, I mean), are rotten from within: they are like gloomy voids whence every virtue flies in terror at the spectacles of husbands of 50 or 60 coaxing their child-wives into submission, though fit to be looked upon as their grandfathers; spectacles of tender virgin-widows slaughtering their little ones in cold blood even before they have seen the light of day, or themselves forced to swallow poison by the once fond parents whose sole delight they once were.

To a keen and impartial observer of the inner workings of society, such cases are found to be a matter of no infrequent occurrence. They are so frequent that if it were possible to institute a searching inquiry with the help of female detectives belonging to the low class of native professional midwives, they would amount to the appalling figure of perhaps a hundred thousand every year, besides an equal number of voluntary suicides of young women, from the age of 15 to 25, committed through sheer helplessness and torture inflicted by their female as well as male

relatives, not excepting their own conceited husbands, who consider themselves absolute masters of the persons of their wives. Other minor sorts of maltreatment are beyond reckoning. Perhaps some kind souls would think I am drawing an exaggerated picture of the lower strata of our society. I could very soon convince them of the correctness of my statement by pointing out only two instances that have recently found wide publicity—one in an aristocratic family of Baroda, the other in a middle-class Brahmin family of Virpur—out of thousands of similar instances of brutal maltreatment that go unpunished or undetected. Very seldom do we hear in this country about male suicides. But every village can furnish its quota by tens, and every town by hundreds, of female suicides within everybody's remembrance. These instances are the best proof of the callous indifference of our rulers for the social and moral welfare of their helpless subjects, and of the corruption of petty police officers, who ought to drag the history of such crimes into broad daylight and mete out stern unrelenting justice to the heads of such families.

A very small percentage of my educated brother graduates and undergraduates really care to raise the women of their families to their own level of understanding, or earnestly try to cultivate their taste for useful employments such as needlework, embroidery, tapestry, weaving, cookery, nursing and training of children, a little initiation into the knowledge and use of drugs, drawing, painting, artificial flower-making and other decorative fine arts. And when we recollect the very small minority of this educated class as compared with the countless masses of the Indian population, like a drop in the vast ocean, we become fully conscious of the fact that India is a very backward country at present, though it may have been great centuries ago.

Now, in order to remedy these existing evils, it is necessary first to bear in mind the various shortcomings of the present state of female education and to note the main causes of its failure to such a great extent.

Even in progressive countries like England and America, we find that there are female teachers not only for the girls' schools and colleges but in the primary schools for boys too. There were 201,716 female teachers in the United Kingdom in 1905, while unfortunately, in a thoroughly conservative and orthodox country like India, quite the reverse is the case. What man of reason would blame sensible parents if they declined to send their grown-up daughters to schools, where young unmarried lads of 18 or 20, of no noble parentage or high character, are paid Rs. 4 a month to perform the sacred duties of teachers and custodians of young girls? Even pariahs, menials, peons and cooks are paid Rs. 8 to 10 per month! What special efforts have been made by the

Native States of Kathiawad to promote the cause of female education after they were entrusted with the sacred charge of the education of the children of their own soil, except barely following in the slow footsteps of the British Government ?

While thousands upon thousands of rupees are spent in maintaining their private establishments or in erecting unremunerative public buildings from the taxes of the ryot to whom they bring no equivalent, the idea of having female teachers, examiners and inspectors never seems to have entered their heads. With all deference to the policy of their educational officers, I must point out that the Rajas grudge the small pay of Rs. 25 to the third year (senior) scholars of the Barton Female Training College, and offer them the paltry sum of Rs. 12. Have they ever thought that the withholding or curtailment of exhibitions and scholarships to girls at this stage would mean a serious blow to the cause of female education ? How many of the Native Princes educated at the Eton of Kathiawad have set foot on the premises of their educational institutions, except when they have to show them to their distinguished guests, or when their gracious presence is solicited at annual prize-distributions and other ceremonial occasions ? With only one central institution for imparting secondary education to 50 or 60 females, out of whom 15 or 20 are turned out every year, scarcely half of them care to accept this poorly-paid and exacting service. Under such a zealous pioneer of female education as Miss Corkery, how is it that this, the only institution of its kind in Kathiawad, does not thrive ? Even as regards the primary education of girls, how small is the total number of their schools, and how poor their equipment !

My object here is not to review the state of female education obtaining in the province, but to show, within a brief compass, the want of interest displayed by those who, being at the helm of affairs, ought to look into such matters more carefully when the British Government have thought it fit to hand over to the rulers full control of their educational department. On the other hand, the apathy and mistrust of the people towards female education are equally deplorable. Schools have been established, but they are not largely attended. Most flimsy pretexts suffice for the mothers to keep the girls at home. After a haphazard and irregular schooling of two or three years, the poor child is married, and then woe be to her reading and writing if she falls within the iron clutches of an unsympathising mother-in-law ! Her accomplishments, which were till now praised by her fond parents and loving teachers, henceforward become the target of undeserved reproach. Sometimes a foolish husband looks at her with a jealous and suspicious eye if she dares

to steal an hour in company with her books, like the meek, hapless Kumud of Govardhanram Tripathi. In many cases, again, the young sympathising husband cannot find time or place to read with his wife, owing to promiscuous living in the joint family. The net result of all these hindrances is that the wife is almost ashamed to take up her books, and by the time she becomes a mother, she has once and for ever consigned them to the dusty shelf as she had done with her dolls before—though both formed the passionate and absorbing delight of her childhood !

But the saddest and most tragic fate is reserved for young childless widows. The Government have, by the abolition of *sati*, left them without a future. Society takes no account of them. The outlook before a girl widow is joyless, cheerless, often desperately distressing. Her life becomes weary and aimless. Man cannot live without hope ; but the childless widow has no hope to cheer her. She stands alone on the shores of the wide world, uncared for, unpitied, unenvied ! Lucky is she if she have parents or brothers to maintain her ; otherwise, she is doomed to live amidst uncongenial surroundings, amongst unsympathetic people who look upon her as the bane of the family. There is not a kindred soul to participate in her unspeakable griefs and disappointments. She may be tossed about from place to place by the cruel demon of starvation. Her lot may be bearable till she has fallen a prey to the wolves of society, ambushed often in the fold of her own so-called home. Her fate is then sealed. She must fly to the nearest shrine to lay herself and her unborn babe within to eternal rest ! Alas ! Alas ! Unhappy India ! Thou art doomed to disappointment in every walk of life as long as thy sturdy sons sit unmoved and lift not their little finger to rescue their unhappy sisters from a debasing bondage, from the endless pitfalls and quagmires that have grown up around thee in spite of thy ancient civilisation. The Rishis have said that the curse of one single widow was enough to bring down the wrath of Heaven upon a whole nation. But Indians have grown callous and heedless to the ever-flowing tears of a million widows ! Our holy Shastras have ruled that the heinousness of the sin of a woman's murder is a hundredfold that of a man's ; but the magnitude of the sin of a child-murder—of a child in embryo—is a hundred times that of a woman's. Can any one challenge the truth of my statement when I say that, perhaps, a hundred such double murders are committed every day in India ? Those who want to disprove my statement would do well to establish lying-in houses at every famous shrine, with facilities to conceal

from the public the names of those seeking shelter under their roofs, and then they will see what is the actual number of such murders wrought from year's end to year's end in the vicinity of such holy places.

Away with your false excuses! Do you think that your joint family system protects the widows from immorality, and insures them against future want and starvation? I have seen enough of your well-to-do families to be satisfied with your empty talk. I know of numerous instances in which their widows have been treated no better than the street-dogs, living upon the refuse of their dinner and obliged as a last resort to be merged into the dregs of society to eke out a miserable pittance like the Maslova of Count Tolstoy—but *our* Maslovas have no resurrection to hope for? We Hindus and Jains boast of our kindness to dumb creatures; but our cruelty towards our own kith and kin is enormous. Our present degraded condition among the nations of the world, believe me, is really the fruit of our accumulated sins towards those nearest and dearest to us.

Now, to remedy this crying evil is the bounden duty of each and all of us. The best means to cope with the evil is to encourage remarriages of child-widows, and to shield them from the stings of social calumny: but we have seen from our experience of the past 50 years that the social reformer cannot expect any warm and immediate response from the people. Meanwhile, plague and famine are fast multiplying the woes as well as the number of our child-widows. So we cannot afford to wait for the favourable moment when a selfish and stubborn Priesthood, and consequently their blind followers—the people—are reconciled to the cause of widow-remarriage: Hence, to strike a golden mean between the radicals and the conservatives, a modest scheme is set forth in the following pages to ameliorate the hard lot of widows and to supply the long-felt want of a Central Widows' Home and a Women's Working Class at Rajkot with branch institutions in some of the principal towns of Kathiawad. If this scheme can be carried out successfully, almost all the miseries inflicted upon widows and upon women in general, which we have dwelt upon at some length in the above pages, will gradually disappear. We shall then keep our widows safe from evil thoughts which are always too ready to occupy empty minds; nay, we shall make their life a blessing by showing them the path of virtue and happiness. We shall then find our widows working earnestly and cheerfully, like Christian sisters of mercy and charity. Then shall we once again behold a new race of *Sitas*, *Savitris* and *Lilavatis*. Then shall we see before us angels of God moving on earth in human form. Then shall we see them leading and supporting philanthropic movements like their European sisters. We

shall have then produced a cheap machinery for the spread of female education. From this class will spring up a body of self-sacrificing workers who shall sow broadcast the seeds of knowledge, "blessing and blest wherever they go." If each of these sisters would only undertake to educate five pupils of her own sex in her whole life-time in a five years' course, binding upon the latter to do the same in their turn, there will not be left a single unlettered woman in the whole of India in the year 1964 A.D. This may sound like a miracle, a vain hope, an idle dream to many a reader. But do we not see to-day the same or perhaps greater miracles actually wrought in Japan within a single generation?

Our object in opening this Widows' Home must be two-fold:—

- (i) To give the inmates some object to pursue through life and thus to open up a bright and useful career for them.
- (ii) To enable them to earn their own livelihood and thus to protect them from being led into evil ways.

The following is a rough sketch of the lines on which the Home should be conducted:—

(I) When the necessary funds have been collected, they should be invested in Government paper, and all the current expenses should be defrayed from the interest only, in order to ensure its stability.

(II) The first managing committee should consist of a president and ten leading gentlemen elected annually by the donors and subscribers to supervise all the outside management; but these should have no hand in the inner working of the institution.

(III) The second managing committee should consist of the wives of the above gentlemen, with additional ladies, whose names might be proposed by them from time to time; this second or ladies' committee to have the sole and entire control over all the internal affairs of the Home.

(IV) In order to take the public into our confidence, this Home and the classes attached to it should be conducted thoroughly on the *Zenana* system.

(V) Educated ladies of rank and social position should be requested to pay visits and impart voluntary tuition in different subjects for one or two hours a week, and encourage the workers by suggesting new lines of work.

(VI) The following curriculum may be adopted:—

- (a) Primary education—Reading, writing and simple calculations.
- (b) Religious education—Reading lessons from sacred books like the *Ramayana*, *Mahabharata*, *Puranas* and ancient lore, &c., &c., biographies of noble and heroic women of the world, &c.
- (c) Cookery.

- (d) Nursing the sick ; a knowledge of useful drugs and medicines.
- (e) Sewing, knitting, embroidery, spangle-making, stringing beads, &c
- (f) Other useful fine arts—lace-work, Cutch-work, tapestry, drawin painting, carving, sculpture, clay-modelling, &c.
- (g) Elementary knowledge of hygiene, and the laws of health.
- (h) House-keeping and domestic economy.
- (i) Dress-making.

(VII) For the first five years or so, some part of the proceeds of the interest will have to be set apart for salaries of the paid staff of women. But the increasing numbers of already trained pupils will then enable us to dispense with the services of the paid teachers ; and thenceforward this excellent institution will start on its new career, and be thoroughly self-supporting and able to maintain at least 100 free boarders from the original fund alone.

(VIII) A quarterly public exhibition should be held to put up for sale the exhibits prepared by the boarders and other women.

(IX) Grinding, cooking and other work should be done by the boarders themselves, in order to learn the principle of simple and plain living ; this they will not find too hard at all, they being accustomed to do such work in their own families.

(X) All women of the town, young and old, should be invited to learn any useful art they choose, or to attend any of the classes during the day. Their sympathy and co-operation might thus be enlisted in the successful working of this Home, and they might also spend their own time profitably instead of wasting it in useless gossiping, as is done at present in the noon when they have little work to do. Every man would be only too glad to find his wife learning useful arts as above, and thus saving the charges of the tailor, &c., or perhaps making some substantial addition to his limited income.

(XI) The president and members of the gentlemen's committee should teach the women of their own families to interest themselves in the work of the institution ; otherwise their names might be removed from the list of the committee.

(XII) Supposing every boarder to be able to turn out work of the value of Rs. 3 per month, in five years (which is the maximum period of her stay), she will have saved nearly Rs. 200 ; of this, half the amount should go towards defraying part of the expenses of maintaining her at the institution ; the other half should be handed over to her so as to enable her to make a fair start in life. She might be advised, when leaving, either to employ herself as a teacher, or a nurse, or to give private tuition to ladies

of high rank, or to open and conduct a branch of the Central Home in other parts of the Province, or to earn her living by means of any honest useful art she might have learnt.

(XIII) English and Sanskrit might be introduced as Second Languages in course of time.

(XIV) A women's circulating library should be opened in the Home, not only for the use of the boarders, but for the edification of the towns-women also, in order to create a taste for reading in them.

(XV) There should be women's debating societies, where papers might be read and speeches delivered by the more advanced among them.

(XVI) Distinguished persons might be allowed to visit the Home in company with two members at least of the managing committee.

(XVII) This Home and the classes must be wholly conducted by the people themselves; the Government, native rulers or officials, as such, should have no hand in its working, if it is desired to secure the co-operation and inspire the confidence of the people in such movements, instead of scaring them away from the same.

(XVIII) State pensioners, who take a real interest in this movement, might be requested to assist in the work.

(XIX) For the benefit of the Home, lectures should be delivered by the promoters from time to time in various towns and villages.

(XX) Pice leaflets on the benefits of this scheme should be printed in Gujarati and largely distributed in every centre.

(XXI) Suitable buildings should be hired until the permanent funds amount to five lakhs of rupees, when a simple and commodious Home might be erected from the original funds.

(XXII) Annual reports on the working of the institution, its accounts, &c., should be published.

(XXIII) The most enthusiastic and active member of the managing committee and his wife should be appointed joint-secretaries, who should be held directly responsible for the proper management of the Home.

(XXIV) Our girls' schools make no provision for the education of grown-up women. But such an institution, if efficiently conducted, would provide instruction in all useful arts, and create facilities for the post-nuptial studies of young brides who have at present no such favourable opportunities of continuing their school-studies.

Now I come to the question of questions—I mean the question of funds. I need not be ashamed to stand up before my charitable countrymen as a sturdy gentleman-beggar for the sake of thousands of my bereaved sisters who are groping their way in the dark. Let us only shed

a ray of light, of hope, of joy into the gloomy recesses of their souls. If such a call were made in Europe, in no time would subscriptions flow in from all quarters. But my countrymen, I hope, are not quite dead to sentiments of true charity and benevolence, nor has the ancient spirit of their forefathers' sacrifice in a cause so noble quite forsaken them. If only a sufficient amount can be collected through subscriptions opened by *East & West*, I think I shall not have appealed in vain to a class of rulers so intelligent as the Princes of Kathiawad, and a population so enterprising as their subjects, trading far and wide with India, Europe, Africa and Arabia.

Gondal.

DURGASHANKAR P. RAVAL.

IBNE ADHAM : OR THE SAINT-KING.

SULTAN IBRAHIM OF BALKH, SON OF SULEIMAN ADHAM
bin MANSUR.

Whosoever loveth and is chaste in his love, and hideth it, and dieth in it, dieth a martyr (*Hadis or Saying of the Prophet.*)

IBNE ADHAM'S father was a prince, but his heart was given to piety. He left his country and became a Derwish. A Derwish, according to his creed, must pass his life in such a way as to gain ultimately that purity in which he should see the reflection of the Supreme Beauty of his Creator; consequently he passes his time in good deeds, in prayers and in the contemplation of Divine attributes and of His Beauty reflected in Nature. The holy Koran repeatedly appeals to the reader to read Nature's book and to reflect on its contents; for instance, in Sura II. the Lord sayeth—"Verily, in the creation of the heavens and of the earth, and in the alternation of night and day, and the ship which glideth upon the sea with what is useful to man, and in what the Lord sendeth down of the rain from heaven reviving thereby the earth after its death, and in the scattering over the earth of all the moving creatures, and in the sending of winds and the clouds that move between the heaven and the earth—are signs unto those that exercise their reason." And in the words of the prophet, "An hour's contemplation is better than a year's prayers."

The Derwish travelled by day and passed his nights in prayers and contemplation. At last he came to Balkh, at that time a famous and populous city in the Oriental world, and passing through its streets paused at the palace of the king, probably thinking of his own palace, and the good things he had left behind. The princess, seeing the Derwish, came to the window to bestow a coin upon him. The poor Derwish at once fell in love with her. Her striking beauty had ensnared

him. He might well describe himself in some such sentiments as the Oriental poets delight to indulge in—"Those charms of the watery tulips of thine lips and the languishing narcissuses of thy eyes, sometimes redden my face like the tulip with the thought of thy union, sometimes droop me down like the narcissus with the dread of thy separation." The Derwish would not move from his place. Day after day he was there to catch one more glimpse of the beautiful princess. The king was in wrath and would have put him to death, but justice required otherwise. The king ordered him to come into his presence. He saw that the Derwish was of no ordinary kind and was struck with his refined manners and daring conduct. "What wouldst thou have of me?" he asked. "Thy daughter's hand," the Derwish replied. "Her Mahar is two precious gems of the size of a bird's egg," the king said. The Derwish left the Court. It is related he went to the sea-shore and engaged himself in prayers and devotions, asking Divine aid to help him. His prayers were accepted and Khizar appeared before him. Thrusting his hands into the waves, he brought out the desired gems and presented them to the Derwish. The Derwish next day went to the king and in full court presented the gems to him. The king was non-plussed, and finding the princess willing to wed the Derwish, the engagement was ratified and the day fixed for the wedding. But before the appointed day, a report was given out that the princess was dead. The lover was distracted. One sudden autumn blast of death had withered the spring flower of his hope and scattered it to the winds. He followed the bier to the grave-yard, which was outside the city, as was usually the case in those days. When the people departed, he lingered in the grave-yard to get a last glimpse at her, if opportunity offered and to feast his eyes for the last time with her supreme beauty. At dusk when there was no one near about, he took out the body from the mound of earth; but just as he was looking upon her, he heard a noise and some robbers appeared upon the scene. He hastily concealed himself. It so happened that there was a person among the robbers who was once a clever Hakim, but by some freak of fortune had turned a robber. After gazing at the princess's face for a while, he exclaimed: "She is in a stupor on account of some drug administered to her; she is not dead." He took out a drug from his pocket and put it in her mouth. After a while the princess opened her eyes. The lover could not contain himself. He sprung out from his concealment and made for the robbers. They were taken by surprise and took to their heels. In a short time the princess recovered her

senses completely, and the two lovers left the place to settle somewhere far from the city of Balkh, which they did in a quiet cottage where under such romantic circumstances Ibrahim Ibne Adham, popularly called Ben Adham, was born a few years before the end of the first century of the Mohamedan Hejira.

He grew up in that cottage where love and piety reigned supreme. His mother died when he was only a boy, and his father wishing to give him a good education brought him to the city of Balkh and put him to a school. The boy went daily to school and one day his grand-mother happening to pass by that way was struck with the boy's extraordinary resemblance to her dead daughter. Her suspicions were aroused and after a complete enquiry the boy was found out to be her own grandson and was taken to the family bosom as the Lost Joseph returning once more to Kanaan. In the course of time his grand-father died and left the throne to Ibne Adham.

Ibne Adam was then in his full youth, with the absolute powers of an Oriental Potentate and blest with all the luxuries which human heart could desire. But he had early imbibed his father's piety and his sentiments in the little cottage of his childhood, where not only piety but love which chasteneth it and gives its sovereign seal to it and which alone makes it acceptable in the Divine court, had reigned supreme. He knew that mere dry piety was at best a weak disciplinarian, a tutor with but scanty knowledge and without any firmness of character or refinement of sentiments who could scarcely mould the character of his pupils or influence their sentiments. He had begun to realize that he should awaken within himself that inward eye, before whose keen glance the innumerable curtains that have preceded and will follow our present life should rise one by one and reveal to the spectator a considerable portion of Creation's play from its beginning to the one everlasting scene that will close it. In fact, his mind was just awakening to the mystery of the human soul which had puzzled many a great mind before him, and which Nature reveals to her few chosen ones, when he received signs after signs from his Divine Instructor which worked powerfully on the state of his mind.

It is related that as he was one night engaged in his devotions, he heard a voice upon the roof of his house. When he questioned it, the voice answered "I am searching my lost camel here." "How canst thou find it on the roof of a king's palace?" he asked. The voice replied, "Oh Ibne Adham, canst thou find thy Lord in a king's palace?"

A few days later when he came to his room one evening after his usual

devotions, he saw his royal bed occupied by one of his slave girls. Ibne Adham was highly vexed with the girl, but she only smiled at him on seeing him angry. His curiosity was aroused and he questioned her about it. She answered: "Oh Sire, it is only for a few moments' gratification of my vanity to occupy a royal bed that I suffer my master's anger. Wouldst thou not incur thy master's anger for all thy self-indulgence and the gratification of thy vain desires?"

A few days after this, it is said he received another sign which went right to his soul. One day as he was on his throne in full state of royalty with the Amirs all around him, each one kissing the ground before his feet and standing in his place with bowed neck and folded hands, ready to obey the slightest sign from his master's eye, an unknown person entered the court and passing boldly through the line of Amirs stood before his throne, and demanded whether the king could give him a shelter in his inn. "Is this an inn," the king exclaimed, "this is a king's palace." "And pray, Sir, who was before you in this palace?" the person asked. "My father" "And before that?" "My grand-father, and so on" was the reply. "Is this then not an inn", the person said, "a short sojourning place where the in-comer after a short-lived hospitality marches forth on his onward journey." So saying the person disappeared. Ibne Adham's mind was highly perturbed. He realized he had to make the best of his short sojourn in this world to gain whatever might be of avail on his onward march. He became restless with these thoughts and he thought to beguile his mind from them by going for a hunt with his Amirs. He gathered his Amirs and set out for that purpose. In the heat of the chase he pursued a deer which led him far away from his Amirs. In the excitement of his mind he heard the deer speak to him:—"Oh Ibne Adham, leave me alone, for thou art Love's chase." The lamp of his soul was kindled. He was put in mind of the words of his Lord, "When I love him (the righteous man) I become his ears with which he hears, and his eyes with which he sees, and his hands with which he handles, and his feet with which he walks." Ibne Adham realized that he must acquire Divine ears to hear His words and the secrets of Nature, he must have Divine eyes to see the Supreme Beauty of the Creator, and have Divine Feeling to feel every pulse and spring with which Nature is guided.

Leaving the chase Ibne Adham passed on, and when he had gone far from Balkh he alighted from his horse and seeing a peasant working in a field, he exchanged his royal dress with him and gave him his horse. The next few years he spent in self-instruction and in the acquire-

ment of his cherished object. Some part of this time he spent in a cave near a village only coming out once or twice a week to earn his scanty meal with the sweat of his brow, half of which meal he gave to the needy, the other half retaining for himself.

In after years he used to describe the hardships he endured during this period. "Once," he said, "it was so cold that it was frozen all around the cave. I broke pieces of ice and took my bath with them. I yearned for some warm covering, but I had none. Presently, I felt myself wrapped up in something warm, and sleep came upon me. I had a quiet nap for some hours. When I awoke I saw to my great surprise that it was a great dragon that had wrapt me up and I prayed, "Oh Lord, thou sent'st it in the garb of Thy mercy, but I now see it in its own garb, which is that of Thy wrath." The dragon gently removed itself from me."

The second stage in this Saint's life was now complete. He had thrown off the dross of "self" and retained the pure gold of selfless love. He was now the Sikander of his time, for he had built a solid wall between his pure self and the gog and the magog of evil passions and selfish desires. No syren voice of "self" can now allure his spirit away. We might echo the sentiment of the poet "Sanai" regarding him—"It takes days before the wool on a sheep's back be turned into a Derwish's garb or a cord for the ass's neck; weeks before the cotton seed sown in the moist ground produce the stuff which by the aid of human art be turned into a bride's apparel or a martyr's pall; months before the sperm turn into an infant—a future hero to lead victorious legions to break the enemy's ranks; years before the stone turn into a priceless jewel, generations before a true poet be born to delight mankind with his exquisite poetry, or a philosopher to change the sentiments of mankind; but it takes centuries before the true man of God be born who, seeing his Lord with his inward eye, lead erring, blind humanity to the path of virtue, of righteousness, of love."

We shall now give some instances related of the hardships the Saint suffered for the love of Him for whom he had forsaken his earthly kingdom, his love of human kind, his charitable mind in the truest sense of the word, and last but not least the good he did for human kind. In relating these instances we should not forget that he was once a powerful, potentate blest with all the luxuries that human heart could desire. The contrast must have been keen. The poor peasant endures the hustles of the world with patience because he is inured to it from his childhood and after a time does not see anything out of the way in it.* The needy is

humble because it is his interest to be so. But it must have been different with one who was once a powerful king. He endured it all with a good humour which never failed him and a sweetness of temper never soured by any hardship. Once while on a ferry boat he had with him a set of rowdy Amirs who, finding him a Derwish, made him the butt of their raillery and played all sorts of jokes upon him. His endurance was put to a sore trial, but he did not lose his temper. He must have been vividly reminded of the time when the Amirs kissed the ground before his feet, and stood with bent necks to obey his slightest order; who couched with fear to see their king angry and were thirsty to gain his slightest approbation. At last Divine inspiration came unto his pure heart and whispered, "If thou desirest, they shall be meted out with grievous punishment. But his humble prayer was, "O Lord. I remember thy hundred names, each bespeaking the peculiar phase of Thy mercy. except Al-Kanhar (the Avenger) which speakest of Thine anger. Give them the eyes to see between right and wrong." His prayer was accepted and they saw before them one crowned with the Light of Divine glory, with a Halo of Divine Light all around him. They fell at his feet and asked for mercy.

Once wrapt up in his own thoughts, he sat on a Musjid's front steps. Presently, the Muezzin came up and pushed him so roughly that he fell steps below. He said in after-years regarding this incident that he only wished the Musjid had more steps, for every fall from the steps gave him an inward vision such as he would not sell for the kingdom of both the worlds.

Such and similar treatment he received while he was unknown, but such a character and intellect as his was, could not long be hidden. He travelled much and his fame, in spite of his unwillingness, grew apace. Wherever he went, his words of wisdom and the purity of his character worked upon the sentiments of the people.

In those days when the means of communication were scanty, when no state aid was given to clergymen to live in all the comforts, nay luxury of life and to keep the public conscience straight, more solid work was done for blind humanity by the voluntary efforts of persons who, possessing a purity of life and a greatness and nobleness of mind such as is rarely found in our present age, have left foot-prints on the path of Life to guide for ever the erring to the path of selfless love and righteousness.

The last years of Ibne Adham's life and activities were spent at the holy Musjid of Mecca. He lived during the reigns of three successive

Khalifs, *i. e.*, Harún Arrashid, Mamun and Muatasim Billa the last of whom is said to have visited him and conferred with him. The influence of a great Murshid or a true saint in a Mahomedan kingdom is such as can scarcely be conceived by those who do not belong to that creed. In his holy Durbar worldly distinctions are done away with. The poorest peasant may take his seat beside the proudest monarch. Rulers and chiefs kiss the hands of the holy man with reverence and join their hands with his in solemn *bai-at* (or a pledge with their lives to be guided by him). He is often the Mediator between the king and his subjects in redressing their wrongs and obtaining justice from the powerful Monarch's hands, and such influence he exercises not by any temporal power given in his hands, for he never cares to have any, but by the moral force of his character and the greatness of his mind.

In the *mausam* (or period) of Hajj or the sacred pilgrimage, when a stream of pilgrims from every part of the world gathers in that holy city of Mecca, Ibne Adham's pure words like Israel's trumpet, must have enlivened many a spirit dead with wrong-doing. Like many other sacred relics, the pilgrims must have carried with them his words and the various remembrances of his pure life to all parts of the world.

A large circle of disciples gathered round the Saint. The first condition that he made with the person who desired to enter his circle was that he should eat only of what was lawfully gained. He himself went daily to the forest to cut wood and in exchange for it had loaves of bread and dates which he distributed among his disciples retaining only a scanty portion of it for himself.

HUSAIN R. SAYANI.

Bombay.

(To be concluded).

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**The Better Mind
of India.**

The philosopher at the India Office has said that the duty of his countrymen at the present political juncture is to appeal to the better mind of India. The saner philosophy of discontent is identified with the name of the publicists technically known as Moderates. The Government has not concealed its desire to know what relations this intermediate class of reformers would maintain towards the extreme wing of their party, and its trust that its hands would be strengthened if all law-abiding citizens would openly disavow their sympathy with the enemies of the British Government and of the public peace. The Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces has gone further and explained to the friends of the Government in public in what directions their assistance would be useful to the police. Sedition may be preached in railway carriages, in private meetings, and in secluded villages. This is no new experience : where did Azrael Panday preach sedition to Native soldiers in 1857 ? The police cannot be everywhere, and while the executive Government has ample powers to be used in the detection of criminal conspiracies, its means of obtaining information are limited. The better mind of India cannot be in sympathy with the sowing of the seeds of mischief: it discerns the calamitous consequences to society which must follow all attempts to endanger the stability of a Government. The usual weakness of higher minds in India has ever been their unconcern with the practical details and the unpleasant struggles of political life. Let Cæsar's officers do Cæsar's work : we have no sympathy with his enemies, nor are we likely to do much good by flocking to his standard in the battlefield—such has been the traditional frame of mind of the most amenable classes of Indian society. In that attitude

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of passive acquiescence, instinct with the sanity of a discerning intellect, but not impelled by the dynamic of moral fervour, lies the strength as well as the weakness of the British Government in India. New ideas of the duties as well as the rights of citizenship are being imbibed. But rights are appreciated more readily than duties all the world over.

What is the better mind of India to apply itself to ? The politician thinks of its utility in carrying on the operations of Government smoothly and in ensuring its permanence. But underlying the permanence and the popularity of British rule in an Asiatic country, there are other problems, which are mainly of a social and religious nature. No extremist seems to deny that under the British Government the people of India enjoy more privileges, greater security of life and property, and a larger measure of happiness and prosperity, than would have been possible under Native rule. But the happiness which the nationalists desire is not that which may be derived from material prosperity : it is the blessedness of the independence of self—the happiness of the spirit and not of the flesh. The Yogis taught of old that the spirit which is subject to carnal desires is not happy, even when those desires are gratified to the point of satiety. The only real and lasting bliss is attained when the spirit is freed from all trammels. Such emancipated condition is the Svaraj of the spirit : and curiously enough, the nationalist in India has managed to compare the Svaraj of the body to the Svaraj of the spirit, and elevated the theory above the level of selfish struggle and cruel bloodshed. It is unnecessary to say that those who sought the Svaraj of the spirit in the past left society altogether, or if they moved in it, they were like the lotus leaf in water, unaffected by their environments. Indeed many a student of history would tell us that India came under Mussalman sway because the higher mind of the country gave itself up to a pursuit of the Svaraj of the spirit and neglected the requirements of the body politic. This judgment may not be quite sound : yet it cannot be denied that the independence of the individual self was an aim which was in no way connected with the independence of the national personality. Indeed, he who attained the Svaraj of the spirit was above all considerations of caste and nationality. Political battles are fought out on a lower plane : it is the plane where the racial con-

sciousness does not merge in the human consciousness. The better mind of India has always applied itself to an annihilation of differences and to the attainment of unity.

The better mind of India has applied itself to various reforms from times immemorial. If society in the East has been stagnant for centuries, it has not always been so. Tradition has preserved the consciousness of progress as well as retrogression. Several names are remembered in connection with the reform of marriage customs. Svetaketu is remembered by Brahmans, and Adinath by Jains. There are so many different tribes and communities living in India, each with its own peculiar customs, that the reflective mind must have been driven to evolve some theory regarding their origin and development. The more civilised tribes must have thought that the simpler and less refined customs of some of their neighbours might have prevailed among their own ancestors. It is such comparative study which in the last century gave birth in Europe to theories of the evolutionary progress of the world. Ideas of progress, however, differ in different communities : that which is an improvement in the opinion of some may seem to be retrogression to others. The better mind of India applying itself to social customs has always denounced the purchase of brides. Heavy dowries given to bridegrooms do not seem to have struck the reformers in the same light. The purchased article becomes the property of the purchaser. The wife became the property of the husband, and, therefore, the money given to her parents, who parted with the girl, could be supposed to be in the nature of a price. The husband did not become the property of his wife : what was paid to his parents was not in exchange for the girl, but an addition to the gift. Perhaps this inducement did not amount to much in former times, when there was no restriction of age for the marriage of a girl and the addition of a female member to a household was, even from an economic point of view, more desirable than otherwise. Continued prosperity seems to have resulted in the deterioration of morality, and the better mind of the higher classes must have encouraged the idea of converting marriage into a kind of duty, to which the parties must submit at the discretion of their parents, and not a free contract effected with their own sweet will and pleasure. In this way the better mind of one age is not the better mind of another. Remedies

must be suited to the particular evils which become most conspicuous in a given age.

The better mind of India has always protested against the doctrine of the fundamental inequality of races and castes. The famous allegory which assigns the origin of different castes to different parts of the Universe Personified did not teach that the functions of the castes were unalterable: it merely gave poetic expression to the truth that at that time castes performing certain functions were known by certain names. Whether a man's caste is fixed by his birth or by his occupation was a question which was debated long and not without acrimony. Though the philosophic thinkers in the Sanatana community gave an intellectual assent to the proposition that all men were originally of the same caste, and that a Brahman might degenerate into a Sudra, or a Sudra might elevate himself to the position of a Brahman, no practical effect was given to the dictates of the better mind of the country, and those that were dissatisfied with the treatment accorded to them in the Sanatana community were swept into the fold of Gautama Buddha. His followers taught vigorously that "Apart from righteousness all castes are sure to sink to hell: All castes are purified if they are righteous and act well." They carried the war into the enemy's camp and denied that those who killed living creatures in the name of religion could be righteous. They argued: "If he who kills is counted innocent. And if the victim safe to heaven is sent, Let Brahmins kill—so all were well—And those who listen to the words they tell," The force of all this logic was not wasted upon the community. It had a wonderful effect. The Brahmins gave up the practice condemned by the heretics: a little pressure of authority might have been put upon them by their political superiors who had joined the new sect, but the conquest seems to have been for the most part a moral one, achieved by the better mind of the country, reflected in the higher ideals of the secessionists. In so far as the rights of the lower animals were successfully vindicated, it was an enduring reform, and there has been no reaction against it. But that which was conceded to the dumb animals was not permanently conceded to the lower castes of articulate man. And with the decadence of Gautama's sect the theory of racial inequality revived, with not a little of its original force.

That which was not voluntarily conceded as a matter of theory and of right was compelled by the stress of economic and political exigencies. It was impossible to maintain in practice an arrangement which consigned one class to study, another to government, a third to industry, and the fourth to service of all the rest. Such a scheme of society could not be imposed upon newly conquered countries, which must have had their own social arrangements. The Brahmans preserved for themselves a monopoly of studying and reciting a particular portion of the scriptures: the followers of Gautama did not care for it, as they preached against those very sacrifices at which the scriptures were to be recited. The rest of the old scheme fell to pieces. Brahmans found that study was not paying and took to other professions. The non-Aryan tribes, classed as Sudras, had as powerful arms as the Kshatriyas, and they could not be ousted from their lands by the Vaisyas. Intermarriages could not be prevented, and they had their own effect upon social status. Caste came to be identified more and more with occupation and habitat. Every caste strove to elevate itself to a higher rank and to prevent the lower ones, if possible, from rising to its own rank. To the better mind of the country these struggles must have been sickening, and continuous protests were raised against the monopoly of spiritual privileges for any caste. As each caste valued its own social rank, it was impossible to curb social pride and aspiration. No one could be compelled to eat in any company, or to marry and give in marriage. It was, however, possible to seek the grace of God in one's own way. The lower classes found that their spiritual cravings were satisfied without reciting the unintelligible Veda and without going through the arduous exercises of Yoga. The restrictions on eating in company and on intermarrying remained. Indeed, they gathered force as the higher castes found that there was no way of barring the access of their social inferiors to the common Creator of all. The gates of the highest philosophy of the land once thrown open could not again be closed to any class; and Mahars and Chamars earned respect and veneration by their spiritual pre-eminence, though their touch was avoided by the socially proud, but intellectually yielding, classes.

Tradition records that in Marwad there was once a devout cobbler, who, after his daily worship, stood at the entrance of

hut and offered sacred water to passers-by of all castes. Such was the veneration paid to the man in the neighbourhood that few declined the offer. The king's own preceptor of high caste happened to pass by one day, and the cobbler boldly offered him the sacred water and eatables. Devamurari was himself a broad-minded and devout person, but he hesitated to accept the water from the hands of the Chamar, lest he should incur the displeasure of the king. The cobbler's admonition was as just as Shylock's famous remonstrance, but more ingenious. "Why do you shun a worker in leather?" asked the Chamar: "The universe is encased in a hide. The human body would be unprotected without the covering you despise. The tongue with which the Brahmans recite their Vedas is a piece of hide. The hide of cattle is better than man's. Therewith is covered the drum which the highest castes use in their religious music. Why do you hold a Chamar in low esteem?" Devamurari perhaps did not require all this argumentation, but after the rational appeal, he could no longer resist the offer. The news of the royal preceptor having drunk polluted water reached the ears of the king, who was at first annoyed by his *guru's* behaviour. But subsequently he too became reconciled to the broad-minded doctrine of the equality of man preached by the pious Chamar. Pandharpur was recently the scene of a fanatical assault on Missionary ladies. The equality of all castes before God[‡] has been preached at Pandharpur and in the name of the presiding deity of that place as consistently as anywhere else in India. Among the devout and widely venerated worshippers of Vithoba was Chokha, a Mahar; and according to legend, the God sealed his approval of the Mahar's piety by actually dining with him. The Brahman worshippers were scandalised by the incident, but who could dispute the propriety of a divine act? One sometimes finds it stated in small books on the history of India that with the revival of Brahmanism in the ninth century and the banishment of Buddhism from India, the power of caste was re-established and grew with increased vitality. There were, however, other revivals in which the better mind of the land asserted itself.

After the Muhammadan conquest the problems which the better mind of India had to solve multiplied. The doctrine of equality had to be applied not merely to the professors of the native religions, grouped roughly under the four castes, with Antyajas super-

added. What was to be the relation between the four castes and the foreigners? The followers of the native creeds and practices were hereafter known as Hindus and were driven into a common fold as against Muhammadans. The better mind of the Hindu and the better mind of the Muhammadan had to meet and to agree so as to preserve the public peace and to make the enjoyment of material prosperity possible. No brighter examples of the better mind of the two communities could be pointed out throughout the period of Moslem rule than Akbar and his Hindu and Mussalman satellites. In politics it was generally found expedient under every Mussalman ruler to appoint Hindu officers, particularly in the administration of revenue, and to some extent also in the army. Outside politics, the Vaishnava revival movement did not neglect the Muhammadans. The better mind of the Vaishnava devotee overlooked the distinction not only between the Brahman and the Antyaja, but also between the Hindu and the Mussalman. Hindu devotees had Mussalman admirers. Even Muhammadan rulers sometimes held Hindu preachers of exceptional piety in great respect, partly because of the miracles attributed to the latter, and partly because they were rational thinkers, who perceived that intolerance could not be a true test of the sincerity or depth of one's own faith. Kabir was venerated as much by Muhammadans as by Hindus. In the Panjab the result of the contact between the two faiths and the communities was the birth of a new sect—Sikhism. Thus the lesson taught by the better mind of India in all ages is plainly seen on the very surface of history. India is, no doubt, an ethnological museum, and that very fact taught all the thinking minds of the country the supreme duty of recognising the merit and capacity of every human being, to whatever social or religious group he may belong. The hatred of any nation was not commended by them. And if there is such a thing as the better mind of India, is there no such thing as the better mind of Europe? Is it taken to the Colonies, or does it remain only where the interests of the white races are not threatened by those of the coloured races of the earth? And are there not numerous directions in which the better mind of Europe can manifest itself even in India?

CURRENT EVENTS.

The campaign against sedition and the search after explosives have occupied the public attention for such a length of time that a reaction is likely to set in at an early date. Men have more useful things to think about than the conspiracies of bomb-manufacturers and the prosecution of newspaper editors. In Bengal the police and the law courts will perhaps be busy for some months to come. The trial of the prisoners already placed before the courts must take a long time : the law's delays are proverbial and they are prolonged by the difficulty of procuring satisfactory evidence of conspiracies with intricate ramifications. The latest sensations are the assassination of the approver Gosain in the Alipur jail and the large hauls of alleged conspirators at Midnapur. The smuggling of revolvers into a jail is as ruinous to the reputation of executive authorities as it is vaguely suggestive of the amount of support which the "anarchists" are likely to have and of their resources in men and weapons. If the prisoners had managed to escape from the jail, one would have thought only of the laxity of the arrangements in it. The introduction of revolvers for the commission of fresh crime in the jail shows that there are still men at large who are prepared to continue the work of those whom the police have succeeded in apprehending. The "anarchical movement" is not likely to have any influence on politics in this country, as it may have had in Europe ; for all that the Governments in Europe may have to be compelled to do by terrorism, the Government here does of its own accord, or in deference to public opinion in India as well as in England. On the other hand, as the stability of the British rule in India depends upon the maintenance of peace among the numerous communities composing the population, the prevalence of crime will only retard progress and divert the energies of Government in directions where they ought

not to be needed in a civilised country. One immediate effect of the discoveries that are being made in Bengal will undoubtedly be that impartial observers in England will be more than ever disinclined to ask for a disturbance of the partition of that province. In peaceful times it was open to doubt, whether the province was too large for one central authority, as was alleged by the advocates of the partition. That doubt, it will be thought, has been dispelled by the "anarchists" themselves, for in its present condition most people will admit that the entire province is too large for one man to govern.



In the United Provinces the Government has found reasons to be wide awake, though it is comparatively a quiet province. Literary ability has not been applied there to mischievous purposes in any large measure and the conspicuous Muhammadan element in the population must have a more or less salutary effect on politics. Yet the Government seems to have been informed that sedition is preached in the villages and in railway carriages by itinerant preachers, and the deficiency in local capacity for writing inflammatory and seductive literature is supplied by translations from the productions of the gifted authors elsewhere. The Lieutenant-Governor has called upon all law-abiding citizens to render every possible assistance to the police in the detection and prevention of crime. The United Provinces differ from other parts of India in one important respect: there appeals to religious prejudices are likely to be more dangerous than elsewhere. The Panjab is remarkably quiet. Last year about this time one was almost persuaded to believe that the state of that province ought to cause greater anxiety than speeches and writings elsewhere. The deportations lent colour to that alarming view of the situation. The flood has somehow subsided and there is more peace in the Punjab now than in any other of the larger provinces.



In Bombay, according to the *London Times* and other authorities, the incarceration of Mr. Tilak has broken the back of the movement represented by him. It is difficult to attach any precise meaning to these felicitations, for Mr. Tilak's activity consisted not in collecting arms and drilling troops, but in spreading an idea; and whether the spread of that idea is arrested by his inability to

wield the pen is necessarily a question on which faith must take the place of knowledge or demonstration. Personality is undoubtedly a great factor in politics, and the movement of which he has been a leading representative in the Dekhan must be affected by the withdrawal of his personal advice and inspiration. But it is notorious that there are "fire-eaters" in the Mahratta country to whose decree Mr. Tilak himself has been obliged to bow. They may not have his personal influence, but they can tend the fire lit up by their chief. The broad facts are that the incarceration of the popular Mahratta was followed by riots in Bombay, and the Government's invitation, in a public proclamation, to all peace-loving citizens to dissociate themselves publicly from the "party of violence" has up till now met with no response. The reason, however, does not seem to be that recourse to violence is generally approved, but that denunciation of that party is not considered to be the best way of securing peace and harmony.



In Madras sedition has been punished with a severity which in some cases may be said to be more than exemplary. Southern India has so long enjoyed the sobriquet of "benighted" that the ignition of the prairie in that quarter must have caused greater surprise to many than disloyalty would in a place like Poona, where the memory of the Peishwas' rule is not yet effaced, or like Calcutta, where the inhabitants are said to be peculiarly imitative and hence prone to better the instruction given by European teachers. Southern India has no warlike traditions and the majority of the people were believed to be sober-minded and docile. The departure of a few from that tradition seems to have been felt in some quarters as an astounding piece of political impudence, deserving only to be punished with contemptuous severity. The most sensational arrest in Southern India was that of Mr. G. Subrahmanya Aiyer, a veteran journalist, imbued with the pessimistic but sincere conviction that India is growing poorer under British rule, and at the same time generous enough to repose faith in British justice and the good intentions of the British nation. The local Government has accepted from him an undertaking not to write sedition again, if he did so before, and withdrawn the prosecution. The press is full of expressions of gratitude—a reward which no Government ought to hold in contempt.

Nothing is as yet known about the measures which the Government of India is prepared to introduce for the control of the press. Mysore has already passed a press law making it incumbent on every editor, printer and publisher of a newspaper to take out a license before entering upon his duties. It is generally believed that Viscount Morley, himself once a journalist, will not agree to so drastic a law being passed in British India. For the present the Imperial and the local Governments are more anxious to secure the moral support of the general community for the policy on which they have already embarked, instead of passing new laws which will not make for their popularity. Influential and representative individuals as well as associations have already assured the Government of their abhorrence of disloyalty and violence, and though the number of such communications of devotion and good-will is not commensurate with the size of the country and the population, there can be little doubt that such public expressions of loyal sentiments will multiply if people can be persuaded to believe that they will really strengthen the hands of Government and ensure peace and harmony.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LABORATORY METHOD IN RELIGION.

TO THE EDITOR, *East & West*.

SIR,—No seriously minded Hindu can be sufficiently thankful to the Rev. D. J. Fleming, of Lahore, for trying to inculcate, in his article, in the July number of *East & West*, the importance of the "practical" side of religion and the superiority of "action" over mere "thought" in the religious world. In so far as he aims at establishing this great truth, in the "scientific spirit" in which he resolves at the very outset to pursue this subject, every Hindu will gladly acquiesce in what he says. But when he digresses from the path of his "scientific method" to the marshes of those fallacies that have formed the distinguishing characteristics of religious enthusiasts in all ages, every thinking Hindu must part company with him. If the object of his article be to arrive, *somehow*, at the superiority of Christianity over Hindu Monism, I shall not waste the reader's time by trying to defend the latter. If, however, as he himself says the purpose of the thesis is to apply the "Laboratory" or "Scientific" method to religion and to arrive at truth irrespective of one's predilections to one's own religion, I would beg of

the reader some indulgence. A comparison between two religions, to be of any real use, ought to be fair. Each should be presented in as good a light as its adherents would wish. I take it that the reverend gentleman who so eloquently pleads for Christianity has marshalled his arguments relative to the points at issue in the best manner he could. And I, in turn, propose to say what little I can on behalf of Hindu Monism in this connection, leaving it to the reader to adjudge finally.

Any method to be "scientific" must conform to the laws of reasoning. Let me, therefore, consider first Mr. Fleming's premises, in so far as they represent the Hindu religion, of the Absolute, and then proceed to his inferences. The reverend gentleman has, with a view to elucidate his "laboratory method," furnished a test for ascertaining the correctness of premises in religious arguments. He says, "Truth acquires its value only as it is *lived out* in experience." "The man who merely reads (Christian books) will never realise what that life is. Here it is most certainly true that *doing* is necessary to *understanding*." "One *understands* Christ as one *uses* him." (The italics are mine.) It follows then, that one who merely reads the religious books of the *Hindus* can never understand "Hindu religion." Unless the Rev. Mr. Fleming has *lived* a Hindu, *used* Hinduism in life, and *experienced* it, he cannot say what Hinduism really is. The laboratory method must apply as well to Hindu Monism as to Christianity. But inasmuch as he has made some statements which he has used as his premises, they have to be examined. He holds that, according to Hindu Monism, "Truth is what we ought to *think*." "The knowledge of Atman takes away all incitement to action." "The theory of Atman may enable its adherents to suffer and endure, but not to act and work." Now, not one of these has any foundation in the religion of "Brahman." The Upanishads repeatedly declare that "Thoughts and words" do *not* reach the truth, Brahman. What we ought to *think* is no more the truth in Hinduism than an injunction to steal is one of the ten commandments. Whatever we *think* is Maya, as opposed to what we *are*, which is truth. The verb "*to be*" is certainly not the same as the verb *to think*. "That which *is* (*sat*) is Brahman, or truth." "I *am* (i. e. what I *experience*, not as object, but as non-object) Brahman." "Thou *art* that" (not what thou knowest or thinkest). Next, as to his premises regarding the absence of incentive to action, let me only quote a few lines from the Hindu Bible, the Bhagavadgita. "Nor can any one even for an instant remain actionless" (III. 5). "Action is superior to inaction" (III. 18). "Constantly perform action which is thy duty." (III. 19). "By action only, indeed, did King Janaka and others attain to perfection" (III. 20). "He is a Yogi who is the doer of all actions" (IV. 18). Last but not least, the God of the Hindus, the Paramatman Himself says, "I have nothing to do in the three worlds, O son of Pritha; nor is there anything unattained that should be attained, yet *I engage* in action" (III. 22). If the God of the Hindus Himself acts and solemnly enjoins *actions* upon his followers, I leave it to the reader to say whether the religion of the Hindus kills the desire for acting and working.

According to Mr. Fleming, "the truth" of any religion "is its

working value." It consists in "what it can do for us." "It acquires value only as it is actually lived out in experience." Now, they know the value (and, therefore, the 'truth of Christianity) who have lived it; so also, they know the value of Atman who have lived it. What is the inference to be drawn from such a comparison of two religions regarding their truth or *working value*? I do not pretend to answer it. This is what Mr. Fleming says: "India's child-widows, uneducated masses, poverty and plague" are the outcome of the Hindu religion of Monism. But the "scientific methods" recognised by those who are not of Mr. Fleming's faith lays down that an effect may have several causes. Where has Mr. Fleming proved that no other causes have operated to bring about these drawbacks in Hindu Society? Or, conversely where has he shown that Indian religion alone breeds poverty, plague and ignorance? Are there not poor men and women among Christians or Jews? Do not Christians in India die of plague? Is an ignorant mass of people not found in Christian or Mahomedan countries? The most superficial acquaintance with the history of India ought to be enough to show that the evils of Hindu Society are the results of social, religious, political, natural and many other forces.

"With the knowledge of yourself as Atman" says the critic, "every action, and therefore every moral action has been deprived of its meaning." As the narrow scope of this reply evidently forbids a discussion of the ethics of the Advaita Vedanta in its scientific aspect as the most *comprehensive* theory yet propounded by man, I shall be satisfied here with only quoting a sentence or two from a living philosopher in Europe who is a very earnest Christian himself, and who has been referred to as no mean authority by Prof. Max Müller. "People have reproached the Vedanta with being defective in morals . . . but the fact is that the *highest and purest* morality is the immediate consequence of the Vedanta. The Vedantin knows that there is only one being, Brahman, the Atman, his own self: and he verifies it by his deeds of pure disinterested morality." (Dr. Paul Deussen, Professor of Philosophy, Kiel.)

At the end of his article Mr. Fleming exhorts the readers to allow their hearts to go forth in *loving loyalty* to Christ because, as he says, "I love my Master Jesus because his meaning and significance for the world, as tested, not by a *priori* reasoning, but by the laboratory method, is so rich and full of hopeful struggle," and "to accept as true that religion which works." Where do the richness and hopefulness lie? What are the indications of its working value? The Christian people of England have to be compelled by law to pay poor rates, *i.e.*, to be charitable, while the Hindus voluntarily maintain thousands of free-feeding houses for the poor. In what Christian countries do the people as a rule reserve a portion of *every* house for the use of wayfarers at night and make provision for birds building their nests in their houses, as in India? I can multiply instances without number. But it would be best to make a Christian philosopher of the West reply. "All men plume themselves on the improvement of society. But no man improves; society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes, it is barbarous, it is civilised, it is *Christi-*

civilized, it is rich, it is *scientific*, but the change is not amelioration; for everything that is given something is taken. Society gets new arts, loses old instincts It may be a question whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigour of wild virtue, for every stoic was a stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?" (Emerson's Essays.)

Perhaps it will be said that Emerson is antiquated. Here then, is what modern History reveals. In all the teachings of Jesus, there is none more beautiful than the glorious Sermon on the Mount, and particularly to him that *lives* and *uses* Christ. He says, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." "If any man will take away thy coat, let him take thy cloak also." What the Christian peoples of Europe have done with this noble teaching in *practical* life, and what its *working value* is, I will not attempt to say. The truth appears to be, if Christians are superior to Hindus in some respects, the Hindus are better than they in some others. So has the Almighty divided His blessings among his children wherever they be. The Hindu God's name is not jealous, and He is not a jealous God. Nor does He open the gates of Heaven only to His chosen favourites; for favourites he has none. He says in the Bhagavadgita, "Even those who, devoted to other Gods, worship them accompanied with faith, worship myself, O son of Kunti, not knowing the truth" (IX. 23) "I am the same in all beings; to me there is none hateful, nor dear; but they who worship with devotion are in me and I also am in them" (IX. 29).

V. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Tumkur.

TRADE AND THE FLAG.—The volumes of papers of the East India Company published under the patronage of the Secretary of State throw an interesting and unfamiliar light on the early history of the English power in Western India, when

the trader came
Meek and tame;
Where his timid foot first halted, there he stayed
Till mere trade
Grew to Empire, and he sent his armies forth
South and North,
Till the country from Peshawar to Ceylon
Was his own.

In the present volume * the meekness and timidity were showing signs of decay. In a notice of the last volume † we have seen how the Company's factors had reason to resent as impracticable Sir Thomas

* "The English Factories in India, 1622-1623: a Calendar of documents in the India Office and British Museum," by William Foster. Clarendon Press, Oxford. 12s. 6d. net.

† *East & West*, vol. vi.

Roe's advice to seize a junk or two by way of teaching the Great Mogul a lesson, and yet how, but a couple of years after, President Rastell and his Council looted one of the Prince's junks to satisfy their claim against Malik Ambar. Reprisals were prompt: they were bundled out of the Surat factory neck and crop and had to take refuge with their Dutch friends till reparation was made and the storm blew over. Failure was no great discouragement. Rather, it would seem, the exploit itself was like the taste of blood to a tiger. A piratical seizure of junks at Dabhol followed shortly after, and then the Company's squadron sailed for Mokha ostensibly to trade, but really to intercept Indian junks. It was piracy pure and simple. One after another the junks from the Western Coast fell into their hands and the squadron convoyed its prizes back with triumphal insolence to Swally. The Dabhol adventure had passed off comparatively quietly, for the Empire was in the throes of civil war, and while princes of the blood were being murdered and all men were calculating the expediency of siding with Prince Khurram or the Emperor Jehangir, such small fry as the English factors might well be overlooked. But here was an offence which could by no means be tolerated. The plundered merchants clamoured for redress, but the President and Council checkmated them by the simple process of going aboard their ships and refusing to come ashore till they had made their own terms. The commercial ideals of the factors were, perhaps not very high, but, to give them their due, they would have traded fairly had they been allowed. Princes and governors, however, openly robbed them, thinking reprisals out of the question, but now they realised "that all the forces of the Mogul Empire were powerless against a single European ship." Rastell, a mile from shore, was as safe as if he were in England, and snapped his fingers at the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely. So strong, in fact, was the English position that, besides recouping themselves for the plunderings of Malik Ambar, they secured all kinds of advantageous conditions for the Company, including free trade throughout the whole Empire. This incident, hitherto apparently unknown to historians, is, without exaggeration comparable with the battle of Plassey as a landmark in the history of the growth of the British Power in India.

The present volume covers a period of only two years, but it records another event of considerable historical importance—the capture of the Portuguese fortress at Ormus, an assault in which the English sailors declined to assist until they were promised an extra month's pay for their trouble, which seems to confirm the truth of Anthony Hope's saying that courage is not altogether a matter of fine sentiment, but that the most desperate valour may be bought for a crown.

The reviewer's chief duty we have left to the end, and that is, an expression of appreciation of Mr. Foster's work. Every page of the old documents here published bears witness to his patient and accurate skill, while his introduction is a masterly summary of the events of which his material furnishes the details.

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OUR OWN RELIGION IN ANCIENT PERSIA.

IN speaking of our religion as having existed at an early date in Middle Asia, I do not mean to antedate the *Annum Domini*. Our religion at its then state of growth at the period to which I refer is naturally meant. Nor do I desire to assert that the *catena* of its external and more adventitious circumstances, whether antecedent or sequent, was extended there, in ancient Persia, for Christianity undoubtedly belongs, as regards most of its external details, to Judæa, Jesus the Christ having been born in Bethlehem and suffered at Jerusalem. What I mean is that everything which makes up the real value of our Christianity was there in Ancient Persia.

Indeed, we may say that everything which constitutes the elements of its real existence as a *sincere religion* was to be found under the Achæmenian and Parthian dynasties, even to the details of its constitutive hopes and fears, and this with a completeness which filled up every crevice of receptivity in copious abundance. And I am quite confident that a large section of the Christian public is with me in not merely calling attention (!) to this fact, but in solemnly appealing to all men to consider it as a part of our own spiritual history—for it bears upon the future of our present religion as well as upon our present study of the past. All that section of the baptised millions who are more passionately devoted to the truth are keen to recognise pre-Christian godliness, or even less early ex-Christian rectitude, wherever it can be discovered to have prevailed; and this as well as post-Christian superiority even up to the present day, and among peoples which had not, (and we have not) yet outwardly embraced the tenets of the Church; for they hold that godliness is Christianity in its essence. Unquestionably, for the aims, objects and tasks of our active pietism, the *present* is more important than the past, though this present instantly becomes a part of an ever-consummating posteriority, and the near future is more vital to us in our efforts to rescue human souls—that is, to save human character—

than the nearest past—in our earnest efforts ; but then it is a part of our own salvation *now* for us to know what has happened with men's spiritual being ; that is, 'with their manhood, in times gone by, as well as in times now present, for the present may well depend upon this knowledge, somewhat, as well as the future, while the far distance of that past might at times rather enhance than diminish the value of the issues, for the farther back in the matter of time any force existed, the wider is the circle of its present incidence ; it has touched everything—and that is the reason why we so much value remote history ; all the future was there in embryonic power ; to ignore the past because it is old is to ignore the source of our intellectual existence, and of the existence of all who surround us : a thing is *one with its source*. We have no right at all then to continue to exist in ignorance of any good thing which has ever transpired, or of any good men who have ever existed ; for their examples influence us. We may be prepared to die perhaps without this knowledge, allowance being made for us upon the score of "invincible ignorance," but we certainly are not so well prepared to *live* without it. A human being is perforce under obligations to admit those rays of information which reveal to it what God is doing now, and also as well what He has done in the past and even in the remote past—for Righteousness is not a thing of time or place ; " God is at every now the same"*—the future depends upon Him. So precisely here—even pragmatically—the existence of our religion in Ancient Persia may, if indeed we cannot say that it *must*, have exerted some influence perhaps even upon that signal policy of *restoration toward Israel* which the Persian Government doubtless regarded as a trivial item in the working of its vast political machinery ever in full activity—but which was to be of such supreme interest not only to the scanty Jews, but through them to later Europe, with indeed one-third the human race. "*Our own Religion*," then, beyond all things, asserts to itself this right to be called "spiritual," by which many of us understand that it is a religion of unfettered principles as of loyal truth, and of these certain external facts were but the outcome and expression. But principles are intellectual forces following laws within the human cerebral tissues which are themselves as objectively real as the seas and the

rivers; they are in fact themselves, and as of course, a part of nature, and much more difficult to encounter than most of her other powers. You cannot arrest their activity, nor restrict them, granted that they now exist, or once existed—being also inevitably future, as contained in beings now existing in the present having themselves also issued from an unbroken past; time and space have no application to them—these principles—for they depend upon the everlasting laws of “balance,” *i.e.*, on the evenness of gravitation, thus intellectually. Periods, duration and locality have only reference to the human cerebral and cardiac fibres within which they lodge. So long then as there have been human beings anywhere in whose consciousness those principles exist under a law even in germ, they—those principles—will in due course one day come to birth and to maturity; they are as well eternal as immutable. Our religion, therefore, in all that makes up its real existence, has been ever alive and effective wherever there has been an honest heart earnestly desiring to do right, however near to Israel or distant from our own spiritual forebears its time and place may have been. The Church itself seemed to acknowledge this when she half canonised some of the early Greeks. Recall what Justin Martyr (?) said of Socrates and Herakleitos. And this we are forced to look at—if we are honest men—for the reasons given. In fact we may plainly say that, at all phases of them, every religion has needed to be at times reformed; and our own is no exception at this moment; and no sane reformation of a religion can take place without the study of its past as well as of its present facts, and, as we may add, also of its forecasted future.

In Ancient Persia then, as in less ancient Israel, these same pervading principles worked themselves into realistic systematised doctrines of expectation, out of which subordinate quasi-historical narrative, of alleged true, or imaginary circumstances, as a matter of course arose. These latter may, in large part, as is now agreed, be relegated to the domain of myth, and that in both branches of the religion. What concerns us chiefly is the doctrines of these laws in their regard to future destiny in view of them—and even here we are chiefly interested in them on account of their *systematised grouping in detail*; for, as man, with his soul, is *one*—or at least is so supposed to be—all moral laws become to some

extent of universal recognition, and, in full accordance with this view, the main features of our common Christian orthodoxy, as embodying universal hopes, are detailed in the Zend Avesta in a manner more full perhaps, when closely analysed, than anywhere in our own earlier Bible.

Of course, the detail of our early Christian annals was predated both by the Exilic Bible and the Zend Avesta, so that no records of real, or supposed, Christian facts appear in either, though they are much anticipated in both. Specimens only of the chief passages which portray these doctrines of the Avesta, and of the Exilic Bible, were printed by me in an essay which had been previously or subsequently twice delivered as a Lecture in Oxford, and before audiences distinguished for their fairness and sympathetic response. This discourse in its form of a Review-article was well-known among the Parsis in Bombay, where it was translated into Gujarati by the orders of the Trustees of the Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Translation Fund and published by them in a large edition; it had already previously appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* of January 1894. To that periodical the reader is referred for the extracts, which were fairly copious. They fully expressed the Faith of the North Persians of pre-exilic times as to the chief constitutive articles of their Creed, and ours; to wit, as to the Nature and Person of God. He was one; His name was superior in depth to that used by the Christians; He had an Holy Spirit, with six other attributes which were one with Him as with each other; they might well have been, and be now, reduced to "three"; He had Angels and Archangels, originally the personification of the attributes, and never really losing their first significance. He was the Universal Creator and Sovereign theologically; He was omniscient, just and merciful; He was a Law-giver and a Judge. He was Theocratic; His Kingdom was for the poor; He was a Protector, Strengthener and Unchangeable. There was a Devil in antithesis to Him, the most pronounced concept of the kind in literature; He is, in fact, Independent in origin, one of 'the two first Spirits,' a very 'God of this world,'—a deep, if disguised, philosophical suggestion. He has his attributes like the other; He created the evil elements of the world; He has Evil Servants, the chief one a feminine concept, the Lie-Druj.

There are Edens after creation in a succession. Man has a conscience; he is to be judged by it; he is fallible. There is a temptation of Zarathushtra, as there was one of Hercules, of Buddha, and of Christ, each doubtless as representing his fellow-saints. There is an Immortality, and a Resurrection—a Judgment both individual and general; it is to be just; the soul is to judge itself. There is to be a Restoration and a Millennium, a Heaven, and a Hell. The last, as the first, is chiefly made up of thoughts, words and deeds. This is perhaps the most astonishing feature in the whole system, though it is hard to choose between the items. Like the 'Attributes,' this proves the absolutely unlimited penetration and exhaustiveness of the ideas. The main word for 'righteousness,' *ashà*, equalling the vedic *rita*, cannot possibly be restricted to the sphere of external ceremonies, though no authorised ceremony could be slighted. The soul is met by its own conscience on the Judge's Bridge; the very first step it takes into Heaven enters the Good Thought, the next, the Good Word, and the third, the Good Deed; and so, if its damnation results, Hell is the soul's evil thoughts primarily, with its evil words and deeds, other torments supervening, as do other blessings for the righteous. The very primal distinction of the Godheads, Good and Evil, is 'as to thought and word and deed,'—where all consideration of ceremonies is necessarily shut out. * These future states are to be *eternal*, as is the *soul*. There is, as said, a *propaganda* of these particulars, and a future agent of the Restoration is expected; He is to be born of a virgin, but of the seed of Zoroaster, absorbed from the waters of a Lake. He is, under God, to raise the dead, and bring on the beatific restoration which is to supervene. These points, as we see, embrace all the principal expectations of our religion; they are a Christianity before Christ—and nothing else can approach them in their claims in this respect. The expectations, supreme as they are in interest, are here necessarily bereft of all that attraction which attaches to detailed narrative, so that I must refer the reader to the Review where they first appeared in their graphic display, but if he follows them I must beg of him likewise to remember that he has here spread out before him the

* The Deities are indeed responsible for the existence of the ceremonies, good and evil, which they permit; but merit in view of Judgment consists in obedience. The Deities do not obey. Their good, or evil, thought, word and deed could not have concerned itself with ritual.

then "future" aspirations of many millions of his once living fellow-creatures—with convictions, hopes and fears which, like his own, cannot possibly have failed to have moulded vast throngs of human lives to better things—and this, not only as regards 'sentiment' of itself considered, for the sentiment inflamed by these considerations became beyond all question a spring *to action*, as well as a *curb of restraint*, turning multitudes throughout generations from murder, rapine and arson to sober industry; and that this is something *solemn to contemplate*, all agree.

Such then are the patent and obtrusive facts of vital interest, which no sane writer has ever yet proposed even to bring into question; for these documents are here before us, and the texts are practically uncontested among capable experts who have given their attention to the subject. No less, then, than this are we here called upon to contemplate, namely, the fact that the essential elements of what we most passionately hold dear as the very primal concepts of Revelation, not even excepting the future coming of a Deliverer, while long totally unnoticed in pre-exilic Israel, upon its strip of sea-side territory, had been household law for ages in Iran over vast regions.

The religions were the same—this is what we are called to fix our attention upon. And let us pointedly recognise it, though they, these religions, appear in such widely separated places, and in such distantly successive periods—the Israelitish form of it being new, while the Iranian had been established in a system almost ecclesiastical before a Jew ever seriously hoped for rewards beyond the grave—either subjective, or as if by compact; while as to this last subjective principle itself, by which I mean that of interior recompense, it stood long prior in Iran (see above), having had nothing early Semitic of the kind as a mate to it, or even as a successor; while each of these two twin systems was *of independent origin*. And this all should be most solemnly considered by every person born a Christian, whose mind is still at all religiously inclined, for the reasons stated, above and below. Mark that I here say nothing whatsoever as regards any *later* effect of this widespread Iranian creed upon the settled or scattered Jewish tribes who were afterwards indeed re-gathered to their homes in Canaan under this same Iranian influence, that of its adherents, Cyrus and Darius, and—a

I say below—this influence must have been later overpowering ; but I do not mention it here for *an especial reason* ; I desire even to keep it forcibly, as it were, out of sight for a moment—if I might be allowed so to express myself—for the sake of putting into focus the fact of the *independent first development* of the Israelitish creed, in spite of the later great influence of the Persian ; because, for a certain valued purpose, it is of the utmost importance that we should regard these two identical faiths, if only for an instant, as being things originally *totally apart as regards their external history*, without contact ; and that purpose is this, namely, that by so separating these two as to their origins, we can the more certainly recognise one instance the more of that truly wonderful thing called ‘parallel development from (superficially) unconnected origins,’—and also the impressive fact that these faiths, with others like them, are still running their sublime course upon these parallel lines, these two also presenting the most striking and touching instance of this co-ordinate but independent growth which the world had till then, or which it has indeed since then, ever seen. And let us clearly understand it in every relation in which it stands to other elements. For it is in the interests of all *scientific psychology*, first of all—and let me emphasise this—that I make this vital point of the separate self-growth of each of the two identities, and not that I wish to base any especial authority for the Hebrew ‘Immortality’ upon it. For, in a higher sense of it, and as regards the exhaustive study of the interior nature of the human soul, and of its individual idiosyncrasies, in their outfoldings—these latter being understood in the sense of the saner characteristics—all is, as it were, marred, if not indeed quite *spoilt*, the *moment* we trace a . . . ese identities in points of religious doctrine to one and the self-same actual and particular external historical or factual source, the one set of ideas having *merely migrated*, so to say, and with some suddenness, from Babylonian Persia to Babylonian Israel. We should, therefore, on the contrary, leave no device of any kind unattempted wherewith to convince ourselves, and others with us, of the totally *separate* and independent *original* growth of such views in the feeble Semitic exiled tribes as well as in the Great Nation which was the earlier scene of their origin. To lose our case here is to lose one paramount proof the more of the separate and severally individual and exclusive_f personality of the human consciousness in the wide flood course o

the great identities ; and this, though it be not everything, is yet much. To hold that all the later Jewish Immortality, Angelology Soteriology, Resurrection, Judgment, Millennium, Heaven and Hell were merely transferred bodily, as it were 'mechanically borrowed,' from the Persian theology in the Persian province of Babylon—this, I say, would be for us just in so far to transfer this instance of a great coincidence found in our historical investigation in the psychic science, from the closer sphere of interior human mental vitality and universal individual spontaneity to that of mere exterior contact, and this in one of its most conspicuous, if not in fact its most splendid manifestations—an enormous loss indeed to historical mental search would such a conclusion be. And it is therefore in the name of the *higher intelligence* and in the search of the pure *psychic nature*, let me repeat it, that I make this point of *independent origin*, and to such a degree incisively endeavour to put it into the closest focus,*—and this *not*, as I fervently hope, in the interests of any *superstitious* anxiety as regards any loss of originality on the part of Israel. For indeed, even the question of the individuality of the physical constitution, and of the spontaneity of the cerebral functions in the human body seems to be somewhat distantly or proximately involved, as also their unity of origin ; the actually distinct and finer lines of demarcation between the bodily and psychic life in their essential elements seeming to be ever the more difficult for us to trace.

So far then from wishing to prove that all the God-unity, Angelology, Immortality, Resurrection, Judgment, Millennium, Heaven and Hell were merely the Persian eschatology taken over bodily in its actual form by the Jews of the Great Empire, together with their Persian citizenship, I would, on the contrary, heartily desire to avoid this as the explanation of the original existence of these concepts among the Jews. The so-called and the really individual and *separate*, but *parallel, development* is far too wonderful and too valuable an asset to be so lightly given up in such a conspicuous instance of it. Our contention indeed elsewhere, and in the other widely divergent sphere

* I acknowledge again that in the former edition of this lecture I *seemed* to take the other ground ; this was however through a well-meant endeavour to make the point of doctrinal identity more distinct : see my remark about the Zoroastrian system as "*determining belief*," that is to say, I held that it so encouraged belief till that belief reached a degree of influence equal, or superior in volume, to that attained by the Sadusaic school ; see the *Nineteenth Century Review* for Jan, 1894, page 57.

of science, is for the corporeal and psychic Unity of the entire human race, but not for such an Unity as obliterates all distinctive and separate individuality, with personality. To regard these two different branches of the Asiatic religious nations, so contrasted as they were in their origin, being Aryan and Semitic, as affording, each of them, if the facts be such, so marvellous an instance of separate psychic growth, reaching also, in each of them, the very acme of all detailed spiritualistic conviction in the main points of our beliefs and hopes, is—if it truly represents the actual condition of the things—the *one leading manifestation of the individuality in unity* of all the human psychic powers which has as yet come to light as being active in regard to these paramount convictions and conclusions. And this is also, to each of us, as it seems to me, a matter of great interior magnitude, entailing the most solemn and pointed of all obligations ; for, as said before, by way of preface, our own spiritual growth and soundness are to some degree dependent upon it. We should, each one of us, personally think out, measure, and digest the lessons from it, if we still continue to be at all religiously susceptible ; for the completeness of our own personal and individual spiritual structure and equipment may well demand that we should endeavour individually and personally to appreciate such interior capacities of self-development in each human nature, also in its individual responsibilities and with immediate *application to our lives*. If this particular monumental structure of evidence in the matter of psychic individuality with general identities, as shown in these startling co-equalities in sentiment and theory (see the citations), be then veritably real, *as regards these essential matters*, this obviously tends to prove that this individuality within general identity may prevail as to *other similar distinctions* equally, or even more, important, and it also tends to prove more. If human souls, owing to the quasi-identity in individuality of their psychic structure and continuous essential existence, reach the same religious conclusions even extending to details, through these subtle psychic forces ; and, if, though they may be seemingly so widely divided, far apart, as to place and time, they thus here reach identity, then we must consider this to be an approximating *corroboration* of those *views themselves*, and not merely as adventitious proofs of the psychic unity of man in individuality. For here are large masses of

human beings distributed into groups, provinces, nations or races, far distant the one from the other, and who may never have had the slightest external means of intercommunication, having never even heard of one another's existence—and yet they are found to have come upon the very same detailed spiritual expectations as regards another world ; and this, as I affirm, most certainly tends to prove that these formulas in opinion must have had some *common origin* which even the separate individuality of each such person or such people has not enabled him or it to avoid or to ignore,—and this presumably adds to our convictions that *these doctrines themselves must be the more indisputably true*, at least in their interior significance. For it was not until after several decades at least (so we must remember) after the Jews were first deported there, that Babylon became Persian, while we need not just here consider the case of that portion of the captives, who were distributed in the "*cities of the Medes*"; and the interest here should therefore become *intense*. Here was Israel on the one side, for long pre-exilic centuries without a pointed hope of any such an Immortality as most of us hold dear, without a Judgment, without a Resurrection, without a Heaven, a Millennium (or a Hell), yet suddenly at once awakened to these expectations, by a calamity which had brought swift ruin upon their remnant, while their status was at times much like that of slaves, or worse ; and again, *vis à vis* to them were Median multitudes, military, civil, priestly, princely, regal, with their illustrious imperial figure at their head,—and these, only a few brief decades later on, swarming in the streets and roads of Persian Babylon, the City with its province now from that time on the Persian Capital. Aryans to a man, these Medo-Persians—as we might almost say of them—they had yet long since been possessed with the hope of that same future conscious life beyond the grave which the Jews had just acquired, with much emotion, let us hope; and these are the obvious ineffaceable facts which the most ultra conservative of all historical theologians will not, because he cannot, attempt to dispute. They are the A—B—C of all historical religious knowledge upon the points ; and they should be familiar, if not notorious, to every student of our Holy Faith ; that is to say, so long as we hold to this spontaneous growth of Immortality among the Jews. No Bible-class, nor indeed should any Sunday-school,

instructor be without this knowledge as to this most solemn circumstance. *It was our own Religion in a friendly race.*

All who deny, as well as all who believe in Persian influence, posterior or prior, are here as perforce agreed ; this is the matter to be apprehended and held in mind. I refer, of course, to persons of clear intellect and sound candour in all my assertions as to the unanimity here.

The Prophets first speak of the details of a systematised Immortality and the other elements of eschatology *in the Exilic period*, —and this is a notorious matter of common certainty *entirely aside* from the question as to where they ultimately got their later fuller ideas upon it ; and no one who is educated in the preliminaries here inexorably involved, denies this. The Jewish scheme, as we see from the earlier Bible, was utterly rudimental as regards these vital elements, in all previous time. Their Immortality was for the most part a dim, shadowy, half-conscious state much like the classic Hades ;—with little judgment, and Heaven or fiery Hell, with but transient flashes of vivacity ; but it suddenly took on for itself the fuller form of accountability in judgment, that is, of conscience, and of retribution in a restored body and immortal soul, *whereas in Persia these views had been elaborated for indefinitely previous ages ;* and this last their books now prove, as does the sister Veda. For every such doctrine as that of a God-Unity, a Developed Angelology, an Immortality, Resurrection, Judgment, Heaven and Recompense, inexorably presupposes far *distant antecedents*, foreshadowing its coming on, and in the same literature, *unless that literature itself distinctly repudiates* such antecedents ; in Avesta they do stand thus affirmed to overwhelming repletion ; but in pre-exilic Israel they *are denied by the conspicuous omission*. With what surprise, then, growing to astonishment, must the keen-witted Semites of the early Captivity have first discovered this circumstance ! Here they were themselves just new-born novices, as it were, a handful of beginners in a full system of Immortality, doubtless also much affected by the impression that their views were a new discovery, and stirred to their utmost depths with all the emotional effects of regeneration in its train ; but when they began to become acquainted with the Persian army, whose arrival, victory and continued presence they hailed as their temporal salvation, they discovered to

their amazement that their own fresh ideas upon futurity were an ancient creed with their new-found friends ; and that it was held almost universally, not always of course with that personal fervour which the Jews then felt as neophytes, but that it was most certainly held with ponderous conviction by the very chief representatives of the New Babylonian life, who would be, of course, the so-called Magian Priesthood. One would indeed say that they—these tendencies—must have been long *latent* in the keen-witted Jewish intellect, awaiting only the first stir of impulse to burst them into bloom, and at first, as I contend, with no immediate exterior or objective inculcation of them from their enormously distinguished liberators ; so that, all of a sudden, if we might so express it, an Immortality, with all its correlated hopes and fears, sprang into life with them, and became defined, from spontaneous vital action. Since homes were lost on earth—such was the interior psychic process, then just, as so often with ourselves—*Heaven* was to ‘make amends,’ while Hell was to heap its horrors upon oppressors—though even Hell itself, as it seems, was not quite quick enough for their keen just vengeance ; recall the chief exilic Psalm of its date and creed, I mean the one hundred and thirty-seventh, the finest piece in literature—that literature, and of its kind, I mean. Such is then the phenomenon which we are called upon to notice and to ponder, the *originality and self-growth* of Immortality, with its fellow thoughts, among the first Exilic Jews of Babylon, *not* first learnt from their redeemers but sprung into quick life within their own excited interior passions, that is, from *grief* and *hate*. This also proves as a fact, if indeed it be a fact, that the Jewish soul was fine in its susceptibilities, that its intellect was sagacious ; “architectonic” as we used to call it, in the philosophical sense,—and so ingenious,’ while the Persians, who so suddenly came in upon, and over, the Israelites in their first fervent Jewish expressions of this Faith, had inherited it all through an indefinitely previous duration. Such then is our second essential point, next after the citation of the texts. Of course (and let me be here most carefully understood, as I repeat what I have all along, as I hope, implied) I am here dealing with the *filled-out and symmetrically adjusted systems* of the Persians and the Jews alone, as regards the particulars in point. ‘Immortality,’ in a dimmer sense of it, could not be shut out from any

branches of the human family who could still dream of the departed dead, or experience febrile ocular and auricular delusions, with their invariably accompanying apparitions. Recall, too, the immortality of Egypt, so important in its application. Immortality, in many a varied view of it, is well-nigh universal. What I am here discussing is that *well-defined religious system elaborated in all its main details and symmetry and practical effect*, and which we find thus extensively and pointedly established in ancient times *only among these two nations whom I name*. It is a thing also somewhat different, of course, from Plato's elaboration, precious as this last undoubtedly is, and was, as it is also different from that of wildest tribes; and it is *that*, as I contend, *this well-filled out and elaborated scheme*, which was of *native growth* in Babylonian Israel, and this in spite of the almost immediately following arrival upon the scene of the Persian priests with the same detailed creed long since domesticated, and this but a few decades later on. So much for that.

Quite another question is it indeed, when we inquire whether this so widely extended Aryan creed, in which the Israelites were overwhelmed during their first exilic centuries in Persian Babylon, had any *later* and *supervening* influence upon these already accepted but new found similar convictions of the Jews.

Here I am as decided in my *positive* assertions as I have just been in my negatives. Every conceivable item points to the reciprocal effects of the two systems, the one upon the other, and in view of the doctrinal identities in point, with their groupings, and, in view of the overwhelming superiority of the position of the recently successful Persians to that occupied by the handful of mourning Captives, everything, as regarded also from every reasonable point of view, looks rather towards this later influence of the Great Religious Patron Nation upon their once suffering but now grateful protégés, while but few have suggested the other direction to the current. It would require of us indeed an hypothesis of an aggressive missionary ardour of no low degree, energised by irresistible interior and passionate vigour, if we should hold to the opinion that the crushed remnant of the Holy People attempted and actually succeeded in *converting the vast Perso-Median empire* to a

creed which they, *had themselves maintained well-nigh throughout their history.*

To affirm that the Jews converted the Zoroastrians would simply be to assert that they re-converted the long since previously converted, or originally believing Nation, once again to its own immemorially inherited ancient creed, whereas everything indicates *the surging course of a volume of influence* the other way. "Affection," alone of itself, must have had something to do with the intricate psychic motions inevitably stirred within the one party or the other in the vivid situation. The signal Conqueror of their oppressors would be naturally the object of their enthusiasm, as would be indeed the leading personages in his garrisons. Think of the change which Cyrus occasioned in their circumstances at his advent, and see how they recalled it in Isaiah xlv-v. My claim in argument is, therefore, for a very strong and completely surrounding and enveloping *later* and supervening influence of the North-Persian One-Godism, Angelology, Immortality, Judgment, Resurrection, Millennium, Heaven and Recompense, upon the same slightly earlier developments in Israel during the Captivity. And let me also not be misunderstood here once again, and with regard to a principle which I hold to be crucial in all these discussions—it is this. There are those, and many, who have indeed held and hold to the striking opinion, so often here noticed to refute it, that this entire scheme of Jewish God-unity, Angelology, Immortality, Resurrection and Recompense, was not only subsequently confirmed, defended and encouraged, in a word "*saved*," by that of the North-Persian theology of the Restorers, a proposition which we may accept, but that the Jews *originally* and *first of all* received it from the Persians in its full definitive out-formed shape, that is to say, that they *borrowed* it as a whole, took it over bodily, either through dominant influence, or through charm.

Now I do not regard it as being at all a just or honourable thing to lay one illogical straw in the path of those many who have held, or still hold to such a view, if they hold to it with honesty; and this in fact affords me here at once the duty and the opportunity of stating what I believe to be an indispensable and necessary law of which I spoke, for that law regards just this point of mere mental initiative in the connection, with a supposed, or really, divinely

inspired authority for any certain set of opinions either new, or on the other hand, long since cherished, and even hereditary. I hold that *any so-called, or real, divine authority through inspiration, or the like, has little, if anything, to do with the fact that portions of the mental ideas themselves involved have been imparted through various sources wholly unconnected with the previous development of the Faith concerned.* This inspiration has, as I contend, to the exact contrary of the opinion just refuted, nothing whatever to do with the question of the mental channels through which the mere ideas themselves may have been imparted to the favoured race of people ; and much do I deplore the prevalence of a contrary impression. I would then not only concede, but urgently assert such an opinion as that just mentioned by me, and this as being essential to all thorough procedure in the searchings of comparative religion. I will not indeed here cite or repeat the passage to this effect from the original article.* Let the reader who at all apprehends the truly solemn issues which may be here at stake, turn to the *Nineteenth Century* for January 1894 at pages 45, 46, 47, and indeed let him re-study the whole Lecture.

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* Readers will doubtless notice, as I trust they will also condone, the inevitable difference in the stylistic flow of the passage just written ; another, but not necessarily "different," "spirit" animates them ; many years have elapsed since the earlier essay was penned.

TWILIGHT GLIMMERINGS.

BELOVED friend, coming homeward we have climbed up this hill, and have we not also climbed more than halfway the hillock of life, and stand gazing at the vanishing shadows and lights? The thought flashes across our minds, shall we meet again, and where and when our little lights will set? I hear the plaintive melody of an Indian tune played by my son on the violin. It saddens me still more. As he stands gracefully posed against the glimmer of the dusk, the thought of the passing of forms suddenly and forcibly presses on my mind and besides impresses me with the awful fact of the loneliness of individuality. We come alone, touch the spheres of other personalities for a moment or longer, and then each goes his own way and vanishes seemingly into nothing, and if the soul is immortal and the physical orbits cut one another again, what is it after all? So contemplating we almost cease to breathe and pass inward to the levels where our beings touch one another permanently—a thought which our groping desires fain would follow, and the sense of isolation and the pity of it sinks into nothing once more.

What strange influence is at work on you, my friend, what have you suffered and seen of late that a mystic light burns once more behind your sad eyes? Have you passed through some psychic experience which has illumined your darkness for a while, the memory of which deepens your sadness into a joyous sorrow? Ah! your silence is rigid, and you will not speak, but you are already willing to open your soul to me not through speech but thought, which I feel approaching and weaving itself into a hazy dream which I sense to be true.

Violent are the throes of the human soul that would persist in looking upward while the weight of matter seems to pull irresistibly

downward. You have undergone such thrões. You seem to be drawn against your will towards repulsive and degrading things and all the while hate yourself for this helpless attraction. Ah ! my friend, you have drifted into a turgid stream and grope in vain in the dark shadows which deepen under the light of mere reason, resign yourself to Him, and perchance He will remove the darkness of self-consciousness in a flood light of His glory.

The weary path which leads on to inner heights has been for years barren enough for you, yet you have plodded on, wishing much to hasten your steps, but the load was too heavy. And of late in your dull sky a deeper shadow seems to have rested overhead and darkened the path, which is smooth enough, yet seems long and weary, and your foot has knocked against something and brought you to your knees ; you have sunk helpless but in the darkness of despair the voice within you has called to the Father above—a voice deeper than that of your common every-day self, and calling for help in helplessness, has heard in the silence and of the silence, the assurance : “ Lean on me, my child. lean less on thyself and all will be right with thee.”

Thus in hell a vision of heaven has been vouchsafed to you, and shuddering with supreme disgust at your flesh, you have sought in outer wilderness a kinship with the desolation within, and as of old when a similar shadow rested on your soul, you have repaired to solitude on the bank of a stream, calling, calling to the sun beyond and behind the clouds to send down a ray into your darkened heart to cheer it, nay, to illuminate and purify it. Were they the words of an ancient hymn, which the Aryan bards uttered, contemplating the light of the sun and praying that it may illuminate their minds, which rose to your lips and kept on repeating themselves as you sat on the banks of that silent stream? You heard it not murmuring the refrain of “ men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever,” but you saw the placid and turgid flood glide gently by and saw more than men notice. Was it not a small conduit on the masqary work of which you sat, to avoid mud and wet ? And as you looked up-stream, you saw tiny dark objects floating down towards you and as they approached you, you saw them restlessly moving. These were ants being helplessly carried away by the flowing water and apparently certain of death by drowning in the near future.

And though your lips kept on repeating the words, your thoughts strayed and you leaned forward to pick out these little creatures from the water, remembering on the one hand Firdousi's words which tell you of "the life which is dear even to an ant," and on the other, of a simile which a Vedantic book gives of men floating helplessly on the stream of Sansára like ants, while a man with mercy in his heart happening to pass by rescues them, by awakening in them the consciousness of the Divine within them.

Then you saw others floating down, but farther away from you, and you took up your stick and began to rescue these also. But this never seemed to end ; and you sat and sat longer than you intended to be there, till the sun rose high overhead, and you returned home half afraid whether you were not deserting your rescuing work, forgetting that nearer home and in the habitation of men there were others as important, if not more, who daily seem to perish from want of bodily and spiritual food. Next day saw you there again, and as the perishing ants drew your attention you looked back, and in the little harbour of the masonry work of the conduit you noticed them by heaps going slowly round and round safe from the current on the whole, yet as certain of perishing here as outside. In fact, you saw some already dead and collected together in knots of three or four, sticking to a bit of straw or half submerged under a bit of the river scum, others about to perish of their own exertion in the water, and not one able to climb back over the walls of the conduit. You had hardly time to wonder where they came from, when you saw them climbing down these walls to drink the water. Some reached the water and sipped it and returned, but many lost their hold over the walls and tumbled into the water and began to struggle for dear life. Then you, seeing them here in large numbers, began to pick them out one by one till none but the dead were left in the water. But as these were rescued others kept falling in and were taken out in their turn and it seemed that even some of those which had been rescued returned to the water and fell into it again. When you first began your work of rescue, a sense of expanding joy had begun to be felt in your heart. May I call it the white blossom of righteousness which always carries the fragrance and light of joy with it and which may be felt by any one who undertakes to reduce the misery of others ? In the books of the Hindus it is called *Shukla Dharma* (fair merit).

But as you saw them tumbling down again in an endless way, you felt irritated at their stupidity and became impatient, and yet could not refrain from acting as you did. "Would He whose love knows neither limit nor weariness," you thought, "refrain from saving such of us from the ocean of Sansára as did not positively refuse to be saved, as many of us do?" Did not some of these ants refuse to take hold of the stick offered to them? Our will to be saved is a condition of our salvation, nay, a total resignation of our wills to His is salvation itself. But as long as the poisoned honey of the world seems sweet to us and we do not care to see death lurking within it, He says, "All right, my child, learn by deadly experience, and whenever you are weary of the world, remember I am there, always ready to save you."

So you went on for some time conscious of the contrasts of light and darkness, shunning the latter and basking for a while in the distant glow of the former, till carelessness overtook you again, ever ready and waiting for an opportunity to find you napping. Again the dark clouds, the rushing tempest, and you are swept away from your feet. Each time you regain your footing the tide is at you again till you feel yourself helpless, and your will seems to be vanishing and with it the power of resistance. Then crying in your helplessness and despair you ask not only for help, but a new thought, often read and heard but never till now realised, occurs to you. You seem to have no will left but yet you have at least the power of resigning your will to His; and in a desperate last effort you say, "I make myself over to Thee for good or ill, do Thou with me as Thou wishest." Suddenly, as you utter this inwardly, something seems to give way and you find yourself resting on a firm basis. The tempest overhead seems to be hushed and the power of darkness routed, and you seem for the time being beyond the power of temptation. What a miracle it is, nay, circumstances begin to arise which appear to be aimed at saving you; and even if you wish to follow darkness you seem powerless to do so, till your will to resign your will (Pranidhana) loses its weak footing and you are swept away again. Once you resign, other ways are shown to you which keep up the torch of a long-dimmed consciousness sufficiently alight for you to behold the ugliness of evil, and the glow of the higher life is kept burning within you. You still feel inclined to doubt, but doubt not that if your

resignation is kept up and other means suggested are not overlooked, you will not be deserted by the Power which sustained you, and the light will gradually increase and the clouds will become thinner and thinner till they vanish entirely, leaving you in the twilight of the Divine.

A SENTIMENTALIST PHILOSOPHER.

IN APRIL.

In April, when the evening dew
On the periwinkle lies,
Searching the leaves for blossoms new,
I found thy dear blue eyes!
And thy white hands where lilies grew
And thy soft voice arise
Where crying swifts the gnat pursue
On evening's violet skies!
The flowerless borders weep their dew
Dim all the pathway lies,
Can April skies for me renew
The Heaven of thy blue eyes?

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE.

France.

WHY TEMPERANCE REFORM?

PROBABLY there never has been a time in the history of mankind, when social problems were more to the front than to-day.

Time was when the advocates of human amelioration and redress cried in the wilderness ; now, there is no cult that will receive recognition unless it have somewhere in its tenets the principle of service for others.

The politician, the journalist, the writer of books vie with each other in giving prominence to social needs, and so the wheel of time has turned, and the subject of intemperance has at last riveted public attention, and the whole thinking world is giving much time to its study—its cause and its result, and the effect on the individual and on the State.

We have it recorded in the Bible that 2,300 years before the Christian era, alcohol was produced and that "Noah was drunken:" in 2205 B.C., men were banished from China for making alcohol out of rice. Emperor Yu of that period was a total-abstainer and a prohibitionist. In 1122 B.C., Hu Wang, the next Emperor, declared : "When heaven has sent down its terrors, and the people have been thereby greatly discouraged and have lost their sense of virtue, this, too, can be ascribed to nothing else than their unlimited use of spirits !" He ordered viceroys to "arrest all found drinking, and bring them to Chow, that he might put them to death."

Manu, the legislator, whose code of laws is still observed in Hindu courts, is the author of the following with reference to the drink evil : "With the drinker of wine let no one eat, no one join in sacrifice, no one read. With such a wretch let no one be allied in marriage : let him be an abject, and be excluded from society."

One of the vows taken by the Buddhist monks was : "I take the vow to abstain from intoxicating drinks, because they hinder pro-

gress in virtue." Still later Mohamet, to promote discipline in the army, forbade the use of drink to the soldiers.

Whatever benefit English rule may have given India, it has taken to it the "civilised" sin of intemperance, which is pertinently illustrated by these few figures; in 1897-1898 the total revenue from intoxicants was £ 3,940,000 : in 1906-1907 it had increased nearly 80 per cent., being £ 6,500,000. It is said that greater care in the administration and higher duties on liquor consumed is the cause of this enormous increase. If that were so, the quantity of country liquor consumed in the distillery area of the various provinces should be more or less stationary, instead of which the consumption of country spirits (used almost entirely by the Indians) has shown a great decrease in the last ten years. In Bengal in 1894-1895 there were 455,595 gallons sold : in 1904-1905 700,000 gallons were sold.

The direct action of the Government of India in its licensing laws steadily encourages the use of liquor, obtaining thus a definite financial return.

Temperance reformers agree with the Excise Commission that the present policy greatly encourages the consumption of liquor by giving licenses by auction system, thus inducing people to sell as much as possible.

India, which is just on the threshold of the drink problem, should take warning from European and Western countries and disseminate the results of scientific investigation and the commercial aspect of this matter, as well as the national deterioration through the individual deterioration.

In a lecture recently delivered at Oxford University, England, Mr. McAdam, M.S., F.R.C.S., said that so far as the effect of alcohol indirectly and directly upon growing tissues has been discussed, all the facts adduced point to it being a strong factor in the production of physical deterioration. He also claimed that stimulants commence to act even before the birth of the child, and continue their effects in infancy and also in youth. To prove the pre-natal influence, the experiment was tried on the spawn of a frog. Alcohol has a distinctive action upon the cells of the blood and upon the cells of the vessels through which the blood circulates. Every part of the body is dependent upon the blood for its nourishment, and any factor which interferes with the proper composition or circulation of this fluid is a fact

in the production of imperfect nutrition. Moreover, the walls of these circulatory tubes or arteries are liable to damage by hardening or thickening.

It is a pertinent saying, fully true, "that a man is as old as his arteries." By loss of the elasticity of the arteries, the heart is ill nourished and fails in its function. Professor Sims Woodhead, M. D., of Cambridge University, at the close of an exhaustive medical arraignment of alcohol, says:—"There has recently been a controversy as to whether alcohol is a food or not. Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of this controversy, two facts stand out prominently. The first is that under no circumstances is alcohol an economical food : and secondly, that if alcohol is oxidised in the body, it seldom passes through this chemical transformation without, in some way, acting injuriously upon the tissues with which it comes in contact. However able the special pleading in favour of the use of alcohol may be, most people who have given attention to the question are agreed that were alcohol banished from any community to-morrow, the average health of the community would not be impaired. It would be better nourished, it would do better work, there would be fewer cases of physical and moral deterioration, and the general physique would improve enormously. The sooner we recognise this, the better for us and the better for the community to which we belong." And Dr. Briggs, an English Medical Officer of Health, says, "The direct and indirect mortality from drink is one in eleven." Sir Victor Horsley, F.R.S., says the medical profession is using alcohol less and less because they appreciate it now at its true value. "Therefore either as a food or as a drug, we recognise that alcohol is of no service, or very little, to the community."

The economic aspect is clearly shown by a review of the situation in Great Britain, for we learn that the expenditure there on intoxicants is £166,000,000 yearly. Of this £20,000,000 only is spent in materials, water, hops, grain, chemicals and so forth ; £38,000,000 goes as revenue and fees to the Government ; while £108,000,000 goes to the trade for manufacture, distribution and profit. The liquor traders falsely contend that they themselves contribute the £38,000,000 annually to the revenue, whereas it is the consuming public that does so. Were there no drink, the Chancellor of the Exchequer could levy the £38,000,000, annually by direct taxation

and the people would be £128,000,000 to the good, having that amount to use and spend in other useful channels of trade.

But the most essential thing in order to maintain commercial supremacy is that every power and faculty of every individual must be fully developed, and if men are to do their best work they must be well housed, well fed and well trained, and this touches the indirect cost of the liquor traffic to a nation.

First, the public and private cost of pauperism, crime and insanity, sickness, and death caused by drink.

Secondly, the loss of productive labour of those who are thus incapacitated and are indisposed through excessive drinking. A merchant in Manchester, England, for instance, has counted that his workmen lost a year £8,000 in wages, through missing their work on each Monday morning owing to the fact that they had been drinking on Saturday night and Sunday.

Thirdly, the loss to capitalists, employers, and workpeople generally from expense on sea and land, waste of material through the absence and incapacity of men through drink—the total cost to Great Britain being £350,000,000 per year.

To deal specifically with the first item of cost: an experienced Poor Law official of England says that of 100,000 persons passing through his hands only 18 were total-abstainers; from the criminal statistics we learn that while the rate of general crime has diminished 28 per cent., crime due to drink has increased by 51 per cent. and that not a year since the beginning of the twentieth century has England recorded less than 200,000 offences against the law due to drink. Let us pass from the criminal statistics to the annual report of the Registrar-General. In that wonderful book—the nearest approach to a human version of the Recording Angel's ledger—we find set down with terrible fidelity the record of deaths in England in one year—2,281 directly due to alcoholism. Next we may open the report of the Lunacy Commission, which year by year records the roll-call of the insane. We read that alcohol is conspicuously mentioned as a "predisposing or exciting cause; in the last five years 3,338 persons have passed the Asylum portals owing to drink, and this does not include 1,562 admitted to inebriate homes.

And Dr. Barnardo, that famous friend of the homeless boys in London, who has sent thousands of these children to Canada, said,

before he died, that but for the drink traffic, he might easily have shut up his house and stopped his activities along this line.

But how of other countries ? England is chosen to illustrate conditions in the West, because her records were easily available.

France has her drink problem ; between 1860 and 1879 the increase in public houses was 4 per cent., since 1880 the increase has been 22 per cent. The anti-alcoholic groups of the French Chambers, including men like Charles Dupuy, Ribot, Seigfried, the veteran Bérenger, Maxime Lecomte, and de Lamarzelle, have long fought for a reform of the French licensing law, but hitherto they have not been able to accomplish anything very remarkable. They have had to combat vested interests, public apathy, and what is still more deadly, they have at heart indifference on the part of successive Governments. Where licensing reform is concerned, a policy of neutrality has always been a good political card for any French cabinet to play. Norway and Sweden have tried the famous Gothenburg System to suppress excessive drinking. It is true that within ten years after this system was inaugurated, convictions for drunkenness were reduced 50 per cent., but an act of 1845 had given the police two-thirds of the fines on every drunken conviction, and they therefore arrested everybody possible, till Parliament had to abolish these rewards. The abolition took place in 1865—the year in which the Gothenburg system was devised—and the activity of the police diminished.

But the system itself is a ghastly failure, for the city of Gothenburg is to-day five times as drunken as Aberdeen, Liverpool or Cardiff after allowing all difference for population. The relative sobriety of the Scandinavian Peninsula is owing to the many prohibition localities, the result of local option.

Finland has had an awakening, for the Finnish Landtag unanimously decreed the total prohibition of all intoxicating beverages containing more than 2 per cent. of alcohol. The Prohibition Movement in Finland dates from a considerable time back. One of the causes of the convocation of the Landtag in 1863-1864 was the desire of Emperor Alexander II. to put an end to drunkenness in Finland.

England's Licensing Bill as presented by Mr. Asquith is too familiar to need more than a passing mention, and to remind us of the fact that intemperance has at last become too prominent a matter

of national deterioration to be overlooked by a Government that has national greatness to defend.

Switzerland is struggling with her drink problem, and has strict regulations to which she has recently added the prohibition of absinthe.

Russia's defeat by Japan is generally attributed to her drunken soldiers, and this not by reformers but the diplomatic world. This condition has been fostered by Russia's system of Government control carried through when Count Witte was minister of finance. The profits on the venture are for public improvements. To accomplish this state of things the State was willing to pay the distillers 50 per cent. more than what they received from the saloon-keepers. The expectation of increased revenues has been abundantly verified, the net profits increasing £25,000,000 in five years. Mr. Tcheliphoff declares that "drink is killing Russia," and proposes nothing less than total prohibition.

Germany is awake to its needs for reformatory measures, and has within the last ten years held the two largest Anti-Alcoholic International Congresses, and has decided on a national distribution of leaflets, plainly emphasising the advantage of total abstinence and the evil effects of all forms of alcohol on the race. Max Gruber, Professor of Hygiene at the University of Munich, and Dr. Ennis of the University of Heidelberg, have given much favourable attention to the need for temperance, as has also Professor Guttstadt of Berlin in the *Klinischen Jahrbuch*, an official Prussian publication. Even Count Bismarck said the prevalent use of beer was deplorable. "Beer-drinking makes men stupid, lazy and incapable."

The United States began temperance reform a generation ago, with such good effect that at present an area greater than European Russia is living under some form of Local Popular Veto, and slightly more than one half of the whole population is living under a prohibitory law, and the wave of prohibition is rising higher and higher each year.

And so, had we space, we could trace the international alarm of intemperance that has seized all civilised countries, but as it is not the purpose of this article to deal with the various methods and their salient points, we can only generalise and say that in the opinion of many, the time has come when law-makers can no longer shirk

their responsibility by the ready catch-word, "man cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament."

There is a justifiable interference with liberty on the simple ground of the recognised right on the part of society to prevent men from doing as they like, if in their peculiar tastes, in doing as they like, they create a social nuisance. There is no right to freedom in the purchase and sale of a particular commodity, if the general result of allowing such freedom is to detract from freedom in the higher sense—from the general power of men to make the best of themselves. To argue that an effectual law in restraint of the drink traffic would be a wrongful interference with individual liberty, is to ignore the essential condition under which alone every particular liberty can rightly be allowed to the individual—the condition, namely, that the allowance of that liberty is not, as a rule and on the whole, an impediment to social good.

The inability of the enforcement of a prohibitory law is a most condemning indictment, for if men cannot enforce the law which they make, they are then incapable of self-government. Law works against crime in two ways. It provides deterrent and reformatory penalties. It also provides preventive enlightenment and education. It assumes that intelligence will act in discernment of the nature of wrong, and moral principle will impel to avoidance of it, so it furnishes agencies for the development of intelligence and moral principle.

How the enemies of the drink traffic emancipation have taken sovereign words and stripped them of their dignity and sent them abroad without their crowns, to use, the metaphor of an English orator ! Many of these crownless words, "liberty," "justice," "honour," "fairplay" have lost their imperial purple and must be redeemed from their materialism and base carnality.

The infringement of liberty ! We must insist that a nation has a sovereign right and control over everything which would impair the national right, and liberty is only regal and is only legitimate where it is exercised as a minister of national health and rectitude.

Interference with rights ! We have no rights outside of righteousness, and everything which interferes with the corporate well-being of a State is no legitimate freedom.

But on this matter of right and liberty, for us the final world

was spoken by Abraham Lincoln in his crusade for slave emancipation: "The sheep and the wolf were not agreed upon their definition of the word liberty, and by this controversy and by this combat the wolf's dictionary has been repudiated for ever."

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Montreal, Canada.

IMPERIAL PREFERENCE OR PROTECTION?

The steady development and sudden expansion of industrial activity, which rendered England the workshop of the world, occurred under a highly protective system.

—CUNNINGHAM, *The Free Trade Movement*, 31.

DURING the Whig ascendancy after the Revolution in England, there was a considerable outcry against the East India Company and the methods of its trade. Its export trade was the subject of attack since it included the remittances of silver to the East ; and its import trade was the instrument of bringing goods from the East which displaced the textile fabrics woven in England. Indian muslin and silks were in demand both in England and in other countries, so much so that

from the greatest Gallants to the meanest cook Maids nothing was thought so fit to adorn their persons as the Fabrics of India, nor for the ornaments of Chambers like India Skreens, Cabinets, Beds, and Hangings, nor for Closets like China and Lacquered Ware.*

The fan-makers, clothiers, and all the interested English manufacturers raised a storm ; and as the result of a powerful and continued agitation, protective tariff walls† were raised against the importation of Indian fabrics into England ; and the policy which the East India Company was made to adopt in the government of its territories, and the regulation of its trade operations, allied with the renewal of the Company's Charter in 1813 on Free Trade principles, completed the ruin of Indian industries. The words of the Hon'ble Frederick Shore will graphically describe the situation in which Indian industries were finding themselves as a result of these causes :—

* Pollexfen, *A Discourse of Trade, &c.*—quoted by Cunningham, *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, II. 464.

† How high these protective duties were may be judged from the tables quoted in Appendix No 5 of *Affairs of the East India Company*, Vol. II. Part 2, *Commercial*, where it is seen that in 1813, when import duties touched high-water mark, the duty on calicoes, dimities, articles of hair or goats' wool and lacquered ware, was over 81 per cent., on muslins, nankins, &c., 32 per cent., and on fine earthenware 129 per cent. By 1832 all duties had been greatly reduced, and the import of silks, formerly prohibited, was allowed.

We have for years been vaunting the splendid triumph of English skill and capital in carrying cotton from India to England, and after manufacturing it there, bringing the cloth to India, and under-selling the natives. Is this any way surprising, under such an intolerable system as above described, and while the staples of India are almost proscribed at home? In fact, if this be continued much longer, India will, ere long, produce nothing but food just sufficient for the population, a few coarse earthenware pots to cook it in, and a few coarse cloths. . . . Government, in their ignorance, have done all they can to annihilate trade and manufactures, which they will, unless they change their measures, accomplish in a few years.

The policy of internal customs referred to above was not changed until it was too late; and various causes conspired to cripple almost all Indian industries. The export trade of Indian cotton and piece-goods went on decreasing year after year progressively with the increase of such imports into the country, mainly from the United Kingdom, and the tale of destruction was complete. The following table vividly illustrates the progress of the decline:—

Years	Exports.		Imports.	
	Bales.	Pieces.		
1814-15	3,842
1824-25	1,878	167,524
1825-26	1,253	111,295
1826-27	541	47,572
1828-29	433	32,626
1829-30	...	13,043
Value of Cotton Manufactures in £.				
1896-97	882,244		17,616,189	
1900- 1	1,021,578		18,230,752	
1904- 5	1,218,340		23,706,109	
1905- 6	1,358,542		26,011,799	

By the middle of the last century the United Kingdom adopted the Free Trade policy, and as a necessary corollary the markets of this subject-country were thrown open to cosmopolitan competition.

Thus "In India," says Mr. Dutt, "the manufacturing power of the people was stamped out by protection against her industries ; and then Free Trade was forced on her to prevent a revival."

Though Great Britain chose to throw open her ports, other nations were in no mood to imitate her example. Without listening to the absolute dictums of *doctrinaire* economists, each of them set about putting its own house in order behind a strong protective tariff wall with marked success. This has induced English statesmen to reconsider the step taken by the Cobdenites ; and all sorts of schemes of Imperial Preferential Trade, taking their cue from the German Imperial Zollverein, are engaging men's minds. And the eyes of all Imperialists are turned towards India with a view to derive the greatest advantage from the position of that country within the Empire. There have been several attempts to induce Indian public opinion to join the scheme of Imperial Preference ; but of these only two are worth consideration : one by Sir Roper Lethbridge in his *India and Imperial Preference*, and the other by the Hon'ble Mr. M. De P. Webb in *India and the Empire*. I have answered the former at length elsewhere * and a general reply would suffice for the latter inasmuch as whereas his theories are sound and unobjectionable, it is only his application of them to practical affairs that is faulty.

Mr. Webb argues "that *laissez-aller* free trade as a commercial principle has no more chance of ultimate success when opposed to a scientific, national, trade policy, directed towards the attainment of specific national ideal, than an ignorant untrained youth would have against a combination of the most highly cultivated products of our modern educational system." He quite earnestly talks of a national commercial policy, but his counsel to India to throw in her lot with the other members of the Empire in the scheme of Imperial preference is dictated more by the benefits that would accrue therefrom to Great Britain and British traders than by a dispassionate consideration of what the best interests of this country at present demand. He is more taken up with answering that notable Despatch of the Government of India, dated 22nd October, 1903, than in devising a scheme which would enable this country to realise the ideal of the health and strength of the nation, present and future. He recognises that India has at present "not very

* In the *Indian Review* (Madras), July, 1907.

much to gain from an Imperial Preferential tariff," but turning to the wider aspect of the question, he urges the importance for the United Kingdom "to do all that is possible to secure a fuller proportion of India's import trade, of which some £26,000,000 per annum now goes to other countries." (Sir E. Law's Introduction, xx.) Now, where does the good of this country come in in such a scheme? It is indeed an unfortunate fact, but it has to be acknowledged all the same, that the interests of the so-called Chambers of Commerce in India are seldom, if ever, the true interests of the people of this country, and that the greatest commercial rival of this country is the United Kingdom. Under the name of industrial development, English capital brought into India by British traders is exploiting our country, and all our instruments of production have passed into the hands of foreigners. Indeed, there can be no sounder advice than that offered by Mr. Crozier :—

Always keep in your own hands as a nation all the *instruments of production* you possibly can, as each of these, be it remembered, whether it be a piece of land or a steam engine, gives its immense wealth-producing services as a *free gift* over and above the expense of cultivating it, making it, or keeping it in repair; and never to let considerations of mere *cheapness* seduce you from this fixed rule, except in the case of those *complementary* products. . . . which your own country has neither the climate, the soil, the natural resources, nor the skill, for producing with any measure of success.*

But after the extinction of almost all our industries, the major part of the trade has passed into the hands of foreigners, and India is to-day reduced to the position of a mere agricultural country. We are suppliers of raw materials, and hewers of wood and drawers of water to all foreign countries, who send back all our raw products to us in a manufactured state.

Of imports, according to their value, 66·8 per cent. must be appropriated to the United Kingdom, and of the exports, 26·9 per cent. The disinclination of Indian educated public opinion to participate in the scheme of Imperial Preference is based not so much on the dangers of retaliation by countries like Germany, Austria, and Japan, as on the correct apprehensions that the scheme, far from advancing any material welfare of this country, is calculated to chain it down

* "The Wheel of Wealth," 210.

for ever to the position of a supplier of raw materials to the factories of the dominant country. The national economic systems of Hamilton, Carey, Bismarck, List and McKinley have created the modern United States and the German Empire; but can there ever be such cohesive force between the divergent constituents of the British Empire as there is between the elements forming those aggregates which inhabit one soil and speak a common language? The Indian Empire, taken as a whole, may be fitly likened to any of them. It is useless to shut one's eyes to the fact that between Great Britain or the Colonies and India there is hardly anything common in the way of past traditions, historical associations, language, &c., beyond the political link between the supreme country and its dependency. And when we come to commercial considerations, the interests of Great Britain and India run most lamentably diverse. We may prefer to be accused of lacking in an Imperial sense to participating in the trade scheme of an Empire almost every member of which tries its best to keep Indians out of its own territory. The only scheme of trade that can be acceptable to the Indians is one which would renovate our dead industries, and thus give our poor countrymen a most reliable mainstay in times of deficient rain and consequent scanty harvests. Imperial Preference and the true interests of this country are fundamentally incompatible; for whereas the one avowedly aims at the maintenance of the United Kingdom at its present level of commercial and industrial greatness, the real interests of India demand that she should develop into a manufacturing country, involving in that very process a curtailment of her imports of manufactures of which a major part can be claimed by the United Kingdom. The safest insurance against famines and the utterly helpless condition of our masses who depend on sustenance farming to keep their body and soul together, is that all our powers of production should be systematically developed by Indians themselves with the aid of either Indian or foreign capital and skill. The position of a manufacturing nation is decidedly superior to that of an agricultural country.

Napoleon said, in his trenchant style, that under the existing circumstances of the world, any state which adopted the principle of free trade must come to the ground Napoleon saw . . . that a nation which combines in itself the power of manufacture with that of

agriculture is an immeasurably more perfect and more wealthy nation than a purely agricultural one. *

Since we can produce almost all the raw materials necessary to meet our needs, there is no reason why we should send them to distant countries to have them manufactured for us. It is a sad fact that India does not utilise her raw products; while the greatest manufacturer of, say, cotton goods—England—has acclimatised that industry within her territory although she has to depend on others for the raw materials. Manufactures alone can promote mental and social culture, and development of natural resources. By creating rich and powerful urban groups, they have a tendency to promote political liberty, benefit home agriculture, and increase the value of the land. In India we have raw materials, labour and capital. If the labour is untrained, we can import skilled labour and establish technical schools. The Government that has taken upon itself the duty of promoting railway enterprise in the country by guarantees of adequate interest and safety, can help selected industries in Indian hands by extending its sphere of influence. Without being accused of allowing a sense of helplessness to pervade all our efforts, we can say that the activity of the Government in these spheres can be of great advantage to us. Mr. Webb thinks as much when he says :

Cheap capital has been lent by the State ; labour has been made more efficient by means of State-aided education—literary and technical ; whilst the cultivation of “ materials ” has been encouraged through State bounties on production. The most common and effective means employed has been the State manipulation of the “ demand ” or market.

But it is not for foreign markets that we are craving, and we do not want the whole State machinery to exert itself to find and secure them for us. We simply desire to confine ourselves to supplying our own needs, bearing in mind that national existence is a far more important idea than considerations of mere cheapness. But the Free Trade policy has brought us to a death-struggle with far advanced countries even in our home markets ; and here we are being out-distanced by bounty-fed products of countries that have reared up their mighty industries behind high tariff walls. Protection is

* List, *The National System of Political Economy*, Trans. by S. S. Lloyd, 60.

supremely essential to allow our growing Industries to develop into manhood.

History shows that restrictions are not so much the inventions of mere speculative minds, as the natural consequences of the diversity of interests, and of the striving of nations after independence or overpowering ascendancy, and thus of national emulation and wars, and, therefore, that they cannot be dispensed with until this conflict of national interest shall cease. *

Even the great Free Trader economist J. S. Mill justifies the system of protective tariffs to shield the nascent industries of a country like India against the onslaughts of the cheap out-turns of other full-grown nations, and our rising industries deserve such a protective wall even against the manufactures of the United Kingdom.

The consumer will have at first to pay extra cost, but the rise in prices is sure to be counteracted eventually by competition in the home market. But after all, the life is more than meat; and considerations of cheapness can on no account be permitted to imperil national existence. What a scientifically devised trade policy of the State has achieved in other countries is thus eloquently described by Mr. Webb :—

Revenues for the maintenance of Government have been realised and at the same time, owing to the rise in home prices (or the certainty of there being no fall in home prices), home manufacturers have been encouraged to undertake various works of production (in factories of all kinds), and thus new industries have been created and developed. The result has no doubt been effected, in the first instance, at the expense of the home consumer, but the creation of a new industry was the special object in view, and that object has been successfully accomplished. Moreover, just as children arrive at maturity and are no longer a charge on their parents, so new industries quickly acquire strength and are no longer economically expensive to those who created them. This may be taken as typical of the operation of the principle of preferential trade *i.e.*, preference for home manufactures over those of foreign origin and attained at very little extra cost to the community, *the revenues collected being exactly the same as in the case of a free-trade country.*

Identical results can be attained in this country under like conditions; but it is hopeless to expect an alien Government to reproduce

* Ibid. p. 92.

like conditions for our advantage, when such a reproduction entails, and must certainly spell, the ruin of some of the most prominent industries of the supreme country. Is there not a wholesome lesson to be learnt in the imposition and continuance of the excise duty on cotton goods ?

NAGINLAL H. SETALVAD.

Bombay.

Note.—Since the above was written, I have seen in the press two letters from the Hon. Mr. de P. Webb to all the Chambers of Commerce in India advocating agitation to have "Fiscal Autonomy" granted to India, and "representative commercial bodies" consulted before the Government take any action with regard to the Tariff reform. One may well ask how this autonomy, if ever granted, is to be used—solely to further the interests of Anglo-Indian traders in India, or to promote the best interests of the country and of our poor teeming millions even when they are opposed to theirs ? And which representative opinion is to be consulted ? Whose opinion has uniformly guided the policy of the Government of India in the matter of Railways* &c.? If events in the past can be of any value to enable us to arrive at a tolerably correct inference as to what will come to pass in future under like circumstances, one cannot long be left in doubt that it will be the Anglo-Indian Chambers of Commerce that will make their weight felt. Is not the statement of J. S. Mill (*Representative Government*, c. 18) of an unfortunate situation quite true even in its details ?

English settlers have friends at home, have organs, have access to the public ; they have a common language and common ideas with their countrymen : any complaint by an Englishman is more sympathetically heard, even if no unjust preference is intentionally accorded to it. Now, if there be a fact to which all opinion testifies, it is that when a country holds another in subjection, the individuals of the ruling power who resort to the foreign country to make their fortunes, are of all others those who most need to be held under powerful restraint. They are always one of the chief difficulties of the Government. Armed with the *prestige* and filled with the scornful overbearingness of the conquering

* Vide the instructive articles on "Railway Finance," by "D.E.W." in the *Wednesday Review* (July and August).

nation, they have the feelings inspired by absolute power, without its sense of responsibility. Among a people like that of India, the utmost efforts of the public authorities are not enough for the effectual protection of the weak against the strong; and of all the strong, the European settlers are the strongest. Wherever the demoralising effect of the situation is not in a most remarkable degree corrected by the personal character of the individual, they think the people of the country mere dirt under their feet: it seems to them monstrous that any rights of the natives should stand in the way of their smallest pretensions: the simplest act of protection to the inhabitants against any act of power on their part which they may consider useful to their commercial objects, they denounce, and sincerely regard as an injury. So natural is this feeling in a situation like theirs, that even under the discouragement which it has hitherto met with from the ruling authorities, it is impossible that more or less of that spirit should not perpetually break out. The Government, itself free from this spirit, is never able sufficiently to keep it down in the young and raw even of its own civil and military officers, over whom it has so much more control than over the independent residents The settlers, not the natives, have the ear of the public at home; it is they whose representations are likely to pass for truth, because they alone have both the means and the motive to press them perseveringly upon the inattentive and uninterested public mind. The distrustful criticism with which Englishmen, more than any other people, are in the habit of scanning the conduct of their country towards foreigners, they usually reserve for the proceedings of the public authorities. In all questions between a Government and an individual, the presumption in every Englishman's mind is that the Government is in the wrong. And when the resident English bring the batteries of English political action to bear upon any of the bulwarks erected to protect the natives against their encroachments, the executive with their real but faint velleities of something better, generally find it safer to their parliamentary interest, and at any rate less troublesome, to give up the disputed position, than to defend it.

A QUEEN AMONG THE DAMES.

THIS is no high-flown title to give to Miss Jane Evans, the last of the Eton Dames. It must be understood to mean a queen regnant. It is the act of ruling, the act that results from capacity of government, that makes a woman a queen, not the size or kind of territory over which she bears nominal sway. Queen Victoria of England was a queen in reality as well as by title, and it was a remark made by an old Etonian whose house had been "Evans'," upon hearing of Queen Victoria's death, which has made us give this little article the name written above. "Now," said he, "My Dame is the greatest lady in the land."

Evans' is the house of which Major Gambier Parry writes in his "Annals of an Eton House" published last autumn. It is the House which closes the roll of Dames' Houses, and Jane Evans' name closes the list of Dames. It was not a decadent close, nor a melancholy ending. The note of sadness comes from the dirge of mourners, the regrets that the end had come. The House and the Dame finished their work triumphantly.

To strangers and foreigners how odd it must have seemed that men as well as women were called Dames at Eton. A foreign child, laboriously studying nouns with irregular feminines, would acquaint himself with the fact that a Knight's wife is a *Dame*. Then why should a stalwart man, William Evans, for instance, be called by certain boys at Eton "My Dame"?

In early days, while Henry VI.'s Charter of Foundation was still comparatively fresh, the head of a lodging or boarding house was called *Dominie* if he were a man; if a woman ruled, she was *Dame*; gradually the longer name dropped, and the Head, whether man or woman, was "M'Dame."

In 1766 the old distinction was still observed, for, of the thirteen boarding houses then existing, three were kept by *Dominies*, ten by *Dames*.

According to Henry VI.'s Charter, boys from all parts of the kingdom, noblemen's sons and others, might come and share the college with the *Foundationers*, provided no more expense were incurred for them than that of their "instruction in grammar." These were known as *Oppidans* or *Commensales*. The *Dames'* or boarding houses were those into which boys who were not lodged in the College were received and boarded. Early in the 19th century so woeful was the lack of accommodation—to use a stock phrase—in College, or "Long Chamber," that the *Dames' Houses* were looked upon as refuges. In College there were four dormitories only for every 70 scholars; beds were provided, nothing more. Water had to be fetched from a pump in the yard. A *Dame* had to give assurance that he would at least take care of the scholars committed to his care and cherish them in sickness under penalty of forfeiting his lease if he broke his compact.

But there was great need for reform and improvement in the boarding houses as well as in Long Chamber. The Heads were seldom of gentle birth, and the time in early Victorian days was ripe for reform.

Reformation began. In 1844 the Prince Consort laid the stone of a new wing to the College, and the condition of the *Dames' Houses* was enquired into. One *Dame* at least was agog for forward movement, that *Dame* of great height and imposing presence, William Evans, the skilled drawing-master and able leader of boys, the keen sportsman and fine athlete. Here it will be fitting to show from what stock our Queen of *Dames* sprang.

The first Evans to settle in the neighbourhood of the College was Samuel Evans, late in the 18th century. He came from Wales. His great-grandmother was Mary Sidney, a descendent of Sir Philip Sidney. Mr. Samuel Evans was a drawing-master. Among his pupils were the daughters of George III. William Evans, his son, father of Jane, was born in 1798. He went into the school as an *Oppidan* when he was eleven years old. His father wanted him to be a doctor. He left Eton to begin his medical studies in 1815. His bent was towards Art rather than Science, and possibly he was not

loth to obey his summons home in 1818. This summons was sent in obedience to the peremptory request of Dr. Keate, the then Head Master of Eton. Mr. Samuel Evans' health was failing. "Send for William," bade Dr. Keate. And William returned after a period of art study under DeWiert. Till 1823 he and his father worked together, William supplementing his father's work. Then Mr. Samuel Evans retired to Droxford, and his son began his independent career.

He is described as a keen sportsman and a fine athlete. He was an excellent teacher. This is more than saying that he was a skilled drawing-master. He was able to specialise his power to give out knowledge, and he was an able draughtsman. But he was more also. He knew what was in boys. He possessed the mental touch which makes influence work. His great bodily strength appealed to boys. His imposing stature and fine presence told upon them. When Mr. William Evans took his place as head of the House on the resignation of his father, he took upon his broad shoulders much more than the succession to his father's office. He took the work of a reformer and an originator. We have seen to what a depth of need for reform both college accommodation and Dames' houses had fallen. In the words of his daughter Jane, the discipline of his house was *nil* when he took over the management of it. He restored and strengthened fabric and morals. By morals we mean manners and conduct in a broad sense; we are not implying that in any branch of ethics Evans' was rotten. But he came to a ramshackle house in every particular and he restored and organised it to a stage of development which made it possible for his daughters, Annie and Jane, to reign over a house to which it was a pleasure and privilege to belong. As we have said, he knew what was in boys; knew the evil tendencies which must have safeguards within reach, but which would be fostered by a system of espionage; knew also the sense of honour, which is quickened and strengthened by being called on and relied upon.

He was no panderer to luxury, but he believed in the comfort that conduces to health, and the refinement that educates manners. His innovations were alarming to other Dames. "William Evans, William Evans!" one of these used to cry through an open window when he passed by—"You are ruining us all."

It was himself that he ruined if reduction to poverty be ruin.

And, sad to say, when we think of his fine physique and the muscular strength which might well make him proud of life and an object of admiration to the boys, he was "cut off in the midst of his day," so far as active administration of affairs was concerned. While in the vigour of middle age he fell down a rocky bank when out sketching one day, and was invalided for the rest of his life, a long one in point of years, but shorn henceforth of all that makes life worth living to a man of strenuous vitality.

He had married; his wife was of a family distinguished in England's naval history; but she died when the elder daughter, Annie was thirteen years old, Jane, eleven. After her death began the regency of matrons in *Evans'*. Jane notes that they had a succession of matrons, some of whom were good and helpful. The two daughters of the house, Annie and Jane, must have shown force of character and individuality early in life. Habits of thoughtfulness and consideration for others were formed in them as a result of their father's influence. Jane thus describes themselves in their youth.

"No man could have done more for his family (than her father). We were sent to a school where we were kindly treated and taught how to behave." She evidently thought this last was a doctrine needed by them. Deprived of a mother's gentle influence, they had grown rough and unmanageable through playing with their brothers. She writes, with a twinkle of her pen, that her schoolmistress was heard to ask: "Is that a chimney-sweep or Miss Jane Evans whistling in the passage?"

Once when her pocket bulged, Jane was told 'to empty it. She drew forth a top, a pocket-knife, a ball of twine and a Bible! As time went on it became clear that no matron, however estimable, could be all that she was needed to be for the boys' sake. When Miss Evans, her schooldays ended, came home, aged nineteen, she began to take part in the household management, but she was not allowed to have anything to do with the boys till she was 31—in 1855. Then, on condition that she had an efficient matron under her, she was permitted to take the active headship, her father being still nominal *Dame*. Frail in health, and of a highly-strung nervous temperament, Miss Annie Evans brought the enthusiasm of an ardent nature into the work, and the *Annals* contain many testimonies to her influence over the boys. It may be said of her emphatically

that she "abhorred evil and clung to that which was good," but, as our subject is the Last of the Dames, we will not linger over the reminiscences of old boys contributed with obvious pleasure to the Annals, which, despite the admirableness they bear witness to in Miss Annie Evans' character and rulership, yet testify that one thing was lacking in her character conspicuously present in that of her sister Jane—balance of mind and the gift of counsel.

Mr. Evans' ideal of a House was, as far as the boys were concerned, oligarchical government. The boys were to govern themselves by the few selected Fittest.

"The real government of my Dame's was centred in a small oligarchy of four or five boys," writes Mr. Arthur Duke Coleridge. He ends his recollections thus: "But I believe the best influence and most abiding memory connected with the House will be that of a woman—dear Jane Evans," and this is a belief held by us whose days at Eton were before her reign began. Here is the testimony of one whose time was during the Forties. "There was a very good tone in it (*Evans'*) and a great *esprit de corps*. Evans exerted himself greatly in this direction; he was a pioneer of a general improvement, especially in the Dames' houses, and the example and tone he set were of great value to the House and Eton."

Both the sisters—Miss Evans and Miss Jane Evans—followed the oligarchical lines laid down by their father in his form of government. They relied upon their Captains, and, though the boys almost invariably rose to the level of their responsibilities, yet, as they varied in character and intellect, the tone of the house inevitably sank or rose a little in consonance with the note struck by the dominant boys. Major Gambier Parry says that, regarding them as a whole, they were of exceptionally high calibre. Some were born leaders, some excelled in field sports, some were great on the river, or to speak Eton language—some as "dry bobs," some as "wet bobs." Probably both sisters used their influence to prevent boys who would have been undesirable leaders remaining long enough in the school to become Captains; certainly Miss Jane Evans always contrived that a boy who diffused a bad influence was removed. She never allowed a vicious boy to remain, no matter what his father's rank or position might be. Boys boarding at Masters' Houses caught the spirit of the Masters; at Evans' the boys themselves gave the

tone, it was of the utmost importance, therefore, that an unobtrusive, imperceptible influence should be at work upon the boys, determining what that tone should be. This secret work, this unrecognised power, was the great object of Jane Evans' reign, the vocation of her life.

Miss Annie Evans died in 1871, prematurely worn out by the great strain of her responsibilities. Her powers of organisation, her intuitive and perceptive faculties had done great things for the House. She is said to have been the first to make real use of the Captains, and, but for her courage and skilled management, the House would have been wrecked at a crisis that occurred during her administration. While she lived her younger sister kept in the background. At the time of Miss Evans' death, Miss Jane Evans was forty-five. Her face expressed her force of character and the fun that revealed itself was like a flame playing over it, while deep within her nature burned a fire of love, the source of her energy and influence. Her voice was as remarkable as were the other features of her personality. It was low and deep, capable of as many modulations as her mobile face was of varying expressions. The buoyant virtue, Hope, never was wanting in her. Downhearted she might be at times; was there ever a warm, loving heart that was not depressed by reason of its own sympathy. But the elasticity of her nature refused to be crushed by the weight of any circumstance. It has been said of her that the boys were as glass before her, she could see through them. She could be angry without losing her temper; therefore she was never afraid of speaking straight out. The boys trusted her absolutely. She on her side, had unlimited faith in them, believing that there was more good than bad even in the poorest specimen. Testimony to the influence of "M' Dame" and to the affection she evoked is given plenteously in the letters reproduced, or quoted from, in the Annals. Certainly Major Gambier Parry had no lack of materials for his work. It is clear from the varied impressions she made upon her boys that Miss Evans possessed that discreet faculty essential to rulers and overseers of knowing when to see and when to be short-sighted, what to hear and what not to hear. She was not above setting up a sort of Bogey. She made her brother, Mr. Samue Evans, into a nominal terror to evil-doers. He lived opposite the "House" and did not relish the rôle he was made to play. A more

genial person, a more amiable gentleman than "Brother Sam," did not exist, yet a recalcitrant offender, a hardened sinner, was always threatened with being handed over to this "ultimate judge ; and if a boy were convicted of a breach of discipline committed for disobedience's sake, to Brother Sam he was sent. If a rule were broken in mere freakishness, neither the boy nor the mentor was harassed so soon as the Dame herself was satisfied. For instance, a boy once chose his own time for going home in defiance of rule, the time and manner of going being by a midnight express. Miss Evans telegraphed to his parents and received assurance of his safe arrival and of an explanation being on the way to her, and she said no more about the matter, understanding the irresistible desire to travel by that famous train that had seized the boy. She tackled her boys with their faults and rebuked them soundly when rebuke was needed, but she never scolded recurrently. Besides never losing faith herself in her boys, she never suffered them to lose faith in themselves. She taught them the value of influence, the privilege as well as the burden of responsibility, and made them see that selfishness and folly destroy the influential virtue of character and prevent a boy rising to his great trust. She did not waste her own time or subject her boys to the risk of moral infection by dallying with depravity. Eton was not the place for moral invalids. She took care that the boy, whose moral constitution she had discovered to be rotten, should leave before he rose high enough to do mischief.

As one of her boys records, her relations with them were guided by a true sense of proportion. She always knew where mischievousness ended and wrong-doing began. Her keen sense of humour played over all her dealings with them like sunshine. Her sarcasm was greatly feared. Needless to say, it was only used when a sharp weapon was the only effectual means to use. She watched over her realm with a vigilance as unobtrusive as it was comprehensive. She admitted those who were making their way to high places in the school to the sort of intimacy a constitutional monarch admits his political advisers to. Inclusion in the invitations to breakfast with Miss Evans was a sign of admission to this intimacy.

Breakfast with the family at Evans' was an institution of which William Evans had laid the foundation. He attached so much importance to this social function that when he made over the manage-

ment of the House to his daughter he bade her : " Be sure to carry on the breakfasts, they are so important." For the commonalty of boys in old time, there had been no regular morning meal. Each boy had his " orders " of three Eton rolls, butter, tea, milk and sugar served in his own room; the Captain and Second Captain breakfasted with the family in the Hall. So much did the boys resent anything like unasked-for attention or coddling, that, when Miss Annie Evans started a Lower Boys' breakfast under the Matron, they behaved at first critically, then riotously, and obliged the attempt to be given up for some time. By-and-bye came the ripe moment for again starting a general breakfast; and Miss Jane Evans seized it. It was in 1883 when an epidemic of fever had scared away many of the boys. Hitherto their Dame had had her own breakfast in Hall. Now she gave Hall up to the boys and had it in a room known at Eton as the " staying-out room," inviting a chosen few to join her.

These breakfasts of " My Dame," may be called historic when Etonian history is spoken of. She liked her invited boys to bring guests of their own. She encouraged them to be natural ; fun was a recognised quantity, the hostess led the way in humour. One thing only was dreaded. This was an invitation into the drawing-room after breakfast by the lady of the house in this form : " I want a word with you." For " word " meant one of rebuke or remonstrance.

We have seen that she was strong ; it remains to be seen that she was tender also. Only the strong can be tender. Only those who have courage to meet and fortitude to endure the ills of life attain to sympathy that soothes, braces, heals and invigorates with equal completeness. Such sympathy as this Jane Evans possessed to a remarkable degree. She had insight into character and never expected from a boy more than he could give, or that which was not yet developed in him. Her sympathy was not only deep, it was accessible and capable of expression. Any event in the school or a boy's family was sufficient to evoke it. Illness called forth her tenderness, but malingering never escaped detection, though perhaps the malingerer did not always know that his malady was diagnosed at once. *Vide* this entry in her diary: " M. had whole-school day fever and broke Kate's thermometer (the test had been resented). Happily we had another, and, being normal, he went into school at 11. A serious epidemic of the same complaint all day."

In cases of real illness, however, all the motherliness of her nature expressed itself in word and deed and thoughtfulness. Once when she was quite old, she gave up her bedroom for a sick boy's use, going into a small inconvenient chamber the while. Her nightly visits to each boy's bedroom were as great an "institution" as were her breakfasts, and exceeded in influence and scope that of the breakfasts which affected the select few only, while this extended to all. And perhaps those intimate talks had more influence on character in her boys' after-life than the more sparkling conversation at the breakfast table.

Miss Evans' discernment of character gave her something of the seer's mental sight. "I was a boy who developed very slowly," writes one old Etonian. "My Dame said to me more than once, 'Your best time will come when you go to the University.' This prophecy of hers turned out almost startlingly true. I remember reminding her of it." He adds that she helped development. He used to make haste at night to get into bed before his Dame came round. "She would sit on the bed and talk in her great sympathetic motherly way. I can see her sitting there, see her head nodding in that curious fashion that became a habit with her, and I can hear her musical voice. I believe that constant contact with that simple motherly character had a very considerable influence on most boys." "I wonder whether we really appreciated our Dame's greatness during our time at Eton. I think not; it was so utterly simple, and somehow we looked upon her too much as a kind old nurse. It was afterwards, when we got older and remembered her and came back and saw her, that the greatness of her character came home; her marvellous memory for all the details of one's family life and home; her complete singleness of heart; her absorption in the House, her sometimes amusing detachment from things outside. Then one realised that one had been in contact with one of the world's great souls. A contemporary of my own said after the death of the late Queen :—'Now my Dame is the greatest lady in the land.'"

The interest Miss Evans felt in her boys did not cease to be when they left Eton, and after they had left boyhood behind them. Events in their lives were events in hers. One "old boy" records that, being present in church during the marriage ceremony of another "old boy," he became aware of the presence of an elderly lady

behind him, simply dressed, but of sufficiently stately bearing to tell him she was a personage. He looked round. It was his Dame. Probably, if he had not seen her, no one would have known that Miss Evans, old enough to feel the journey from Windsor to London fatiguing, had gone up to town solely to step into the Church in which her boy was married.

And Miss Evans was a heroine to her woman servants—as great a testimony to the greatness of a woman as to a man could be his valet's worship of him as a hero. Said Martha, who served the House for nearly forty years. "Oh, Miss Jane was a wonderful woman ; it was wonderful, wonderful ; it was a nice happy time ; and all the boys were very good."

Martha and others among the servants had one characteristic in common with their mistress. They were shrewd judges of character. "Ah, Sir," remarked one of them "there are Eton gentlemen and gentlemen *as comes to Eton.*"

It may amuse and possibly horrify our Indian friends to receive a description of the kitchen in the House. The size of it was 13 feet by 11 ! For many years it served the purpose of bathroom also, the bath being screened off by a folding wooden partition. That in Miss Jane Evans' time a proper bathroom was provided, it is scarcely necessary to say. To return to the old kitchen. Opposite the bath was a fireplace and a hot plate, loaded after morning and afternoon school with kettles supposed to be ready for the fags to make tea from. Numbers of pots and pans for coffee making and frying purposes were there, so also were fish and egg slices, etc. Fags had to fight for position in the toasting of bread. Not infrequently there would be three rows of fags standing, sitting, and squatting in front of the fire. An old Etonian remarks that "an unfortunate woman was generally somewhere in the background, though not always visible."

The gain of this rough-and-tumble experience, was often felt to be great in after life. "It taught us a good deal in more ways than one," avers a correspondent, "and often when our fire has been lit under the sky in the rain and the ground was our bed, the thoughts of not a few of us have gone back to that dim little spot in the old House. We were able to look at the fun of the thing as boys without being over-particular ; and when we had often to cook for

ourselves as men, well—we could cook and then fall asleep with a smile."

The extracts from Miss Evans' diary given in Major Gambier Parry's book prove her interest in things to have been as comprehensive as it was minute. It included the boys' monetary affairs.

She adjured parents not to give their sons too much money, because everything was provided for them that was strictly necessary. To have the power within their fingers of procuring any superfluity they cared to get, made for luxuriousness. One cannot imagine Queen Jane tolerating any approach to voluptuousness. *On the other hand, she deprecated the system pursued by some rich people of keeping their sons short of money. That made for meanness. Boys ought to have wherewithal to give in accordance with their position and means. She had strong views on the subject of keeping unbroken the communication between the family at home and the members at school. She liked home letters to be regular, so that association with home interests might never be lost.

Her diaries are self-expressive ; simple, direct, a deep undercurrent of thoughtfulness lying under a sparkling surface of fun. Not a boy in the school could have taken more interest in sports than she evinced. She lost not a whit of her keen appetite in this respect when the frost of age made the outer woman hoary. "Eternal summer" kept the inner woman young to the end of her days. It was when the moonlight had touched her hair as Thomas Hood would have said, and the stately figure became less erect, that it was felt a portrait of this great Dame should be obtained in order that the memory of the outward woman might be perpetuated after the passing of those men on whose memory her features were fadelessly painted. With some difficulty she was prevailed upon to sit to Sargent, one of our notable Academicians.

It is said that he so much enjoyed the sittings that he made Miss Evans give him more than were strictly necessary. Certainly, the face looks as if the sitter had enjoyed her passive part.

The presentation of the portrait took place on 26th, July 1897. Lord Cobham made the speech. It was no light thing, he said, for any man or woman to manage a House for thirty years, and he laid his finger on the mainspring of the management of the lady whom they all delighted to honour—sympathy.

The portrait, admittedly a great success, hangs temporarily in the drawing school at Eton.

The death of Mr. Samuel Evans in 1903 was a blow to his sister, though she received it with characteristic bravery. The buoyant courage was not quenched, but there were times when the dauntless spirit had to struggle with a flagging body. Still she kept up the greater part of her work to the last. 'In the January of 1906 she laid down her work, and "quietly and without pain" passed peacefully out of this narrow life into one giving more room to her capacious soul.

At her grave, after the funeral service was over, in the hushed silence of a great multitude, rose the soft singing of the Eton choir: "Now the labourer's task is o'er," sang the voices. But the hearts of her boys know that the effects of her labours, the results of the reign of this veritable Queen among Dames, have no ending.

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THE JEWS OF COCHIN.

INDIA is a land of contrasts. The existence of a most interesting colony of Jews on the Malabar Coast, side by side with an equally interesting community of Ancient Christians known as the Syrian Christians, has often afforded scholars materials for the construction of elaborate theories as to their advent and early history. Although much has been written about these two communities, and especially about the latter, it should be admitted that the last word has not yet been said on controversies like that of the Indian apostleship of St. Thomas or of the date of the settlement of the Jews in Malabar.

One who visits Cochin may see to-day a whole street occupied by the Jews, who in point of colour, dress and habits present a marked contrast to the surrounding native population. You find men in long tunics of rich colour, with waistcoats buttoned up to the neck, and in full white trousers, wearing small caps, under which hang the long lovelocks brought down in front of the ears in obedience to Leviticus xix. 27 ; while groups of women in their Bagdad dress may be seen on the balconies engaged in lively conversation punctuated by the recurrent chewing of betel leaf in Indian fashion. They use Hebrew for purposes of religious worship, but for secular and common purposes they use Malayalam, the vernacular of the place. Many of them are merchants by profession and, on the whole, they are materially prosperous. They assemble together for public worship on the seventh day of the week in a beautiful little synagogue situated in the Jewish quarters. They put off their shoes before they cross the threshold of the synagogue ; but any one, Jew or Gentile, who wears English boots or an English hat is not required or permitted to uncover. Women are given but a secondary place. The public worship is conducted by a Rabbi, who stands on a plat-

form in the middle of the synagogue with his face towards Jerusalem. He is supported on either side by a member of the congregation when he reads or chants the service at a rapid rate. The name Jehovah is not pronounced in reading the Law but the name Adonai is substituted for it, in accordance with the old custom which ordained that Jehovah should never be pronounced except by the High Priest on the day of Atonement. They have no altars and no bloody sacrifices, and considerable modifications of strictly Mosaic ritual have been made. But they observe the new moons and the annual feasts somewhat strictly. They are looking for the Messiah ; and their belief in the happy time to come, when Israel shall rest under its vines and figtrees in Palestine, is in keeping with the pious aspiration of the Jew all the world over, which still is "Next year in Jerusalem." Copies of the Pentateuch, both manuscript and printed, are in their possession, though the prophecies are rare. The New Testament is abhorred so much that they will not allow a copy of it to come within their borders. A touching circumstance in connection with their cemetery, where their uncoffined dead sleep under the rustling leaves of the cocoanut palms in graves that run north and south, is that it is called *Beth Haim*—the house of the living.

An enquiry into the history of the coming of the Jews to India takes us right back to the nebulous periods of Old Testament history. The first record of the contact of the Jews with the Dravidians is to be found in the Bible. In I. Kings x. 22 and in II. Chronicles ix. 21 we read of the ships of Tarshish bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks once in three years. Solomon's fleet, manned by Phœnician sailors, seems to have fetched these things from the Malabar Coast, for adorning and enriching his Court, as is indicated by some very interesting etymological evidences. The names for apes, ivory and peacock, used in the original texts, are as foreign to the Hebrew language as *gutta-percha* and *tobacco* are to English ; and the discovery of the language in which these words are indigenous makes us almost certain about the country visited by Solomon's fleet. Though the subject has been much discussed, many scholars, at all events, are agreed on this point, *e.g.*, that the word used in the Hebrew Bible for peacock *Tukki-im* is simply the Tamil word spelt in Hebrew letters and supplied with a Hebrew plural inflection. "The oldest Dravidian word found in any written record in the

world," says Bishop Caldwell, the great Dravidian scholar, "appears to be the word for peacock in the Hebrew text of the Book of Kings and Chronicles, in the list of the articles of merchandise brought in Solomon's ship about 1000 B. C. The ordinary name at present for the peacock on the Malabar Coast and in Tamil is *Mayil* (Sanskrit *Mayūra*). It is sometimes called *Siki* (Sans. *Sikhi*), a name given to it on account of its crest ; but the ancient poetical, purely Tamil-Malayalam name of the peacock is *tōkei*, the bird with the (splendid) tail. *Sikhi*=*avis cristata*; *tokei*=*avis candata*." Thus we see how the visits made by Solomon's sailors to the western coast of India made them familiar with the peacock and its name, and how it came to be mentioned in the Books of Kings and Chronicles. It is not altogether improbable that similar visits may have been common in the course of the centuries subsequent to Solomon's time, though we have no evidence of any actual settlement of the Jews on the Malabar Coast till more than a millennium after Solomon.

In a narrative of the events relating to the coming of the Jews to India, which they presented to Claudius Buchanan in Hebrew in the year 1807, we read how "after the second temple was destroyed, their forefathers, dreading the conquerors' wrath, departed from Jerusalem, a numerous body of men, women, priests and Levites and came to this land "; how the King who at that time reigned there granted them a place to dwell in called Crangannur, how he allowed them a patriarchal jurisdiction within the district with certain privileges of nobility, and how the royal grant was engraved according to the custom of those days on a plate of copper which they still have in possession. The narrative also tells us of later settlements of Jews from Judea, Spain and other places, and of the circumstances under which an Indian prince attacked them and dispossessed them of Crangannur, thereby forcing them to make Cochin their home, where they have remained ever since. The facts mentioned in the above narrative, though they cannot be accepted without certain modifications, are interesting as emanating from the Jews themselves and setting forth certain traditionary views current among them regarding their coming and later history.

Apart from the evidences of Jewish intercourse with India in ancient times, which have already been dealt with, there are some interesting references to the Jews on the West Coast of India in old

Sanskrit books. The *Vayu Purana* mentions a people in the west of India called "*Suralas*" (Canto. xlv. verse 129) and the *Matsya Purana* gives the same name as "*Siralas*" (Canto cxiii. verse 49). No such people are mentioned elsewhere as the ordinary Indian people, and it is very probable that this name is a corruption of "*Israel*." These Puranas were composed some time in the early centuries of the Christian era ; and we are, therefore, justified in believing that the Jews were living on the West Coast of India years before they attained the importance of a dignified mention in the above works.

Whatever may have been the exact date of the first coming of the Jews to Malabar, there is no doubt of the fact that later immigrations strengthened the colony and gave it such influence as to obtain recognition from the sovereign of the country as early as in the beginning of the eighth century A. D., for the date of the *Sasanam* or copper plate charter granted to the Jews of Crangannur has been ascertained by the late Dr. Burnell to be about 700 A.D. This document is of considerable value and has close historical connection with two other *Sasanams* granted to the Syrian Christians by different *Perumals* or Kings of Malabar. It is now in the possession of one of the elders of the Cochin Jews and consists of two copper plates with three pages of writing. The character used is *Vetteluthu* which is believed to be an adaptation of some foreign (probably Semitic) character to a Dravidian language and "is the original Tamil alphabet which was once used in all that part of the peninsula south of Tanjore and also in South Malabar and Travancore." Here is a translation of the Charter :—

"Hail ! Prosperity ! His Majesty the glorious Bhaskara Ravi Varma, whose ancestors have been wielding the sceptre for many hundred thousands of years, in the second year of our reign and the thirty-sixth year of our age, on the day on which he stayed at Mooriakote, was pleased to make the following gift. We have given to Joseph Rabban the village of Anjuvannam together with seventy-two proprietary rights, *vis.*, the salute by firing guns, riding on animals, the revenue of Anjuvannam, the lamp of the day, a cloth spread in front to walk on, a palanquin, a parasol, kettle-drums with trumpets, a gateway, a garland, decorations with festoons, the use of bows and arrows, and so forth. We have remitted tolls and tax on

balance. Moreover, we have granted with these copper leaves that he need not pay the dues which the other inhabitants of the city pay to the royal palace, and that he may enjoy the benefits they enjoy. To Joseph Rabban, the chief of Anjuvannam, to the male and female children born of him, to his nephews and to the sons-in-law who have married his daughters we have given Anjuvannam as an hereditary estate as long as the world and moon shall exist. Hail !”

A study of the political circumstances in which the Jews were placed in the countries of Asia which lie nearest to India and which border on the commercial highways by which intercourse with the West was maintained, helps us in answering the question whence they came. We find that from early times the Jews had made Arabia their chosen home, where they went and settled in large numbers as the result of successive invasions like that of Nebuchadnezzar and Pompey before the Christian era, and of Titus, Hadrian and others in the early centuries of the same era. They enjoyed the privilege of toleration in Arabia for a long time until at last the rise of Mahomedanism changed the whole outlook. The stern proselytism of the sword forced many to leave Arabia, and it does not seem improbable that some of them may have found in India an asylum from Mahomedan persecution. There were also similar persecutions in Persia, especially in the reign of Yezdegerd III. (625—651), the last of the Kings of the Sassanian dynasty ; and so we are led to conclude that the Jews who obtained the charter in 700 A.D. were refugees from Arabia and Persia in the first half of the seventh century.

Now the Jews having turned their eyes towards India, what was it that attracted them to Crangannur ? Even at a very early date Crangannur, known to the Greeks as Mouziris, had attained a position of great commercial importance. We find that in the first quarter of the third century the Romans had a force of two cohorts stationed at Mouziris to protect their trade, and they had also erected a temple at the same place to Augustus. The Jews expected toleration there, and they also hoped to carry on their trade unmolested. It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine the reasons which induced the early Jewish settlers to make Crangannur their Indian home.

The Jews of Crangannur enjoyed the high standing set forth in the memorable charter for close upon 900 years, the catastrophes

that befell them in the sixteenth century finally expelling them from Crangannur. In the year 1524 the Mahomedans, with the Zamorin's approval, attacked the Crangannur Jews for reasons arising out of certain commercial transactions. Many Jews were slain and the rest were driven to a village to the east. Again in 1565 the invasion of the Cochin State by the Zamorin and his allies made it difficult for the Jews to carry on their trade peacefully. In the same year the Portuguese enlarged and strengthened their Crangannur fort and the Jews finally deserted their ancient settlement of Anjuvannam and came to Cochin, near which they built Jews' town where they live to this day. Even there, however, they were not free from chastisement. In 1661, on the siege of Cochin being raised, the Portuguese blamed the Jews for having helped the Dutch, and plundered their town of almost all it contained. This wanton onslaught by the Portuguese at Cochin was followed by the destruction of all literary monuments, which is an irreparable loss to history. But soon afterwards the Dutch came into power on the coast. They were soon superseded by the English under whose protection the Jews had all the advantages of a kindly toleration and a frequent and friendly intercourse with their brethren in Europe.

In conclusion, a word or two must be said about the Black Jews. They gain their livelihood by practising various handicrafts and are blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, fishermen, &c. Though the two communities, the Black Jews and the White Jews, live on terms of mutual dependence, there is not much of mutual amity among them. Colour prejudice has been, among the Jews, as among other nations, a fruitful source of quarrels and controversies. Dr. Day, in his *Land of the Perumals*, speaks of a war which took place between the Black Jews and the White Jews; and there are still constant feuds between them. The Black Jews are for the most part converts from the native population, though they strongly repudiate the idea and claim for themselves a more ancient origin than that of the White Jews. They have a separate synagogue; and it was from an old record chest in this synagogue that Claudius Buchanan carried off a large number of MSS. which he afterwards deposited in the University Library at Cambridge.

P. O. PHILIP.

Travancore.

A SYRIAN CHRISTIAN SECT.

IN the Syrian Christians of the Malabar Coast, we undoubtedly have the descendants of the earliest representatives of Indian Christianity. They themselves contend that the seeds of their faith were sown by St. Thomas, one of the twelve Disciples of Christ, and they maintain that the Apostle chose as the sphere of his evangelistic labours the whole extent of the eastern country, comprising Persia, Parthia, Afghanistan, India and a portion of China; and that he arrived in Malankara (the modern Cranganur) in A. D. 52, preaching there for several years, converting 32 *Illoms* or families of Nambudiri Brahmans, founding seven churches in Malabar alone, and conferring on two of the converted families the privilege of being the ecclesiastical rulers of the community, and incidentally, the founders of an Eastern Apostolic dynasty, which has maintained its position in almost unbroken continuity of succession. There is a pretty tradition in Travancore that when St. Thomas came to visit the King of Quilon, a heavy log of wood was found lying on the seashore, and that the king was desirous of building a house with it. Though he had employed a number of men, the log could not be shifted. St. Thomas, standing by, then said that were the log presented to him, he would carry it to the city unaided. He did so without an effort and with this log he built a church. After labouring in Malabar, St. Thomas, according to the popular version, crossed over to the east coast and was eventually martyred near Madras by the fanatic priests of a temple dedicated to the worship of the sun.

Within recent years, the boast of the Syrian Christians that they are the descendants of Apostolic converts has been seriously questioned, and a heated controversy has raged round the subject. Inscriptions found on stones and ancient coins have led several antiquarians to deny that St. Thomas could possibly have visited Southern India, or that anything more than a bare tradition regarding the Apostle could have found its way there in the first century. In the *Acta Thomæ*, whose date may

be placed somewhere between the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era, it is stated that during the rainy season, extending from October to April, St. Thomas went over to India, built a house for King Gondophares, and there saw Hebrew girls singing, and converted several persons to Christianity. But it should be remembered that the ancient writers had their own ideas as to the extent and boundaries of India, and moreover, there is evidence to show that Gondophares was an Indo-Scythian king whose realm included a great portion of the Parthian Empire. Furthermore, Eusebius, one of the greatest of Church historians, states that St. Thomas was the Apostle of the Parthians and not of the Indians, and both he and Jerome attribute to St. Bartholomew the earliest introduction of Christianity into Malabar. On the other hand again, the Syrian Christians point out that even the Jews admit that St. Thomas the Apostle visited Malabar in A. D. 52, and they themselves in A. D. 69. But here again everything rests on the question as to what is meant by India. Be all this as it may, the fact remains that at a very early period in the history of Indian Christianity, the Syrian Christians had grown into an influential and flourishing community, so much so that at one stage of their existence, they were ruled by a king of their own community, whose capital was Udayamperur (the modern Diamper). The dynasty is believed to have become extinct about the 14th century, and it is said that on the arrival of the Portuguese, the crown and sceptre of the last Christian King were presented to Vasco da Gama in 1502. The advent of the Portuguese gave a serious check to Syrian influence and prosperity. Dissensions soon ensued and the community became split up into two sections, one section remaining steadfast to its Syriac origin, while the other went over to Rome. Half a century later came the memorable Synod of Diamper, which practically converted the Malabar Church into a branch of the Roman Church. Not only this, but Archbishop Menezes, who was mainly responsible for the Synod, besides treating the Syrians most scurvily, destroyed, like a second Omar, all the books that he could find, written in the Syrian or Chaldean language. Jesuit rule at length became so intolerable that the Jacobite Syrians stood up like one man at Cochim at the foot of the Coonen Cross, and holding a thick rope tied to the Cross, renounced with one voice their allegiance to the Church of Rome. Thus in the early Portuguese times there were already the Jacobite Syrians and the Roman Syrians. While Portuguese influence created the Roman Syrian party, Anglicanism, at a later period, brought about a further split and created another small division known as the Protestant Syrians. A few years

ago, there was a deplorable struggle among the Jacobite Syrians, between the partisans of Mar Athanasius and those of Mar Dionysius, which ended in 1889 in favour of the latter. This struggle created yet another division known as the Reformed Syrians and it is of great interest to note that they maintain that the Jacobite creed was introduced into Malabar only in the 17th century, after a section of the church had shaken off the Roman supremacy.

Perhaps, the most interesting sect of Christians in Travancore is that known as the Yuyomayom. Their origin is, in a way, as singular as that of the quaint sect founded by the celebrated Brigham Young. About two centuries ago, a Brahmin family migrated from Tinnevely to Travancore. One of the descendants of this family, with his wife and six sons, embraced Christianity at Mavelikara in 1861. Two years later, the father died. In 1875 Justus Joseph, one of the sons, announced to the world that the millennium mentioned in the 20th Chapter of the Revelation was at hand, that Satan would be bound, and that Christ would reign on earth in person with all his saints from the 1st October 1881—the year, it may be remembered, old Mother Shipton fixed for the crack of doom. Justus Joseph, or the “young Pundit,” as he was called, addressed letters on the subject to the Patriarch of Antioch, the Syrian Metropolitan and several other ecclesiastics, but none of them took him seriously. Nothing daunted, he began to preach his new faith, and soon gathered about him a large following of Jacobite and other Syrian Christians, of whom he formed a congregation under the name of the “Regeneration Society.” More followers joined, and soon, the “Six Years’ Party,” as it was also called, increased to about 10,000. The country was in a regular ferment. Christian Missionaries saw their flocks forsaking them in large bodies. Thousands of Syrians, abandoning all their worldly belongings, and in several cases forsaking their wives and children, rallied round the banner of this self-constituted Precursor of the Messiah, and everything promised well for the success of the new creed. But time rolled on as usual, and the eagerly expected year came round. Excitement grew intense and reached a terrible pitch when the great day arrived on which Satan was to be bound. The Regenerators looked out for signs and indications, but the day passed, like any other, and the next morning there was an uproar, and Justus Joseph found himself in a tight corner. He was not to be beaten easily, however, and, with the same ingenuity for which the founder of the Mormons was celebrated, he interpreted his prophecy differently, and proclaimed that Christ had revealed himself to him and had commanded him to propagate his teaching. This explanation, no

doubt, had the effect of allaying the excitement of a portion of his fanatical followers, but many refused to believe any longer and seceded from the party. A few remained, and the sect is still represented by slightly over a thousand adherents.

The curious name by which the sect is known is made up of *ya, ye, yo, and yo*, the initial letters of the Malayalam equivalents for Jehovah (Yahovah), Jesus (Yesu), Joseph (Yoseph) and John (Yohanan). The Yuyomayom sect hold in equal respect both Testaments, and have a carefully drawn up scheme of ecclesiastical organisation, the founder's family always furnishing the High Priest. There are no churches, service being conducted in private houses. Bread and water being placed on a table, the faithful stand round and pray for a few moments silently, after which prayers are recited aloud and the Hallelujah is chanted, followed by readings from the Testaments and a further recital of songs. The priest then pronounces the benediction and the congregation partake of the consecrated bread and water. There is much that is eclectic in the ritual and doctrines of the sect. Thus, they seek no proselytes, owe no allegiance to any other church and believe that theirs will eventually be the only religion in the world. Sanskrit enters largely into their religious literature and their invocations are striking imitations of Brahmin prayers. Animal food is forbidden, and socially, the sect are divided into *gotras* or exogamous divisions and grouped into *gramams* or villages, like the Brahmins of old. They go further than Mahomedans in the matter of ornaments, neither men nor women being permitted to wear any. Their burial customs resemble those of caste Hindus in some respects, but they do not practise cremation.

The founder of the sect was certainly an ambitious individual. He inaugurated a special era known as the Yuyomayom era, dating from the 1st October 1881—the date on which so many of his first adherents experienced such a rude disappointment. New names have been given to the twelve months of the year and to the seven days of the week, while a new sacerdotal language has been elaborated out of Sanskrit, Hebrew and Syriac, with the first predominating. It will thus be seen that the founder of the sect was possessed of no mean intellectual attainments, and there is every reason to believe that, like so many other religious maniacs, he was no impostor, but a man who was in deadly earnest. The Yuyomayom sect would feel offended to be told that they are of Syrian Christian origin, but there is no reason whatever for doubting that such is really the case.

DIARY OF A DERELICT.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

23-1-06.

SIR WILLIAM JONES wrote :—

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, *and all to heaven.*

St. Ignatius used to say : "Deus habet se in modum laborantis."
But for Him, life itself will cease. So with every breath let us
adore Him. And let us not brag of *our* deeds :

The bravely dumb that do their deed
And scorn to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That love Heaven's silence more than fame.

* * *

Our OM means "He is Sat, Chit, and Anand." The scholastic formula as to His immanence means practically the same thing, for it runs : "God is present in the world in essence (Sat), knowledge, (Chit), and power." Substitute "bliss" for "power", and there will be no difference at all.

* * *

Is H_2O a correct formula for water, "*because God thinks H_2O as water*"? Have secondary causes no autonomy and no independence, even though they are real? Does the uniformity of laws rest on the uniformity of divine thought? Does all force emanate from eternal thought, and is this— "the ultimate explanation of the universe?"
When we say :

Not hate, but love alone makes hate to cease,
This is the everlasting law of peace,

do we mean that such is the law because God thinks of love as the extinguisher of hate?

24-1-06.

"Correct us, guide us, thy *guilty innocents*"—prayed Robert Louis Stevenson with his Samoans. A Reverend Father writes :

"Whatever is done by created causes is also done by the first cause in its own higher plane, so that the whole action proceeds both from God and creatures—radically from God and 'superficially,' so to say, from creatures."

Did the above prayer as an act proceed merely superficially from Stevenson, and radically from God ?

* * *

It is said some spirits cannot commune without falling into a *dream-like* trance : hence the puerilities which are noticed in *their* communications. Are those puerilities perpetrated by the First Cause in its own higher plane ?

* * *

In Calabria, the peasants worshipped an old image of Justitia as the Madonna, and called her the Madonna of the Scales ! And they believed their prayers were answered by the Virgin herself. So in India many an image of Buddha is worshipped as an image of Shiva ! Wonderful are the transformations brought about by faith !

* * *

Whose thought is at the bottom or at the back of those transformations ? The highest truth is a mystery, and can never be put in a *positive form* in words, without the risk of innumerable misunderstandings.

26-1-06.

I knew a Parsi family in which the mother was a widow—the eldest daughter a widow—the second daughter a grass-widow—and the third an old maid. The mother made a will appointing her three daughters managers of her property yielding an income of Rs. 1,000 a year. One-fourth of the income was to be given for charitable purposes. The remaining Rs. 750 were to be divided by the daughters in equal shares. Eleven years after the date of this will, the old lady added a codicil by which (on account of quarrels among her daughters) she devised to each of them a separate piece of property for life. Then she made another will revoking the first, and left only Rs. 180 a year to the second daughter,

and as much to the third, as both had displeased her. Finally, about ten months before her death she tore up this last will, and preserved the first with its codicil, believing that they would stand. But the English law ordained otherwise. What is called the doctrine of "dependent relative revocation" was applied, and under it the last will stood, and the previous ones went to the wall. Perhaps if the old lady had not made any will, the sisters might not have quarrelled at all. But mark how the epithets 'dependent' and 'relative' turned 'revocation' into no true revocation. Similarly these same epithets turn existence into no true existence—*from the paramarthic point of view*. He alone is Sat.

27-1-06.

A Mussulman, violating the precepts of his religion, gets gloriously drunk one day—attempts to outrage the modesty of a married woman—and then plunges into a brimming river, for, I suppose, a bath. He is about to be drowned, but is luckily rescued by two men, and is taken unconscious to a hospital by the police. Next morning, he goes quietly home and then lodges a complaint that four Mussulmans had administered drink to him, and had attempted to kill him by throwing him into the river. One of the four is his sister's husband—but the drunkard is not on good terms with her. The police arrest the four men, keep them in their office up to evening, and then put them in the lock-up. The investigating officer goes later on to the spot, and then the truth comes out. The tipsy complainant had been seen staggering on his way to the river—the woman, who had had to call out to her husband to save her, tells her tale, and at 1 a.m. the four innocent men are released, and the drunkard is finally punished for lodging a false complaint. One of the four complains against the police for unlawful detention and all sorts of inquiries follow. Thus a single potation stole the wits of a man—endangered his life—gave trouble to those who rescued him—gave trouble to the doctors—the police—the magistracy and to four innocent men, and finally, after entailing an immense waste of public time, cost the drunkard his liberty. What is it that drink cannot do directly or indirectly? Verily, if it has no name to be known by, let us call it Devil. Have we not ourselves created him; just as we have created the plague and all the progeny of evil? These are shades, upthrown by our souls,

which darken the earth, and give us our Pandemonium—just as others fill our fancied heaven, and give us our Pantheon.

30-1-06.

"The whole lesson of history is the lesson of the danger of affirmation The victory always remains with those who admire rather than deride, and the power of appreciating is worth any amount of the power of despising."

Let us, therefore, never be cocksure, or snarling or mulish if we do not wish to be thought asinine.

2-2-06.

Take ten negatives of eminent personages, and superimpose one upon the other. Let light pass through these ten negatives upon a sensitised photographic plate and you roll ten illustrious personages into one. Thus you can obtain composite portraits of men of genius in every walk of life, of statesmen, lawyers, poets, writers, scientists, divines, doctors, artists, actors, sailors and soldiers. And by a similar art, it may be, the Yogi is able to create his 'demi-puppets'—to bedim the noontide sun, to call forth the mutinous winds—to give fire to the dread rattling thunder—to shake the strong-based promontory—and to even command the graves to wake their sleepers—to open and let them forth.

One who took hashish thought he was a locomotive—another felt like a sponge permeated through and through with the water of happiness of three centuries—a third could see the drug within himself—a fourth could hear sounds of colours. This last

"swam in an ocean of sound wherein beautiful passages from the operas floated like islets of light. He felt as a sponge in the midst of the sea, every instant waves of happiness washed over him, entering and departing through his pores, for he had become permeable!"

A fifth, it may be, may have felt like Bottom waited on by Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustard-seed—fed with the honey-bags stolen from the humble-bees—fanned with wings plucked from painted butterflies, lighted with tapers from "the fiery glow-worms' eyes"—sleeping on pressed flowers with the Fairy Queen by his side, and jewels from the deep by his head and all his mortal grossness gone. We can become permeable—we

can become even transparent—with the ether as our new robe and the space of three dimensions as our cast-off clothing.

* * *

The Americans have invented a leap-frog railway to *prevent collisions*—for the colliding trains just quietly go over each other. The Gyroscope principle may also come into operation, and a train may run self-balanced on a single rail—nay, a time may come when even a single rail may not be needed—and men may speed from pole to pole like messages by wireless telegraphy. There is truly a world within this world of which we are catching a few faint glimpses at present. But even after we conquer that world—life will still be unsatisfying, for more worlds will yet remain to be conquered. The only one that can satisfy is He.

5-2-06.

Last night I had asked myself a question as to the rationale of steady meditation, and in the early morning the sub-conscious self sent up a reply: "Such concentration would prevent your remaining in a dream-state after death."

6-2-06.

What did sleep teach me last night? The human mind is like a piano with innumerable keys. Press one set and you are a hum-drum creature. Press another, and you are a genius.

* * *

Man has been compared also to an induction coil. The story of the "Conversion of Ruddle" in the double Christmas number of the *Strand Magazine* is an illustration in point. A fall, and the sailor becomes a parson. Another fall, and the parson becomes a sailor, and does not recognise his own wife, and she has to make love to him and teach him to call her Susan and Dilly Duck!

* * *

"Decrease the conductivity of the telephonic wire, and the human voice you heard clearly dies away." Similarly, decrease the conductivity of the Yogic wire by doing evil, by thinking evil and by distracting your mind, and the divine noise you heard clearly dies away.

* * *

When experiencing a nightmare. do we not create a hell? And if we can create hell, why should we deny to ourselves the power

of creating even heaven. The Karmic ego, after death, is probably led to press a certain set of invisible keys within himself by his own Karma—and the result is hell or heaven, or purgatory, or a re-birth after “the second birth of death.”

A woman kills another's innocent child, and bathes in its blood to secure long life to her own children ! She is transported for life. What a contrast she to that noble woman who was :

“ Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived.”

What were “the written troubles of the brain” which perverted a mother's instinct—what the perilous stuff which weighed upon her heart ? Did it originate in her past birth or in the present ? Was it connected with the Karma of the murdered child or of its parents ? What was it exactly which made her spend her fury on a baby ? What made her a fury slinging flame upon others and herself ? Who can say ?

Every historical religion is “an ideal having life in itself, and capable, indeed, in certain natures, of what seems a miraculous vivification.” Had not the ideal wholly died out in this poor woman when she utterly unsexed herself by dipping her hands in the blood of an infant ? What dark ignorance possessed her ? What vulture of superstition fed in her bosom ? Her end was her undoing. She had been a straying soul and she cast herself away. She had made herself a god of her own—an angry god to appease whom it was necessary “to offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb.” She had apparently been in the habit of giving her unproportioned thoughts their acts, and therefore the firstlings of her heart were also the firstlings of her hand. An awful dark impulse made her a fiend and nerved her to her ghoulish deed. And yet she did it to prolong the life of her own children. Her own love made her hate ! Truly

“ The devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape,”

and the devil is man-made and woman-made.

15-2-06.

Physiologists say that all the living corpuscles proceed from the “one corpuscle which forms the essential and living part of the

impregnated ovum." That one corpuscle is formed by the commingling of the spermatozoon with the germinal vesicle. How do the two become one? How does the unicorpuscular male-germ lose all the surrounding protoplasm, when fully developed, and become a nucleus—having a long lash propelling it forward in perpetual motion? What are nucleated living corpuscles? What is the body in their interior which is connected with reproduction? How do other living corpuscles—cells of protoplasm—become muscular or nervous elements? How do all living corpuscles throw out, round about them, so many different substances? How do they unfold so many *wasanas*—so many loves and hates, children of the empirical ego—grandchildren of ignorance? That they do infold such results is undeniable. That duality becomes unity is also undeniable. May there not be, then, as it were, a spiritual germinal vesicle for the spiritual vital principle—a *Yogamaya* for *Purushottam*? Our Yogis and Bhakts have been to spiritual Biology what De Graaf and Schwann and Virchow have been to physical Biology.

* * *

It is recognised now that "the higher forms of life are metameric"—made up of metameres or segments . . . fused very thoroughly in a compound unity in which the individuality of the metameres is greatly masked and blended together. We are progressing from simple unity to compound unity, and yet, though a lobster can renew a whole limb, a Yogi is supposed incapable of becoming another ego!

* * *

In Ravi Varma's *Ushaswapna*, we see the chaste maiden asleep and dreaming, and the face of him she is dreaming of is bending lovingly over her. If with a few earthly colours the artist can create such a beautiful picture—why may not a Yogi with his spiritual thought-colours create his *Sarasvati*, *Ganga* and *Yamuna* and make them one in his *Triveni*?

16-2-06.

England has a million paupers, and spends 160 million pounds on alcohol. Would £160 be too big a price to pay to redeem a drunkard? Were I a king, I would even sell my sceptre and my sword—my "crown imperial" and my "inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl"—if the price could save the souls of my subjects.

Even paupers have infinite potentialities, and kind hearts are truly more than coronets. Who is the Duke of Marlborough? A grazier's descendant. Earl Spencer is also descended from a grazier, while Lord Mountstephen and Lord Strathcona trace their pedigree to shepherds. The Earl of Randor is descended from a merchant's apprentice, the Duke of Northumberland from a haberdasher, the Marquis of Bath from a publican, Earl Carrington from a draper, and the Marquis of Ripon from a tradesman in New York. Who again were our Vedic Rishis, the immortals who pierced with song heaven's silent light—and the great Bhakts of the 15th and the 16th Century, both in Europe and Asia, who "from heaven or near it poured their full heart blithely in profuse strains of unpremeditated art," and sang hymns unbidden, till the world was wrought "to sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

* * *

Science is a mistress, "bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease" if it ignores the Spirit—and the Spirit's joyous, clear and fresh music "sweet as love,"—and accessible even to the poorest.

* * *

The occultists of the West have found, by hypnotic experiments, that solid matter can be made as transparent as glass by a mere suggestion. Ergo, say they, "matter is only a form of thought." The Sankhya and the Yoga taught a deeper truth when they said that thought itself was but a form of matter enlivened by the Spirit.

* * *

Inexhaustible are the resources of the Spirit. A couple of maiden ladies drawing on it have made a blank plain like Dromore full of cottage gardens and bright homes. Beautiful work like that of Miss O'Connor Eccles and Miss J. H. O'Brien can be done in the heart of many a congested city in India if we had but the will

17-2-06.

•

False is the Persian saying:

In woman, land and gold

The cause of every ill is told.

The cause of every ill lies in ourselves—and not in zar, zan, zamin. It is a barbarism not to recognise woman "as the free and equal companion of man." But is it right for the State to say to

Indians and Persians, "Expect no enfranchisement from me till you step out of this barbarism." Mr. Stead says rightly: "The same argument at home would disfranchise a nation."

There is a large number of Anglo-Indians who think meekness is weakness, and yet it is said the meek shall inherit the earth, and Mrs. Besant tells us: "Disspiritualise the Indian people, and you denationalise the country." Is not the ever-increasing consumption of spirits disspiritualising us and unfitting us for inheriting either earth or heaven? Is the Abkari Department doing civilising work or plunging us into barbarism?

18-2-06.

Of Savitar, the heavenly, that longed for glory may we gain.

Our thoughts in prayer may He impel, illumine, inflame.

So runs our Gayatri, and its author Vishwamitra—we read*—
"set himself to struggle through the mists of thought in prayer, to become a Brahman in truth of being, a shrine of prayer that reaches even to the Divine. Often it seemed to him that eyes grew dim or vanished, ears could no longer hear, thought—sight, the light of truth within that made him long to feel one with Savitar, was quenched in dark excess of light, words were lost in boundless thought—thought failed to reach Life's Source Unthinkable."

But he said:

Gain, grasp, be one with Savitar,

His light of life leads home to Him, the True.

And the Saptarishis guided him towards the Dawn—the heavenly light unfolding itself even in man—"born to die in dark, dying to be born in light." The Rishi discovered how death nourishes Life—how "the true Death is Dawn"—how "Morns of mist after the rains herald the cloudless Dawn of the all-maturing Sun"—how the Saptarishis lost in Dawn "ever shine when Dawn is lost in Dark to guide to Dawn again." The music of his voice vibrates in Hindu hearts every morning, noon and evening, when the beautiful Gayatri is repeated. Millions of earthly flowers

Lilies for a bridal bed,

Roses for a matron's head,

Violets for a maiden dead,

have smiled and died—but his flower of poesy never dies and ever smiles.

* In an article by B. Robinson in the "Christian College Magazine."

The Gayatri is not repeated when there is a death or a birth, and Shankaracharya, when asked why he did no Sandhya, said : " My mother *Moh* (delusion) is dead and a son, *Gnan* (wisdom) is born to me. Moreover, my Aditya (sun) has no morning or evening. It shines for ever without any interruption." Will a time come when I can say this ?

1-3-06.

Last night, in sleep, I felt that as my soul—a relative Karmic personal entity—was to my body, so the personal Over-soul was to all the individual souls. As my soul is glad, when the body is glad, and sad when the body is sad, so the Over-soul is glad when the individual souls are glad, and sad when they are sad. But the Impersonal Atma is tainted by no works (Karma), and on it all appearances rest like waves on the sea. It is the Substratum—the Noumenon—the Absolute ; and, peering through my personal soul, I can catch a glimpse of the Over-soul and of the Absolute, and feel there is nothing relative that is absolutely blissful.

* * *

The Over-soul is to the Absolute, what the lightning is to the Aether—what sound is to the air—what the colours of the rainbow are to light—what the waves are to water—what the trees are to the earth—what fragrance is to the flowers—what diamond drops of dew are to diamonds—what smoke is to fire—what reflexion is to a reflector. It is the Highest in the Highest ; the Highest in

That which knows

And is not known, but felt through what we feel

Within ourselves is highest.

And yet to the Sat it is as *Nistattwa*.

* * *

Let me make a nosegay of Maya's beautiful but visionary flowers, and make an *Arati* with the lamp of love within my heart. Let me feed the lamp with the electric power of service, and thought generated by "the self-impelling wheels of the mind." Let the internal lightnings with their exceeding lustre and pure intense irradiation and harmonising ardours burn up all my sins and errors, all the Earth-born anarchs, "arrayed against the Ever-living," and

Rouse with the spirit's blast

Out of the forest of the pathless past

•

all my recollections of divine love and divine providence. Let the internal shrine be star-inwrought—let me close its doors and repose in aerial ethereal bowers,

“ High in the future's towers,
With odours sweet as rose-leaves,
Heaped for the beloved's bed.”

May the mind dwell there with the Beloved till all its clouds disappear—till the veil be taken off the eyes of memory—till intense concentration make the memory itself sink into a waking sleep—till the mind “become that which it contemplates,” till the Yoga-bhráshta become a Yogi—till the Derelict cross the bar.

[THE END]

THE RATIONALE OF BEHAISM.

WHEN we cast a glance at the Universe and the Creation and wish to find out its Reality and its Primal cause, we find that nothing but Unity and Love are the two forces working therein. Every object that we see around ourselves, appearing to be one Whole, is in reality a compound of many small particles of matter which by themselves are not visible. It is through the power of Attraction inherent in objects that they have united, become one and consequently visible to the eye. (In the Human Kingdom this power of Attraction is termed Love.) Hence the cause of all manifestation is Unity and the cause of this Unity is Love.

Now if this Unity and Love be not exhibited fully in the Human Kingdom which is the Ultimate Cause of all other creation, the whole creation becomes an absurdity.

The attraction between other objects except the human is material, while between man and man it is spiritual, *i.e.*, of qualities. That there is variety in the Universe and a certain gradation from the first degree of creation to the last degree, is a fact which is self-evident and needs no demonstration. On account of this variety, combination or unity becomes difficult. Hence the necessity of a Universal Unifying Force and an Almighty Omnipotent Power. This Unifying Force and Almighty Omnipotent Power is exhibited or manifested in no other but a perfect man who calls himself a Prophet or a Saviour. This may be proved thus :—

In this created Universe the characteristics and qualities of the lower creation are all found in the higher, but those of the higher are lacking in the lower. The vegetable kingdom has all that exists in the mineral, but the mineral has not all that exists in the vegetable, and so on to the higher and higher. Hence the qualities and characteristics which have been evolved in man are the sum-total of all that exists in the other creation, but there are certain qualities and characteristics which are peculiar to Man and are lacking in all other created objects. Again, like the mineral, the vegetable and the animal creation, there is a gradation in the human kingdom as well, and the last or the best in the human kingdom is the perfect man

who is the embodiment and the sum total of all realities and existences of the Universe, conditions and perfections of being, overpowering all the grades of creation and having that Universal Divine Power which is to be found nowhere else. Hence it is proved that the great power which unifies all and is the manifestation of all-embracing and Universal Love exists in that perfect man. All power is from him and through him and all existence is manifested and united because of him. To prove his perfection nothing more is required except his individual power and his influence which, without any external physical force and in spite of opposition from all sides, overpowers the earth and its beings and succeeds through the sheer force of will.

It is a law of nature that every part must subordinate itself to the whole. To explain the above let us take an illustration. The whole world may be compared to the human body and the different gradations in the world may correspond to the limbs of the body, the senses, the faculties and the consciousness. The soul in the body may be compared to the perfect man. Just as the human body is under the guidance and government of the soul, and just as every part of it with oneness of purpose obeys the commandments and the mandates of the soul, an obedience to which results in all the comforts of the body and in the proper living of the life, and just as each limb assists the other limbs and protects them with great devotion and sacrifice—for instance, if a sword were to fall on the head, the hand would at once spring to its assistance, minding not its own existence—just in the same way human beings are to be under the Divine government originating from a perfect man or a Prophet and are to find grace under his power and protection. They are to obey the laws laid down by him, and each individual is to help and assist the other fellow beings with a love and a devotion far exceeding the love and devotion of the members of the body. All the Prophets of the world have manifested themselves with this blessed object, and in spite of the fact that their Reality was one, yet owing to the differences of the age in which they appeared and owing to the conditions of the time, their laws and commandments have been different. This may be made clearer by taking the example of the moon.*

* The moon is perfect in its own place, but owing to the movements of the Solar System its phases change and different names are given to each phase as it comes. The moon on the first day is named the Crescent, while on the 14th day it is named the Full Moon. So in the same way if all the manifestations which have appeared in the world from time to time before the present one may be represented by the phases of the moon,

the present one would be the Full Moon of the 14th day (Beha Ullah). But the difference in name or phase does not show any essential difference in the Oneness or Reality of the Moon itself.

Every Prophet has declared his manifestation in his holy book to be the advance guard of Universal Love and Unity, the full forces of which have been manifested in the coming of Beha Ullah in this age, the greatest of all manifestations. The "happy news" of his manifestation has been recorded in detail along with the day of his appearance on earth in their Revealed Books, an account of which would perhaps be beyond the scope of this little paper.

The proof of the "happy news" is clear from the anxious waiting of the followers of various religions for the day of the coming of a great divine manifestation on earth who was to unite all and bring all under the canopy of Unity and Love and bring such teachings to the people of this earth as would make it a veritable Heaven-Kingdom of God on Earth. Every student of comparative religion or any one who has studied this New Revelation must have felt and known that the day has come and the Promised One who was to unite all in Oneness and Love has appeared. I may briefly mention here some of the sacred teachings of that Great Revealer and I may leave the details to be worked out by the Behai Assemblies (those anxious to know more may kindly go there and learn); because a detailed account of the teachings would fill one whole volume and would make it impossible for me to bring them before the general reading public.

1. One of those teachings is the *Unity of Man*. Says Beha Ullah: "O Friends, the tent of oneness has been raised. Do not look upon others with the eyes of strangers; all are the fruits of one tree and the leaves of one branch."

2. *Unity of the world*. Says Beha Ullah: "The whole world is one country and all the people citizens thereof. Let not one glory in this, that he loves his country, but let him rather glory in this, that he loves the world."

3. *Unity of language and writing*. "Of the various elements that become the cause of the unity of the world and make all the world kin, one is," says Beha Ullah, "that different languages may become one language and different characters may become one character. All the nations should select a number of wise men from amongst the learned who should assemble and after consultation adopt a common language and a common writing, and this may be done by either selecting a language out of the various existing languages and characters or a new language and a new

character should be invented and introduced in the schools of the world for the education of the children."

4. *Equality of Rights.* "All persons have equal rights," says Beha Ullah.

5. *Freedom of Thought.* Says Beha Ullah: "No one has a right to criticise another"; and says he: "All the people of the world should remain safe from the injury of thy hands or tongue." And he adds: "O Friends, live in happiness with all the people of the world and if any one of you has a word or a meaning to say, of which his fellow being is deprived, tell him in so many words of kindness and love. If he accept them, thy object is gained, if not, leave him alone and pray for him and blame him not. O believers in the oneness of God, gird up your loins, perhaps the religious disputes and wranglings would disappear from the face of this Earth. Take your stand upon this Great Cause for the love of God and his people. Disputes in religious matters are a world-consuming fire, which it is very difficult to put down, but the powerful hands of the Almighty shall save mankind from this terror."

6. *The Spread of Universal Peace.* Says Beha Ullah: "To secure the peaceful and comfortable living of all the people, and to secure the propagation and organisation of mankind, it is essential that a great assembly be founded in the world, wherein all the Kings should ally themselves to establish the Most Great Peace on Earth." And the way is thus shown. "Let all the Great Powers in order to secure the happiness of the people of the world be strongly on the side of Peace, and if a King should dare to make war upon another King, all should stand together and stop him, and thus shall the world be relieved of all its heavy armaments and its legions, a small army only sufficing to keep internal peace in the country."

7. *Spread of Universal Learning and Public Education.* It is the duty of all to educate their boys and girls in useful science and in higher literature and to train them up. If any one should disobey this commandment and should neglect the education of his children, the state ought to interfere take hold of the children and put them to school, the expense being raised from the parents, except when they are not able to pay expenses, in which case they should be defrayed from the public treasury.

8. *Universal Love.* Says Beha Ullah: "Virtue does not lie in one's loving oneself, but rather in loving one's kind. Blessed is he who rises in the morning in a mood to stand in the service of all nations. Shun idleness and inactivity, find such work to do as may benefit the great and the small, the young and the old."

9. *Obedience to Kings.* Says Beha Ullah: "O chosen and faithful

ones of God, kings are the expressions of the Power of God, and the dawning place of honour and wealth. Pray for them. God has granted them the kingdom of this earth and the hearts of the people for Himself." War is not sanctioned in the Book and is interdicted, and this is a Law Divine which is protected from being effaced and has been decorated with everlasting existence. "He is the wise and the powerful," says Beha Ullah. "Obey the Government of the country in which thou livest and obey fully the laws laid down by that Government."

10. *For the Kings.* "O Kings of the world, no army in the world is more powerful than Justice and Wisdom. Blessed is the King who walks with the banner of wisdom before him and the army of justice behind him. Verily, such a king is the light of the forehead of Peace among the people, and a mole of security on the cheek of the world of Existence. It becomes every one in power to daily weigh himself in the balance of justice and then sit in judgment upon the people and command them to do such things as would lead them to the path of reason and wisdom."

11. *Consultation.* Says Beha Ullah: "The heaven of Divine wisdom is illumined by the two lights of consultation and kindness. Take your stand on consultation in all affairs, as that is the lamp of guidance showing clear the way and giving timely warning."

12. *Government of the World.* Says Beha Ullah: "The tent of the Government of the world is supported by two pillars of reward and punishment." In another place says Beha Ullah: "The reward and punishment of actions is the army of justice. Through these the tent of the Government of the world has been raised, and the highly wicked through fear of punishment shall practise self-restraint."

13. *Moderation.* In every action moderation is praiseworthy. Excess becomes the cause of Evil.

14. *The House of Justice.* Prayers and worship and the clearly stated commandments are to be looked for in the Book, while those not mentioned therein, as, for instance, certain laws of political administration, have been left to be decided by a House of Justice whose Trustees according to the needs of the age will prescribe the desired course of action.

All that has been said above is a drop from the ocean of the holy teachings of the Glory of God (Beha Ullah)—a teaching given to the cause of the progress and pre-eminence of the human world and its protection.

In conclusion, in spite of the want of time and leisure, I wish once more to emphasise the fact that this universe is like a man who is a

victim to the mortal disease of disunion and selfishness. According to the laws of the art of medicine, the diagnosis is to be made first and the root-cause to be discovered. The cure of a disease is nothing but the removal of its root-cause. When we try to find out the root-cause of this disease of the Universe, we come to know that it is the difference of race and nationality. Again, this difference of race and nationality is due to different languages, different countries, and different religions. This clearly shows that the recipe for such a patient cannot be other than unity of language, the unity of the world and the unity of religion. This will surely result in the health of this Universe, *i.e.*, Unity and Love.

MIRZA MAHRAM.

Persia.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

TO attempt to prove the immortality of the soul by means of a sheaf of arguments, will not, I am afraid, seem a promising enterprise to many readers. To these it might appear that it indicates a mistrust in any one of them as being sufficiently valid to compel assent. It is a conclusion that we would all desire to have established, beyond all shadow of doubt and cavil. Herein would seem to lie its weakness, The wish is father to the thought. Hence the human mind has, in all ages, cast about for proofs and demonstrations to quiet its fears, strengthen the grounds of its hopes, and staunch the bleeding of the broken heart it owns. I trust to be able to prove to you that this is not so; that the multiplicity of arguments is, in this instance, no indication of the weakness of any or of all of them.

As regards proofs involving considerations of the nature of the soul, we ought to be prepared to meet with evidences fit for our purpose in many directions. It is an old aphorism, that of the Schoolmen, "*Agere sequitur esse*," "Nature is made manifest in action," and it is particularly illuminative in this connection. The activities of the soul are manifold. Her energies have to be accounted for in so many different spheres, are met with in such varied forms, underlie such diverse and wide-severed phenomena, that it is natural that each of these spheres should have something to contribute to this discussion. Wherever human beings are at work, there may we look for manifestations of the nature of man's soul. "*Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*"—"What place is there on earth that is not filled with our labours?" Any and every activity of man might supply us with a proof. A game of cricket may call for a display of self-sacrifice that would seem to indicate the possession of a moral nature, superior to all considerations of time and place.

Wordsworth has argued from "Recollections of Early Childhood,"—recollections wholly incompatible with matter—

* A lecture delivered at a meeting of the Agra College Literary Society on the 25th February 1908.

" Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings."

These, he says,

" Be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing. '

This has no necessary connection with the setting in which it appears, *viz.*, his hypothesis of a pre-natal existence. I shall argue somewhat as he does. The soul's actions are spiritual, therefore, it is immaterial and immortal.

My first argument is from the standpoint of the Physical Sciences, or of Common Sense, and includes the emotional and ethical bases of this belief. The second restates the argument from the point of view of Modern Subjectivism. The third, the Ontological Proof, attends to the objective side of the question, and includes a reference to the Monistic, Materialistic, and Pantheistic statements of the question as briefly as I can put them. This set claim to go to the heart of the matter, and my arguments will be satisfactory or not, to my readers, in so far as they succeed in winning their assent. Finally, by way of relief, we shall consider some interesting contributions to this consideration supplied by alleged communications with the spirits of the dead in the past and present. I shall conclude this paper with this, the Historical Proof.

My first argument is based on the universality of this belief. I have called it the argument from Common Sense, and I do not hold it as conclusive in itself. I should, however, be sorry to have you undervalue this argument, for that reason. Such is the case with most of the really important truths of Life and Nature. It would seem that those facts that are of value for the moral life of men are not left to be at the mercy of jangling creeds and discordant philosophies. The existence of God, the recognition of a moral standard, the assurance that we are Personalities, Souls, whole and due but to ourselves, are ineradicable convictions of all men. So, too, the immortality of the soul has been believed in by all classes of men, in all ages, and in all lands. This universality in connection with the belief in a Divine Providence, leads, strictly and logically, as to a legitimate conclusion, to the belief in Man's immortality.

The minor premiss of the syllogism involved in the last few sentences is thus eloquently amplified in the last January number of *East & West*. "The very first fact that strikes us, as we look out over the world's history, is the universality of the belief in immortality. You may find

nations so rude that they live houseless in dark caverns of the earth, you may find tribes so savage that they have neither raiment, weapon nor fire, but nowhere will you find a nation without a belief in immortality.

"It is written in the nature of Man, and written so large that the rudest nations have not failed to find it. It filled the heart of the ignorant savage as he beheld his tribesman lying cold and silent at his feet, struck by the flinty arrow. It awakened a response in the soul of the Egyptian, forty centuries ago." (By the way, it did a great deal more. It formed the sun and centre, the life and soul of the whole religious and social system of those Egyptians, so far, far away in the dim and shadowy past.) The writer continues: "It gave new hope to the Buddhist as he bewailed the mysteries of life. It lived in the mind of the Persians and the Chaldeans; it attended the footsteps of the Greek and the Roman. From the lips of the human race, whether standing in the lowlands of barbarism, or on the summit of civilisation, whether gathered in heathen shrine or synagogue or cathedral or mosque, the one cry has ever resounded—'In Thy salvation do I trust, O Lord'; whether the God invoked has been the lowest idol, or fetish, Jupiter, Osiris, or Jehovah. Whence originated this universal belief?"

And here I can very well imagine the Scientist to interrupt the even current of this eloquence, with a very clear, consistent and satisfactory explanation of this very origin. This universal belief in immortality, what is it but another aspect of the ubiquitous and ever-present instinct of self-preservation, resisting blindly, persistently, obstinately, the very thought of destruction? It is a phantasmagorical image that pleases the unreflecting crowd of human children; a magic-lantern picture of Man himself projected, by the clear lime-light of his imagination, on the dark and impenetrable curtain that veils the future from his eyes. Man, in common with all other animals, shrinks from the thought of death; but, as he has the further ability to "look before and after, and pine for what is not," he is able to conceive a never-ending future of bliss, in which he shall be the happy possessor of all that the limitations of daily life withhold from him, here and now. Next comes that amiable lunatic, the Poet, and confirms him in his fond fancies, "giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." Nay, more, Religions spring up to approve and sanction his most audacious imaginings, his most fantastic dreams.

So were born the myths of the past, and among them this myth also, the apotheosis of the Hero, his second life being but a continuation of the first, on an ampler scale. Hence, the Red Indian of America roved

the happy hunting ground of his primitive faith: so deluded, the old Viking sailed away on his burning ship—at once his pyre and his throne—with sword and drinking-horn, with slave and wife, away to Valhalla, to the Hall of Heroes, there to repeat on a grander scale the riotous and savage life he had known on earth: and so also, not so far away from us here in India, the Dyak head-hunters of Borneo crave for the deathless glory that attends the possession of the head of an enemy. It is hard to see how, in their anticipations of the next life, a Dyak and his enemy can contrive to settle their rival claims to each other's heads; perhaps, on the principle of turn and turn about.

I am not prepared to state, on the facts so far before us, that the Scientist has not made out a very good case for his contention. In fact, I hold that this, or something very like this, is precisely the way in which the universality of the idea of immortality is to be accounted for.

Let us, however, hear what the writer, I am quoting, has to say to this. He continues as follows: "Whence arose this belief? Not in revelation or reason, not from argument or observation. The human race did not sit down and think it out, did not wait till Logic or Metaphysics would prove it, did not delay its belief till a divine revelation came to confirm it. It is an instinct inborn in man. It awoke in the heart as awoke the belief in God, the love of man, the sentiment of justice by the spontaneous action of the spirit within. Immortality is the writing of God on the soul of man, it is a desire that is part of his nature, deep as the foundation of his being."

Now these words will bear interpretation in a two-fold sense. A member of the Pickwick Club must be prepared to have his words taken in a Pickwickian sense. And I make no doubt that the writer's words are to be taken in a Kantian, or Transcendental sense. I shall so take them presently. Now, I would have you accept them in their more obvious or Common Sense signification.

At first sight, there is not much difference between this, and what I have just put into the mouth of my typical Scientist. The belief in immortality is an instinct, says one writer: it is a development of the universal instinct of self-preservation, replies the other. In short, both agree in saying, that we think ourselves immortal, because it is our nature to do so.

Well, if this be so, what then? The poor famine-stricken wretch, whose dreams are tortured by the wasteful feastings of the rich, is no nearer repletion for all those dreams of his. On the contrary, the cruel pangs of hunger gnaw him so much the more painfully. However, the

dream we have now under consideration, this everlasting life, is not quite such an unmixed evil. The instinct of self-preservation tends to the longer life of the individual and of the race. It has, for its purpose, to keep us healthy and strong : its development, this belief in immortality, has the result of keeping us good well-behaved children, as long as we are alive ; and that, too, is distinctly good for the human race that is, as well as for the race that is to be.

And after death, does it matter whether our hopes are realised or not ? Who of what is there left to regret the frustration of hopes ? The play is over ; ring down the curtain on this would-be solemn farce ; and so, — Good-night. That petty, but subtly complex play of energy we call Life, is at an end, and is dissipated like the last feeble coil of smoke that floats away from the candle as it flickers out and dies in its socket. We die, and what does it matter really, to us or to any one ? Who is any the worse ?

“ *Coronemus nos rosâs, cras enim moriemur.* ”

“ Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.” And, once again, what does it matter ? From the point of view of the Positivist, the Materialist, it matters not at all. Shall puny man never be made to understand how entirely he is of absolutely no account whatever ?

“ I have been taught to understand
A sad Astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
Passionless, pitiless, innumerable eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.”

Ah ! the cry of the student of the Positive Sciences has an echo in every human heart. If the desire for life is strong enough to create the belief in Immortality, is not the fear of death, that dread certainty, as powerful to chill us to the very marrow of our bones ? I have a notion that to every grown man comes, at least once, that moment of despair, that haunts us with its wailings so painfully in some of the minor poets, but what of him who has known the fulness of that horror of annihilation ? It is not to be shaken from its hold by the strongest instinct of them all. It is too terrible to contemplate, and madness lies that way, and so, Religion, with a voice as sweet as the whisper of an Angel, tells us, “ We shall not all die.” “ *Non omnis moriar,* ” echoes the poet.

And in the presence of this terrible dread have we nothing but the dreams of poets, based on an instinct for our sole and lonely support and comfort ? A poor satisfaction indeed !

However, let me remind you that this instinct is not put forward as a self-sufficing proof. We have yet much to add. And next comes the thought of the emotional basis of this belief, or hope of immortality. This offers an easy and tempting field for the exercise of a little cheap eloquence. I shall avoid the temptation. It is an extremely simple thing I have now to put before you, and I do not see how I can better do so, than by adopting the method employed by Mrs. Hemans. The reader will recognise the story I am about to quote.

In her simple poem, "The Graves of a Household," Mrs. Hemans gives us all the basis we want. She describes the happy family of little children in the typical home-nest.

"They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee.
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount and stream and sea.
The same fond mother bent, each night,
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight:
Where are those dreamers now?"

This question is then answered briefly. The eldest lies buried in the heart of an American forest, where he had been killed by an Indian brave; the second, "the loved of all," was drowned at sea; the third killed in battle fighting bravely for his country; the last died of consumption in the fair land of Italy.

"And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree."

And then, in the last stanza of her simple lay, this Poetess of the Domestic Affections, voices the very point we have to consider.

"Alas for Love: if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth."

Sad, indeed, is it for Love, if death ends all!

"Sad, yes, very sad, indeed, but not impossible; perhaps, not even improbable." To this, again, we can only reply, "Impossible it is, because inconsistent with the notion of a good and loving God." At this stage, we must rest content with this. However, here, too, the instinct, this cry of the human heart for an unending partnership in love, has a deeper and a stronger tone, bearing a more assured message for the breaking heart it expresses and addresses, if we give it the fuller interpretation it may be made to convey. But of this, too, later on; there is much more to say, and I must be brief here.

The third part of this demonstration is based on the existence of evil, physical evil, pain and disease; intellectual evil, or error and ignorance, which the great Buddha looked upon as the source and root of all other ills; and, finally, Sin or Moral evil. This is the Common Sense aspect of the question, and I purposely abstract from the philosophical consideration of evil as the mere result of finity, as but another name for "limitation."

Look around you, and you will find ample reason to conclude that evil is victorious everywhere. "Nature red 'in tooth and claw" proclaims throughout the animal creation that "Might is Right." In the world of man, think what is meant by disease, by plague, by famine, by the complicated horrors of war too terrible to bear thinking of clearly. I have seen men dying of starvation. I have known an Indian family of respected social standing completely wiped out of existence, though consisting of twenty-six members. Thank God, that was in the early and virulent days of the plague. I do not read much consolation into the metaphysics, undeniably true though it be, which says,

"This world is only good, and ill
The shadow *that* must throw."

The nature of intellectual evil, or error, stands out all the clearer in the presence of evil it is not able to meet. Look at the helplessness of your most able reformers in the presence of the ignorance and prejudice that swamps the work of the greatest geniuses amongst them, as the sea waves sweep away the sandy walls that playing children build upon the beach.

And as to Moral evil, see, how, to deepen the darkness of the night, the foul bat-wings of the Adversary overshadow the whole earth, as though in successful effort to cut off every "ray of God's most holy light." Listen to Tennyson,—

"Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, ruthless violence, mourned
by the Wise,

"Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies
upon lies ; "

And again,

"Wealth, with his wines and his wedded harlots; honest Poverty bare
to the bone."

Or the cynical declaration of another mood,

"The poor in a lump are bad."

Who wins, Ormuzd or Ahriman, if death is the end of all things ?

And that opens out another dismal prospect. Not only is Vice victorious, but Virtue is all a failure.

"The wages of Sin is Death ; if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have the heart to endure for the life of the worm and
the fly ? "

But here, too, the Positivist and Materialist meets you with the same question as before, "What does it matter ? " Virtue and vice, good and evil, right and wrong, pleasure and pain ; what is it, all of it, worth ? Once more, he bids you stand under the infinite starry spaces overhead, and he asks you, in the words of the poet, whom I quote below,

"What is it all but a trouble of ants, in the gleam of a million
million suns ? "

And to his persistence, the man of Common Sense has nothing satisfactory to reply. What *does* the frustration of some generations of midges signify ?

And to intensify the discomfiture of our highest and noblest aspirants, the Pantheist takes sides against us. Hear him :

Above the boundless desert borne,
A dot of dust drives on,—
Will that wild wind her absence mourn,
When back to earth she's gone ?
A little space she may but fly ;
Lo ! now, her course is sped,
And countless æons must she lie,
Tomb'd, motionless and dead.

Upon an ocean infinite,
A speck of spray doth glow ;
For myriad ages, she, unlit,
Has slept in depths below :
A moment bright, lo ! it doth pass
Back to the deepest deep,
For myriad ages, 'neath that mass,
Borne to a sunless sleep.

Abysmal space, with star-dust strewn,
Lies limitless around,
Where sun and planets, earth and moon,
Are barely to be found,—

If, there, one ether-thrill should start
From planet's satellite,
What glory can that ray impart,
When lost in endless night ?

And thou, thou lump of moulded slime,
Thou food of worms confest,
What is there in thy life sublime,
If parted from the rest ?
How soon thy years—three-score and ten—
Pass like a breath away :
O foolish, foolish sons of men,
Who toil and grieve and pray.

The dust, the spray, the light,—each lies
Merged in the mighty whole ;
As once, no more, though otherwise,
They yet may find a soul.
And Man, proud Man, is such as they,
Of Pan the passing thought ;
Then live, love, laugh your little day,
To-morrow thou art not.

To the Pantheist, we shall reply later, if we can. Here, we must not forget what has been said above. The simple-minded have to hold fast to the one sheet-anchor, their belief in a Personal God, Who is, in some way, pleased to be interested in the work of His own hands. Man's instinctive belief in his own immortality is a proof only in conjunction with the supposition that there is a God, infinitely Good and Just and Holy. It ill consorts with the conception of holiness to deem that it should create rational, emotional beings, thrilling with love and hope, quivering with pain and fear, that it should have made death a certainty, should have led us, invincibly, by the nature we derive from Him, to crave for eternal life, and then, should have left us to die out and out, fooling us to the top of our bent, to the very last, with a bitter irony that we cannot imagine of Him Whom, with trusting lips, we call "Our Father." There is an infinitely good God Who has led men, by the very nature of their being, to expect immortality ; therefore, we are immortal.

And do not despise this proof. It is a valid argument. It gives scientific certainty, if not an insight into metaphysical truth, and to the

Scientist, it ought to be as satisfying a generalisation as the Law of Gravity. Who knows what matter is? Who knows what gravity is? We accept it because it explains the universe, that lies pervious to our senses. Similarly, with a good God, a Divine Providence, accepted, as a working hypothesis even, and we, too, may explain the world. Who knows what God is? Who knows what the soul is? From our present standpoint, I say, we have an eternity to spend in trying to learn something of both. Now, it is enough that, taking these for granted, we may solve the painful riddle of Life. With it chaos becomes cosmos; the farce of life an epic; evil a probation; the atom, Man, a match for the infinitudes of space revealed by the Milky Way—in the everlasting duration of his existence, he has a year to spend in every single orblet that dances round the twinkling suns. The Scientist, at any rate, has, henceforth, no right to question the everlasting life of the soul until he can supply us with a more satisfactory "working hypothesis": nay, has not the theory, by now, crystallised into a law: The souls of the just shall live for ever?

To sum up, the immortality of the soul, and the existence of a Divine Providence supply an adequate explanation of the universe; if no better theory be forthcoming, all the laws of scientific method warrant the drawing of the induction; therefore, the soul *is* immortal.

Are there no other and better theories? Others there are; whether better or not is for you to judge.

(To be concluded)

CHARLES A. DOBSON.

Agra.

IBNE ADHAM : OR THE SAINT-KING.

(Concluded from our last number.)

MANY instances are related of his love of mankind and his truly charitable disposition. While staying with some fellow-Derweishes in the midst of winter, in an old creaking Musjid which had a door full of holes like a sieve, he stood for the whole night before the door to keep the bitter wind beating against his poor friends.

While travelling, with a fellow-Derweish, his friend fell ill. The saint nursed him most tenderly and spent all he had with him. As his friend wanted some more comforts, the saint sold his riding donkey and procured them for him. When his friend became well they set out again on their travels ; but as his friend did not like the idea of walking, as he felt still a little weak, the saint carried him full three manzals on his back.

While passing through a street he saw a man dead-drunk, his face and mouth filthy with the drink. The saint fetched water and cleansed his face and mouth with it, saying, " It is not meet that the mouth which uttereth God's name should remain filthy." When the man heard of what the saint had done, he repented of his folly and cured himself of his bad habit.

The saint's good humour never failed him. While going to the forest to cut wood a proud lashkari (common soldier) mistook him for a slave, and accosting him roughly asked the way to " the Basti " (literally, population). The saint replied, " I am no doubt a bondsman," and pointed to the graveyard, meaning *there* is the " population." This vexed the proud soldier, and he assaulted the saint. The people gathered, and when the fellow knew whom he had assaulted, he fell on his knees and asked for mercy. The saint

replied, "I bless thee for it, for the wronged one is nearer his Lord than the wrong-doer. I answered thee aright, for I am His bondsman, and the graveyard daily gets an increase in its population, while the city now-a-days is getting depopulated."

When asked whether he had ever seen a truly charitable person, the saint replied, "At Mecca I went to an hair-dresser and having nothing with me to pay him, I said, 'Trim my hair for thy Lord's sake.' He kissed my forehead and trimmed my hair as he would have trimmed a King's or an Amir's. I told him I would pay him whatever I got at the very first opportunity. A little while after this, one of my disciples sent me a purse of pure gold Dinars. I took the purse to the hair-dresser and offered it to him. He said, 'O Ibne Adham, what a simpleton thou art. Did'st thou not say, "Do it for thy Lord's sake." I did it for His Love and I won't have anything in return for it.' I said, 'look here, these are Dinars of pure gold.' He answered, 'O miser, true wealth lies in the possession of a rich mind and not in gold and silver.'"

If a Derweish share his scanty meal honestly gained by the sweat of his brow with his brother Derweish, it is perhaps an act of charity more acceptable in the sight of God than the giving away of some superfluous thousands by a millionaire, which did not add to his comforts, but which were rather an encumbrance to him and which he generally gives for gaining vain titles and earthly glory. We do not ~~for~~ a moment deny the fact that those thousands contribute to the comforts of his fellow-brothers and relieve their sufferings. But the question is whether such charity goes to enrich the heart of the donor. The spirit can only redeem itself by paying the ransom of Divine selfless Love. The smallest coin of action with the stamp of love upon it and unalloyed by a selfish motive contributes to this ransom. "If thou beamest upon thy fellow-brother with a smile, it is charity." "If thou fillest his bucket with water from thy own, it is charity." It is always humble because it looks to the greatness and goodness of God. The Persian poet perhaps felt the same emotion when he spoke in exaggerated terms in the manner of his own kind, "If there be an ant endowed with speech, if there be an hair endowed with life and Love—I am that ant, I am that hair."

That our saint knew how noble is the pain of Love can be

gathered from his answer to a day labourer who, returning home one evening dejected and sorrowful, for he had not earned any wages for the day to supply his family with the evening meal, saw the saint sitting in all composure and envied him his lot. The saint replied, "I would gladly exchange all my righteous deeds for this thy hour's selfless sorrow for those whom thou lovest." This reminds one of the sentiments contained in the Persian poet Attar's lines—"No rank's vainglory for me, I would sooner have pain of love—its longings—its yearnings. For Love's pain is man's sole birthright. Angels feel it not though they may feel love. Insipid would be the possession of both the worlds if thy heart is void of Love's ecstasy of pain—its yearnings—its hopes.

"Let the infidel delight in his infidelity and the believer in his faith—an atom of Love's anguish would disengage Attar's heart of both. Then grant me, O thou who art my pain's relief, the pain of thy Love which alone is my Life."

According to the Sufi doctrine, the component units of this great integer, the Universe, are but the bubbles that bubble out of one ocean of Love. In its bubble state, the individual bubble has its activities and movements in proportion to its limited capacity. But while it is merged in the endless ocean it is the ocean that acts with its unlimited powers and activities and not the bubble. We shall relate now one or two instances out of the many of the supernatural powers assigned to this Saint.

Once an old acquaintance, who knew him in his former days of kingly power, saw him on the banks of the Tigris sewing his patched garment. He taxed him for what he had left in exchange for a poor Derweish's life. The saint threw his needle into the waters below and a thousand fishes came out each with a gold needle in its tiny mouth. The saint demanded his own and a tiny fish came out with his needle and raising its head placed it at its feet.

The true Derweish never asks any favours of others for himself, for he is resigned to the will of his Lord. It so happened that Ibne Adham had to remain without food for seven successive days. He was more thankful to his Lord for he was nearer Him, for "the Lord loveth the patient." On the seventh day, pressed down by hunger, he said, "I ask of thy mercy to give me food." Presently

a youth appeared before him and invited him to dinner. The saint was led to a spacious mansion richly furnished. When the host gazed at him attentively he recognised him and exclaimed, "Of a surety thou art Ibne Adham, my master. I am thy slave whom thou purchasedst when thou wast king of Balkh, and all this is of thy bestowal and legally thine." The saint granted the slave his freedom and all that legally belonged to him (Ibne Adham) and left the place, saying, "I will never ask my Lord again for myself."

One of the most pathetic stories related about this saint is the meeting between the father and his son, between the husband and his wife after a lapse of many years. Ibne Adham's only son was a child when his father left his family amidst the romantic circumstances we have described. When the prince grew up he yearned to meet his father. With his Queen-mother and four thousand attendants the prince set out for the pilgrimage of Hajj as he knew that his father was at Mecca at that time. When he arrived there he was informed that his father went daily to the forest to cut wood. The prince next day took the way to the jungle and saw the saint carrying a pack of wood on his back to sell in the bazar. The prince's heart was touched. His father seemed also to recognize him. Next day one of the saint's disciples brought the prince with his mother in the presence of his father. Paternal love surged in his heart and he embraced his son warmly and seated him on his lap. He questioned him as to his creed, whether he knew the Koran and had any share of learning. The prince answering in the affirmative, his father's heart was filled with joy. Meanwhile, the people gathered to see this strange interview and said to one another, "Now will he leave us and his noble work for his people." The saint suddenly exclaimed, "O Lord protect us," and the Prince lay dead in his arms. The people exclaimed, "What has befallen thee, Ibne Adham?" The saint replied, "Divine Inspiration came unto me and whispered in my heart, 'Wouldst thou now claim a selfless Love for us?' and I prayed 'O Lord, if my love for thee is not selfless then part one of us from the other.' The arrow hit the mark against my son."

Every noble sentiment born of Divine Love, though small in its extent and activities at its birth, finding a congenial place in the human mind and fed by the sweet waters of love, rises and

swells into larger and still larger proportions, irrigating and fertilising many a barren thought on its onward march till it joins the ocean from which it derived its original water and assumes the ocean's activities and movements. This is illustrated in the holy Koran where the Lord saith of Ibrahim, the prophet of God, "And so did we show Abraham the domain of the Heavens and of the Earth that he might be one of those who are established in knowledge. And when the night overshadowed him he beheld a star. 'This,' said he, 'is my Lord' : but when it set he said, 'I love not those that set.' And when he beheld the moon uprising, 'This,' said he, 'is my Lord', but when it set he said, 'Surely, if my Lord guide me not, I shall be of those who go astray.' And when he beheld the sun uprise he said 'This is my Lord, this is the greatest,' but when it set he said, 'Oh my people, I share not with you the guilt of joining gods with God. I verily turn my face to Him who has created the Heavens and the Earth, turning aside (from everything else) and I am not one of those who take partners with the Lord.'"

The prophet's thought rests awhile on the twinkling beauty of the gem-like star, but he feels conscious of its setting. Then the moon, the Queen of night, with her soft beauty, appeals to his imagination, but she too obeys the same law. Then his imagination goes forward and views the sun with its eye-piercing light and brilliant rays. But his reason concludes that all these powerful agencies are subservient to the fixed laws set for them by their Divine Master, whose must be the Supreme Beauty, the Supreme Power, the Supreme Wisdom, and who suffers no decline of any sort, and the prophet exclaims, "Verily, I turn my face towards Him, turning aside from everything else". Henceforth Divine Love rises superior to every obstacle in his way. He recks not threat, insult and ignominy, even the torture of burning alive in fire ; it rises above the supreme Parental Love that rises in his bosom, and he is resigned to His will when ordered to sacrifice his son.

In conclusion we give below some of the words assigned to this saint.

(1) Mark thou the man who knoweth his Lord ; his mind is always contemplating and taking lessons ; and his tongue uttereth those lessons in praise of his Creator's goodness ; his acts are subservient to the Divine will ; and his mental eye is always engaged in

discovering the beauties of his Creator's art in what His hands have wrought.

(2) The traveller on this path has three curtains before his eye ; when he removes them, he sees the treasure he is in search of ; were he offered the kingdom of both the worlds he should not rest contented, for whosoever is satisfied with the created, forsaking his Creator, is selfish, and the selfish in the end is disappointed.

Secondly, were the kingdom of both the worlds snatched away from him he should not grieve for the loss, for this shows narrowness of mind : and the narrow-minded shall be punished ; thirdly, he should not allow any flattery or bestowal to seduce him, for it shows a lack of loftiness of spirit to be thus tempted away from one's purpose, and the low spirited is confined in a narrow sphere out of which he cannot come."

(3) "Tie what thou openest and untie thou what thou tiest, *i.e.*, tie thy tongue and untie thy purse strings."

(4) (To one who had wronged his soul and asked the way to be righteous). "When thou thinkest of doing wrong, do it after thou hast done these six things—partake not of thy daily bread, for it is of His bounty ; take thee out of His protection and His Kingdom and do it where He seeth thee not—for it is shame adding unto shame to do it under His very eyes while thou eatest of His bounty and livest under His kingdom. Turn away the Angel of Death when he cometh to take thy life away and the two angels Munkar and Nakir when they come to question thy spirit after thy passing away from this life, 'Who is thy Lord ? Refuse thou to take the path to Hell when they lead the righteous to Heaven and the wrong-doers to Hell. If thou canst do these things, then prepare thee against Death before it overtakes thee ; know thy Lord before the question is put to thy spirit, "Who is thy Lord ?" ; and be of the righteous so that the Angels may lead thee to Heaven."

(5) "I have four chargers to ride upon—I ride on gratefulness to meet His Bounty ; on sincerity when going forth to do any righteous deed ; on patience to battle with a hardship ; on repentance to meet His forgiveness."

CONCLUSION.

The famous poet of Shiraz in one of his odes says, "Last night

I saw the angels knocking at the door of the wine-house ; they kneaded Adam's clay with wine."

The wine-house surely is in its full swing. Every new comer has his destined cups given to him in the ever-circulating round by the hand of the Divine cup-bearer. But the cups are, mixed with their wine-dregs. It is left to the drinker's choice not to allow the fumes to raise false phantasies before his eyes, preventing him from seeing the Cup-bearer's Divine Beauty. Every cup should reveal to him a new charm, a new beauty in the Cup-bearer hidden before ; till the time when his spirit is fully intoxicated with these Divine Love-cups, losing his "Self" in the unconsciousness that should follow, nothing should remain before his mental eye, but the Supreme Beauty of the Creator. Then he should have acquitted himself of the Divine "trust offered to the Heavens and the Earth and the mountains, but the burden of which they were not equal to bear," but which, as Hafiz says, fell to the lot of a poor mad-cap in love like himself.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

Gentlemen of
India.

What is a gentleman? A certain writer asked himself this question many years ago, and declared that it "still stands unresolved." Gentlemanliness, he came to the conclusion, was, like genius, "to be well discerned by rare and sympathising souls, but not to be defined." Yet the idea of a gentleman has been discussed by English writers since at least the middle of the fourteenth century, and Dr. Smythe-Palmer has brought together a vast number of quotations in a volume of more than 500 pages. Cicero defined *gentiles* to mean those "who bore the same name in common, who were sprung from free-born parents, and none of whose ancestors had ever been enslaved or deprived of their civil rights." When the Roman Empire was overrun by the Goths, the *gentiles homines*, as the conquerors were called, rose in honour and esteem, and those who bore the name of Romans fell into contempt. In the fourteenth century in England, *gentillesse* denoted nobility. A gentleman was originally "a man of birth and family and of distinguished ancestry." It is a remarkable proof of the homage paid to personal worth in all countries that in course of time it came to be understood that no one could be a true gentleman who, in addition to his ancestry, did not possess certain moral qualities. An old writer has said :

In whom is traathe, petee, fredome and hardynesse,
He is a man inheryte to gentylnesse.
Of thisse virtues iijj, who lakkyth iijj.,
He aught never gentylmane called to be.

In the sixteenth century another writer remarked : "Gentlemen be those whom their race and blood, or at the least their vertues, doo make nbble and knowne." Ideas concerning the respect due to ancestry have changed since the fourteenth century; yet that

element in the idea of a gentleman still survives. Only last year a writer observed in a leading English journal that the word "gentleman" is commonly intended to describe "a man in whom good birth is accompanied by certain appropriate qualities, such as chivalrous instincts and fine feelings, without any reference to the attributes of softness, meekness, patience, humility and tranquillity of spirit."

Dr. Smythe-Palmer has a rather brief chapter on the "Gentlemen of Other Nations;" in which the oldest quotation is from an Egyptian document dated about 3300 B. C., and the latest from an article in the *Times* on the Japanese *Bushido*. It is interesting to know that the Egyptian moralist taught 3,300 years before Christ : "If thou art known for thy wealth and art become a great lord, let not thy heart become proud because of thy riches, for it is God who is the author of them for thee. Despise not another who is as thou wast : be towards him as towards thy equal." Humility and courtesy have been the marks of a gentleman in all civilised countries from times immemorial. Indeed, the learned compiler of these quotations holds that even the Buddhist definition of a Brahman, ascetic or friar, "corresponds very closely to that of our gentleman." This is not quite in accordance with the view quoted above, that meekness and tranquillity of spirit are not among the essential attributes of an English gentleman to-day. The fact is that each society evolves its own peculiar type of a gentleman. That type is a product of history—political, military, economic, religious, and intellectual. The complete idea of an English gentleman would have been somewhat different from what it is, if there had been no crusades and no universities in Europe, no feudal system and no rise of the middle classes. The type of an Indian gentleman described in Sanskrit literature would have been different if there had been no caste system, with the Brahman at its head, no revolt against the rigid doctrine that birth fixes a man's caste, no division of a twice-born man's life into four stages. The social eminence accorded to the Brahman, learned but poor, respectable but dependent on the generosity of others, tended to develop a type of gentlehood differing in some obvious respects from the acknowledged English type. A Brahman cannot be quite synonymous with a gentleman if, as the Sanskrit writer has it:

Nor study, sacred lore, nor birth,
The Brahman makes : 'tis only worth.

Each caste has its own ideal of a gentleman. Dr. Smythe-Palmer's identification of a gentleman with a divine or an ascetic is somewhat misleading. If any Indian, talking one of the Sanskrit languages, be asked to translate the word "gentleman" into his mother-tongue, he is in nine cases out of ten likely to reply that a gentleman is a *grihastha*—literally, a householder. And the nearest approach to the Indian ideal of a gentleman may be found in Manu's elaborate description of the duties and qualities of a *grihastha*, rather than in the controversial literature about the true nature of caste or of Brahmanhood. Manu's chapters contain a great deal that cannot be of interest to the Western reader who wishes only to find out what the Indian ideal of a gentleman is. That "law-giver" lays down minute regulations concerning the performance of certain religious and other duties, as well as the etiquette which a householder should observe in society. But several of his injunctions are relevant to the subject under our consideration, and they enable us to understand why a modern Indian thinks that the nearest approach to a gentleman, as he is called in English, is a householder, or *grihastha*. A man becomes a householder when he marries, and attains the second of the four stages into which a Brahman's life is to be divided. He has finished his studies, and he is a more or less learned person. Is not education one of the essential qualifications of a modern gentleman? Enumerating the advantages by which gentlemen are "severed and discriminated from the vulgar," an English writer of the seventeenth century said : "I begin with that advantage which they are earliest possessors of, that of an ingenuous and refined Education." A bachelor may be a gentleman in England. But has not Bacon remarked that a married man gives hostages to fortune? And does not a married man acquire a new sense of respectability, a new kind of refinement, and an additional degree of gentleness and compassion for one's fellow-creatures? There are two other stages following the householder's life : after a certain age, when the family tree has put forth a sufficient number of branches, blushing flowers and fruits, the householder is expected to retire from the active management of the affairs of his family into sylvan seclusion, and finally to renounce all

concern with the affairs of this world. The gentlemanliness would survive in these stages as part of one's character, but there would not be much occasion to show that feature of character in society. Gentlemanliness is specially needed by a *grihastha*.

A *grihastha*'s first duty is to treat the ladies of his own household with honour and consideration. "Where women are honoured, there the Gods rejoice; but where they are not honoured, there all rites are fruitless"—so says Manu: "Therefore they are ever to be honoured at ceremonies and festivals, with ornaments, clothes and food, by men who desire wealth. In what family the husband is pleased by his wife, and so also the wife by the husband truly prosperity is ever firm there." There are good reasons for pleasing a wife. As the *Mahabharata* says:

A spouse devoted, tender, kind,
Bears all her husband's wants in mind,
Consults his ease, his wishes meets,
With smiles his advent ever greets.
He knows, when forced abroad to roam,
That all is safe, with her at home.
In doubt, in fear, in want, in grief,
He turns to her, and finds relief,
When racked by pain, by sickness worn,
By outrage stung, by anguish torn,
Disturbed, perplexed, oppressed, forlorn,
Men find their spouses' love and skill
The surest cure for every ill.

Manu was not a sentimentalist, but he was sufficiently susceptible to feminine charms to declare that a woman's mouth, like that of a bird, is ever pure. Another serious teacher of old said that whatever the faults of a wife, she should not be struck even with the bud of a flower. Chivalry is one of the essential traits of a gentleman's character. There is perhaps not much chivalry, as the term is understood in the West, in the women of one's own household being honoured and pleased with food, dress and trinkets. But as Manu did not contemplate woman appearing in public in the society of men, he had no occasion to recommend honour of women in general. Indeed, he laid down that no man ought to "honour" another man's wife. The translator cannot bring out the precise

meaning intended by the law-giver to be conveyed by the word "honour." If expressions like "feeling an interest in a lady," "paying marked attentions to a lady," be translated into the Indian vernaculars, they would not convey the same meaning to Indian readers as the English expressions convey to English readers. The limits of propriety in social dealings cannot be indicated by a single word or phrase. At least one historian of India has observed that the Kshatriya idea of chivalry is somewhat different from that of the Brahmans. As Rajput women are secluded, one does not find frequent opportunities of seeing how a Rajput gentleman behaves towards ladies. Colonel Tod has written : "*C'est aux hommes à faire des grandes choses, c'est aux femmes à les inspirer*, is a maxim to which every Rajput cavalier would subscribe, with whom the age of chivalry is not fled."

One of the most important duties of a householder is hospitality. "Reverence to a guest," says Manu, "brings wealth, glory, long life, and heaven." Though Manu's treatment of different castes is in many respects highly invidious, and much of his code is imbued with the caste spirit, he would have a guest treated with respect, whatever his caste may be. As between guests of different castes, he would serve Brahmans first, and other castes afterwards in the order of their social respectability. But as regards the householder's own position, his rule is that the householder and his wife should eat after the Brahman and other guests, and his own servants also, have eaten. The wife, however, is not to eat with her husband ; she must wait until he is filled. Intimate friends and affectionate relations would not mind rules of precedence : they may eat whenever they like, even after the householder has taken his food, and along with his wife. While difference of caste does not prevent hospitality, even a Sudra guest being fed before the host himself, Manu is hard upon moral lapses and religious nonconformity. Coupled with the injunction, "Let no guest abide in his house unhonoured," there is another : "But he should not honour, even by speech, heretics, those who do wrong acts, pretenders to virtue, the fraudulent, rationalists; and hypocrites." It may be doubted whether these rules were strictly observed. Heretics and rationalists, if they professed their creeds openly, might be distinguished from the orthodox believers. But hypocrites and pretenders to virtue would

not be experts in their art if a host could easily distinguish them from honest men. The spirit of the injunction no doubt is that politeness and courtesy are due to virtue and not to unrighteousness and vice. Hindu society has undergone a change since Manu's time, and the change is not altogether for the better. It is doubtful whether the duty of feeding a Sudra guest before the host takes his food would be acknowledged by a Brahman householder at the present day. As regards servants, Manu's meaning might have been that they may eat before the master, only when there are guests of their caste received in the house, and it would be polite to ask the servants to keep company with them on behalf of the host. Manu, however, says that ordinarily a Brahman's guests would be men of his own caste. Unrighteousness is not a bar to hospitality at the present day. A Brahman convict returning from the Andamans is not in a worse position than a Brahman barrister returning from England.

A Brahman *grihastha* need not be rich, but he is advised to "accumulate wealth, without pain of body, by his own proper blameless occupations, as much as is necessary for subsistence." His usual occupation is to minister to the spiritual and educational wants of others, but the military profession, agriculture and trading are allowed to him in case of need. In all cases self-help is recommended to him: "Whatever act depends on another, one should avoid that with effort; but what may depend on one's own self, one should follow that strenuously." The following rules of etiquette are worth quoting: they show that the spirit of gentlemanliness is essentially the same in the East as it is in the West, while the outward expressions of that spirit may and do differ:—

One should not voluntarily step over the shadow of Gods, a *guru*, a King, a student returned home, or likewise of a spiritual teacher.

One should speak truth, and speak what is pleasant; one should not speak unpleasant truth; one should not speak pleasant falsehood.

One should say "Well, well!" or may say merely "Well!" One should never have fruitless enmity and disputation with any one.

One should not find fault with those deprived of a limb, or who have one in excess, those who have no learning, or who are advanced in age; also those deprived of beauty and wealth, and those deprived of caste.

One should salute old men if they come, and one should give them

one's seat. One should sit near them with the hands joined, and go after them as they walk.

One should not be restless with hands and feet, nor restless in the eyes, crooked in behaviour, or talkative, or meditative on mischief to others.

One should never have a dispute with a sacrificial priest, a domestic priest, and a teacher, with a maternal uncle, with a guest, with dependents, with a child, with an old or sick person, with a physician, with paternal relatives, kinsmen, or maternal connections, with one's mother, and father, with female relatives, with a brother son, and wife, with a daughter, or with servants.

Manu does not draw fine distinctions between religious, moral, and social duties. Duties may be many and may vary according to time, place, person, and circumstances: Duty is one. Some of his rules are of more interest to the sociologist than to the moralist. The injunction not to tread on the shadow of certain persons is very suggestive to readers of Herbert Spencer.

A German writer has propounded the theory that European manners are ultimately traceable to Eastern countries. The very word "courtesy" bears witness to the influence which the manners of the royal courts had upon the etiquette of the people generally, and it is believed that the etiquette of the courts of European sovereigns was at one time powerfully influenced by the imitation of the formalities observed among Mussalman rulers and courtiers. The stateliness of Muslim etiquette is proverbial: it impresses not only European observers, but even non-Muslim Asiatic observers. Dr. Smthye-Palmer does not give a sufficient number of quotations from the literature of Islam, to show what the Mussalman ideal of a gentleman is. In many respects it is a grand ideal. To show what constitutes the real inwardness of gentleness, as distinguished from social conventions, which are sometimes accidental in their origin, we may quote a few injunctions from the Prophet's own sayings. They are binding on Mussalmans of all countries and relate to several of the duties and traits of a gentleman noticed above. The Prophet hath said:—

No father hath given his child anything better than good manners.

True modesty is the source of all virtues.

God is gentle, and loveth gentleness.

That is the most perfect Muslim whose disposition is best ; and the best of you are they who behave best to their wives.

The rights of women are sacred : see that women are maintained in the rights attributed to them.

God enjoins you to treat women well, for they are your mothers daughters, and aunts.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The proposal to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's Proclamation was discussed by the Native Press last month in a friendly and appreciative spirit: the silence of the Anglo-Indian Press was remarkable. It was understood that there was no desire at Simla to give prominence to the anniversary of the great historic event, notwithstanding Mr. Buchanan's announcement in the House of Commons that the Secretary of State wished to make some sort of statement concerning the contemplated reforms on the occasion of the jubilee of the Crown's direct assumption of the Government of India. It may be that the scheme is not simple, and could not possibly be got ready in time to arrive at a decision before the 1st of November. But the attitude of Europeans in India is chilling. The habit of referring to the Proclamation as a charter of rights, which has been honoured in the breach more than in the observance, is perhaps responsible for the hesitation in many quarters to celebrate the event with which it is associated. There may be reasons to apprehend the conversion of an occasion of joy into one of spiteful criticism of Government. In some provinces there may be some such risk. The political atmosphere has long been surcharged with electricity and obscured by mist and cloud. Yet there are other provinces where the local Governments and the European community might very well have thought of utilising the auspicious occasion for bringing the different races together to recognise their common bond of citizenship, under the influence of those sentiments which the Queen's Proclamation alone inspires. The spirit of suspicion and coldness, with which that document is treated in quarters where something more generous and tactful is expected, is not a sign on which one may congratulate the country, whatever shape the Secretary of State's reforms may finally assume. An honourable exception to the rule is Madras, where it

has been resolved to utilise the fiftieth anniversary of the Proclamation as a convenient and welcome occasion for loyalist demonstrations. The local Government will co-operate with the citizens, and altogether the example of Madras redeems a situation which is as uninviting as it is unfortunate from every point of view.



Turkey has been occupying a large portion of men's thoughts in India, particularly among Muhammadans. It was said recently by an ex-Viceroy of India and a great orator that Japan's cry of triumph had been caught up like a thunder-clap in the whispering galleries of Asia. Turkey's achievement in introducing a constitution is a triumph of peace, and not of war ; but the jubilations of young Turkey have resounded throughout the whispering galleries of the Moslem world. Indian Muhammadans have sent congratulations to the Sultan as much on the grant of a constitution to his subjects as on the completion of the Hedjaz railway. His Majesty the King-Emperor, who, on his accession to the Throne, declared himself to be a constitutional sovereign, has very appropriately congratulated the Ruler of Turkey on his appearance among the galaxy of constitutional monarchs, and the spirit of friendship, no less than the tact and love of peace, underlying the message to the Great Ottoman, has caused unmixed satisfaction to his Majesty's Mussalman subjects in this dependency. A shadow is cast on the sunny landscape by the action of Bulgaria and Austria, which has created a stir in the Courts and Parliaments of Europe.



One of the questions raised in the Government of India's letter to the Local Governments on the proposed reforms was the best way of safeguarding the interests of the minorities, particularly Muhammadans, in any scheme of broadening the basis of Government, and of associating the people more closely with the work of administration. The proposal submitted by a Muhammadan deputation to the Viceroy, to secure adequate representation of that community in the Municipalities and District Boards, was to create special Muhammadan electorates. The Bombay Government, while increasing the proportion of elected members to two-thirds in municipalities fit to enjoy that privilege, has decided not to introduce communal electorates. In reply to a representation made to the Governor by a Moslem deputation, His Excellency explained how the Muhammadans stand at present in

the various municipalities, and how the Government proposed to give adequate representation to the minorities without creating communal electorates. Tabulated statements have been published showing that in most of the municipalities the Muhammadan councillors are not fewer in number than the proportion of Muhammadan electors would warrant. It may be assumed that other Local Governments, too, will hesitate to introduce the principle of communal electorates.



The Government of India has received scores of communications, from individuals and associations, as well as public meetings, assuring it of loyal support and of the general abhorrence of bombs and resort to violence in political agitation. The majority of the people of India are constitutionally averse from the use of force, and most educated men are sufficiently clear-sighted to perceive that no society can rest on force, and no progress is possible without peace. There can be no doubt that the Government has the hearty support of the general community in its crusade against violence and true sedition. This, however, does not mean that the present system of administration is accepted as perfect or that the educated classes are satisfied with the privileges they now enjoy. The Governor of Bombay congratulated Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji on his 84th birthday and expressed the hope that he would live to see the present clouds in the political firmament pass away. His Excellency heard in reply that the unrest would abate with the introduction of popular reforms and the restoration of faith in British justice. While giving this reply to H. E. the Governor, Mr. Naoroji at the same time entreated his countrymen to desist from violence, and to seek redress for their "many and just grievances" by peaceful and constitutional methods. The last public meeting held up till now to denounce anarchism was that of the Parsi community in Bombay: it was compelled to adopt Mr. Naoroji's words. No better proof is needed to show that Dadabhaism is making steady progress, though etonators are not in favour.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOD'S RELATION TO THE UNIVERSE.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—I heartily welcome the Rev. Mr. Greaves's very useful and excellent review of my article on "The Vedantic Theory of Māyā" in the August number of *East & West*. I will attempt in this paper to sum up very briefly my views on the subject with special reference to some of the points suggested by the able reviewer.

On the subject of God's relation to the Universe, the Rev. Mr. Greaves believes the Christian Theist to be "far and away a more thorough-going Monist than the ordinary Vedantist." Let us first analyse the position of the former, which, as I take it to be, is in a great measure similar to that of the good old Bishop Berkeley, who held God to be the Infinite Spirit, "the Supreme Mind," the Home of Energy; and the Universe a manifestation of *Energy*, which could reside only in "Spirit" and not in anything like Locke's "supposed but unknown support of qualities." It is plain enough that from this standpoint Matter is supposed to exist not in its psychological sense, but in its ontological sense of "energy," as stated above. This seems to be a pretty rational way of looking at the problem. To sum up, then, the Christian Theist regards—

God=Infinite Spirit=Home of Energy.

Universe=Energy manifested.

Now this theory evidently seems to be the doctrine of Māyā in a new garb ("Energy"). If we then take Maya=Energy, the parallelism of the two positions may be roughly stated as,

God—Energy—Universe.

Brahman—Maya—Universe.

As God is conceived to be the Home of Energy by the Christian Theologian, so Brahman is supposed to be the Substratum of his power, termed Maya. This interpretation of Maya is sure to be accepted by the majority of Christian thinkers as rational. But even then it is clear that the Vedantin is in no way more dualistic than his brother, the Christian Theologian.

The only difficulty comes in when we consider the question of Reality. The Christian Monist says that the world is *real*; the Vedantin proclaims its *unreality*. The latter's point of view is extreme Rationalism, and he knows of no other real existence than the one Brahman. But the former would at once say—"Don't we *perceive* the world to be real?" To this the latter would reply—"Your perception and its objects are all illusory, just as in your dream you seem to actually perceive certain objects, which as long as the dream lasts are quite real to you, though in their essential nature they are not, because they do not survive the dream-state". The Vedantin should not be misunderstood that he denies the reality of the Universe in its *vyavaharika* state; he only means that in its own essential nature it is unreal—nothing but an illusion, an *adhyasa*.

Even on his own premises the Christian Monist is not quite justified in holding the *reality* of the world. He grants that the world is the effect of God as the *efficient* cause and *Energy* as the *material* cause. Now, an effect *qua* effect is always unreal; it is real only when it has merged itself back into its cause. The world, therefore, as it exists, is unreal. But even "Energy" cannot be regarded to have any independent existence; in its causal state it is one with God. Only then can "Monism" be saved, otherwise this word would seem to be a misnomer when applied to Christian theology. If Berkeley said that finite spirits in their nature of spirit are real, so also says the Vedantin that the *atmans qua atmans* are real. The Vedantin's own way, however, of stating this problem is that the Universe being nothing but *âsat*, *jada* and *dukha* cannot be created directly by Brahman with his antithetical nature, *sat*, *chit* and *ananda*. Hence the need of the intervention of Maya, the phenomenal Brahman, to perform this function. In this connection it is imperative that the distinction between the qualified (Saguna) and the non-qualified (Nirguna) Brahman should not be lost sight of in order to understand clearly the theory of Maya.

I am not inclined to draw a hard and fast line of demarcation between Vedantism, Theism, Pantheism, &c., as the Rev. Mr. Greaves seems to do. These phases must overlap each other and all are contained more or less in Vedantism. Even what is called true Theism cannot keep itself totally aloof from Pantheism; it must lie midway between all-immanency and all-transcendancy; it is, in the words of Martineau, "a sort of reaction from Deism and Pantheism." And true Vedantism is more Pantheistic than Theism, though finally in its conception of the absolute Brahman it shakes off all these aspects and turns into perfect *Advaitism*. It is not difficult then to justify the position of the sentence objected to, *viz.*

"Brahman appears many and qualified." Let it savour of Pantheism, but Pantheism is merely Brahman's Maya-aspect in our Vedanta.

That Maya signifies "an inexpressible power of Brahman" must be accepted by all true Vedantins, as the interpretation is based on the authority of our most fundamental texts. I am glad to note that this interpretation is more congenial to Christian Monists. In fact, as is well pointed out by President Hall, of New York, the higher Christian Philosophy is not incompatible with those presuppositions concerning the Universe that are absolutely fundamental in Indian thinking. The Rev. Mr. Greaves is inclined to suppose that I regard Maya as possessed of *real* existence. That I do not. I have already shown in my previous article that it is "some inexpressible power of Brahman," neither *sat*, nor *asat*, nor *sat+asat*, the last, however, being a contradiction in terms.

The Rev. Mr. Greaves contends that in the example of a rope being thought as a snake, though the snake is not real, the *thought* of a snake is. But we are not concerned here with thought-in-itself. None would deny that *thought qua thought* is always *real*; but the point is that in this case of perceptual illusion, not the sensations themselves but their *interpretation* (*i.e.*, thought) is false, hence unreal.

My reference to Kant and Hegel was simply to show that they also realised the mysterious nature of the problem of the Universe as related to God, and that at some important point they seem to agree with some aspects of our Vedantism. I may even now add that some elements of our theory of Maya are doubtless contained in the doctrines of some European thinkers as well. Shall I not be justified in saying that some aspects of Maya are logically and essentially involved in the ancient school of Eleatic Philosophers and in that of Plato as well? Are these absent—even in the modern period of Philosophy—from Spinoza's conception of the One Substance (God) with his doctrine of Modes and Attributes? I leave these points to be reflected upon by the reader without expanding them myself, fearing the letter may grow lengthy.

In my previous paper I did not discuss in particular the doctrine of "*Man* as related to God," because the subject, though coming under Maya, broadly speaking, is not so akin to it as "*God's relation to the Universe.*" In fact, an exposition of the latter may be said to furnish a clue to the former, which can surely be written upon at length in a separate paper.

In the end, I may be allowed to say that while rejecting our Vedanta theory of Maya, the Christian Philosophers, as a rule, either argue in a circle by coming round again to Maya under the name of Energy, or

build up a system that stands on no firmer footing. They have, as a matter of fact, no hesitation to agree with Ramanuja's school of Vedantism, which stops with the Phenomenal Brahman, and goes no further to the Noumenal, involving as it does the conception of *Bhakti* (devotion, love). But a true and systematic interpretation of Shankara's school, "the so-called severe type of Vedantism," is bound to satisfy the craving for the ethical aspect of God as well. *Bhakti*, self-sacrifice, love, fellow-feeling, &c., are not destroyed but encouraged in the *vyavaharika* state, i.e., as long as the *atman* is conjoined with its limiting adjuncts (*upadhis*) of body, mind, &c., and at the same time a thoroughly rational conception of God is not suffered condemnation.

I again thank my learned friend, Mr. Greaves, for the great interest he has shown in my paper. His thoughtful review has helped me on to think over the problem more critically, and to state some of the points in a more definite way, though on such crucial problems the final word can hardly ever be spoken.

Yours faithfully,

PRABHU DUTT SHASTRI.

Lahore.

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A MASTER INTERPRETER OF JAPAN.

THE great change which has taken place during the last ten years in the position of Japan in the polity of nations, a change the effects of which have been felt throughout the civilised world, gives exceptional value to the researches of the late Lafcadio Hearn into the character of her people and the determining influences that have made that character what it is. That a member of an alien race and of mixed parentage should have been gifted with intuitive insight into the inner meaning of the traditions of an Oriental nation is indeed a remarkable and almost unparalleled phenomenon, especially when it is remembered that when Hearn first landed in Japan, he was already forty years old, a disappointed and disillusioned man, weighted with chronic ill-health and poverty, and with nothing to sustain him but his own lofty determination to live worthily, and to do to the best of his ability whatever work he might be able to procure.

The account of the early struggles of the future interpreter of the mysteries of Japan, as told by his friend Miss Bisland, in the brief biography serving as introduction to his collected letters, is of enthralling interest and contains a number of early autobiographical reminiscences revealing a unique and highly strung temperament. The son of Dr. Hearn, an Irish surgeon of the 26th Foot Regiment, and his wife Rosa Cerigote, a lovely Greek lady of noble family, Lafcadio was born in 1850 on the island of Leucadio, after which he was named. The story goes that his parents fell in love with each other at first sight, and that Rosa's brothers, on discovering their attachment, waylaid the soldier and stabbed him, leaving him for dead. Life was not, however, quite extinct, and the brave Greek girl, who had witnessed the tragedy, managed with the help of a servant to carry her wounded lover to a barn, where she tended him secretly for some weeks. On his recovery she ran away with

him and married him according to the rites of her own church. The strangely assorted pair seem to have lived very happily together in spite of the fact that Mrs. Hearn was disowned by her relations, and when the surgeon was recalled home she accompanied him to Dublin, taking with her their two boys Lafcadio and James, aged six and three years. Fresh from her sunny native land and understanding no language but Romaic and Italian, the exiled Greek was bitterly disappointed with her new home, her husband's passionate devotion had long since cooled, his relations looked on her askance, and though her affection for her boys led her to struggle for a time against her depression, she deserted them before she had been in Ireland a year, fleeing to Smyrna with a cousin she had summoned to her aid. Her marriage to Dr. Hearn was soon afterwards annulled, and he in his turn found another mate who undertook the care of James, whilst Lafcadio was adopted by his father's aunt, an elderly Roman Catholic lady, named Mrs. Brenane, who took him with her to Wales. The boy never again saw his parents or his brother, to all of whom he seems to have been deeply attached, and the next few years were full of suffering, so little was he understood by those who had charge of him. In letters to his brother quoted by Miss Bisland, the lonely boy reveals his pathetic yearning for affection, and makes many touching allusions to his lost mother, declaring that he would rather have her portrait than a fortune. "Do you not remember," he asks, "that dark and beautiful face—with large brown eyes like a wild deer's—that used to bend above your cradle?" Adding :

You do not remember the voice which told you each night to cross your fingers after the old Greek orthodox fashion and utter the "In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." She made, or had made, three little wounds upon you when a baby—to place you, according to her childish faith, under the protection of those three powers, but especially that of Him for whom alone the Nineteenth Century still feels some reverence, the Lord and Giver of Life.

From his earliest childhood Lafcadio seems to have been strangely in touch with the spiritual world, and to have taken an intense and no doubt somewhat morbid interest in the supernatural. In one of the autobiographical fragments found after his death, bearing the title "My Guardian Angel" and headed by a quotation from Faust, he says that at six years old he knew a great deal

about ghosts and goblins, firmly believing in them for the best of possible reasons.

Because I saw them both by day and by night. Before going to sleep I would always cover up my head to prevent them from looking at me; and I used to scream when I felt them pulling at the bedclothes. And I could not understand why I had been forbidden to talk about these experiences.

No attempt was made by Mrs. Brenane to explain away his terrors or to substitute wholesome thoughts for these uncanny imaginings, nor did any one teach him the primary elements of religion. The only prayer he ever learnt was the invocation of the Trinity that exercised a great fascination over him because of the use in it of the word ghost, but his efforts to find out what sort of a ghost was meant were always frustrated, though he seems to have had a dim idea that it was a beneficent rather than a hostile power, "not," he says, "in the habit of making faces at small people after dusk." It was a certain lady visitor to Mrs. Brenane, whom he calls "Cousin Jane," who first told the neglected child of God, but unfortunately the picture she drew was not of a loving Father, but of a stern unforgiving judge who would send him down to Hell to burn for ever and ever as a punishment for his ignorance. No wonder the sensitive boy hated the woman who threatened him with such a fate, and that the thought of her terrible words haunted him after she had left the house. He longed passionately, he confesses, that she should die, so that he might never see her face again, yet for all that some strange fascination led him one autumn evening to the threshold of the room she had occupied. As he stood gazing at the door, which was generally kept locked, he saw it slowly open and from it issued what he took to be Cousin Jane herself, but turned out to be only her wraith, for when he spoke to her she did not answer, and when he followed her she faded away after turning on him for an instant a face that was one hideous blur. Terror-struck, he fled from the awful vision of which he never dared to speak to any one, and when the real Cousin Jane appeared again upon the scene he shrunk from her with horror, though she seems to have been really kind to him, taking him out with her and buying him toys. Soon afterwards she was taken ill, and died in the room from which her ghost had issued, but after she was buried Laf-

radio feared her even more, wondering, he says, "whether the ghost of her could see through blood and flesh and bone into the miserable little ghost of himself."

The first revelation to Hearn of the beauty of the human form divine came to him through the discovery in a hitherto unexplored corner of his guardian's library of some books containing drawings of nude figures of the Greek gods and goddesses, which his starved nature at once welcomed as long-lost friends, for the boy evidently inherited the innate delight in ideal form of his maternal ancestors. His immediate recognition of the supreme loveliness of the figures, on which he gloated, seemed to him in after-life a proof that the "feeling they aroused was but a dim deep memory, a blood remembrance," and it was certainly prophetic of his later acceptance of the belief in the transmigration of souls, for in a most eloquent passage he expresses his conviction that in some previous existence he had himself worshipped the divinities of Olympus.

He who receives (he says) in one sudden vision the revelation of the antique beauty—he who knows the thrill that follows after—the unutterable mingling of delight and sadness—he *remembers*! Somewhere, at some time, in the ages of a finer humanity he must have lived with beauty. Three thousand, four thousand years ago: it matters not; what thrills him now is the shadowing of what has been the phantom of rapture forgotten. Without inherited sense of the meaning of beauty as power, of the worth of it to life and love, never could the ghost in him perceive, however dimly, the presence of the gods.

Alas! the lonely spirit that thus stood on the threshold of a new and fascinating world was not, until long afterwards, allowed to enter into his inheritance, for Hearn goes on to relate how one day the books in which he had taken such a supreme delight disappeared. True, they were returned some weeks later, but in a sadly mutilated condition, his censors, he explains, having been offended by the nakedness of the gods. Parts, he says, "of many figures, dryads, naiads, graces, muses had been found too charming and erased with a penknife . . . and all had been rendered breastless," whilst even the baby-loves had their lovely limbs concealed in bathing drawers "woven with cross-strokes of a quill-pen so designed as to conceal all curves of beauty, especially the lines of the long fine thighs."

To atone for this bitter disappointment Lafcadio's peep into the antique world of ideal beauty had fortunately opened his eyes to discern the charms of nature, and he tells how the glooms that had brooded over his childhood slowly thinned away; the terror was not yet altogether gone, but in the sunshine, in the green of the fields, in the blue of the sky, he found a gladness before unknown. He had in fact entered into his renaissance, and never again did despair take full hold upon him.

The attempt of Mrs. Brenane to bring up her ward in the Roman Catholic Church was of course predoomed to failure, so utterly hostile was the boy's Greek temperament to its teaching as interpreted by her, and although Lafcadio was for two years in a Jesuit seminary in the north of France and later for a short time in the Ushaw College at Durham, none of his tutors acquired the slightest influence over him. Whilst he was at the latter institution when he was one day playing the game called the "Giant's Stride," the knotted end of the rope thrown carelessly by one of his comrades struck him in the left eye, completely destroying the sight, an accident that added yet another to the many difficulties with which he had to contend. So far as can be ascertained, he left the College soon after the untoward incident, but his doings during the next three years are involved in great obscurity. All that is known is that from the age of sixteen to nineteen he was alone in London. Half blind and penniless, the money left to him by his aunt having never reached him, he wandered about seeking employment, which apparently he rarely found. He was even driven at one time to take refuge in a workhouse on the Thames, as proved by a letter to an old schoolfellow quoted by Miss Bisland, in which he graphically describes the horrors of the night in that dreadful place, when he used to hear windows thrown violently open, or shattered to pieces, shrieks of agony, or cries of murder followed by a heavy plunge in the river.

Rarely in later days did he refer to that awful time, but in one of his autobiographical notes he tells how he fled from London in the summer and begged his way from village to village, turning his hand to any odd job he could get and generally sleeping in the open air. He dwells especially on the delights of a hay-bed in a loft, the first bed of any sort he had enjoyed for many a long night:

After rolling up his thread-bare clothes as a pillow, he says, he crept naked into the hay and he contrasts his own lot with that of the well-fed farm horses, the warmth of whose great bodies filled the building, giving him the assurance of their large dumb tolerant companionship, and he quaintly compares their ignorance with his own knowledge, their value with his own insignificance.

I know (he says) that there are a hundred million suns; the horses do not know. But nevertheless they are worth, I have been told, fifteen hundred dollars each: they are superior beings! How much am I worth? To-morrow after they have been fed, I also shall be fed by kindly stealth, and I shall not have earned the feeding in spite of the fact that I know there are hundreds of millions of suns!"

At nineteen Lafcadio managed, at whose expense is not known, to reach New York, and very pathetic is the picture drawn by Miss Bisland of his sufferings there,

with no home other than a carpenter's shop, where a friendly Irish workman allowed him to sleep on the shavings and cook his meals upon the small stove in return for a little rough book-keeping and running of errands, yet through all his privations he managed to follow still the dream of beauty that had been revealed to him, leaving untouched on either hand the goods for which his fellows strove; falling at times into the mire, torn by the thorns that others evade, and often overtaken by the night of discouragement . . . but rising again from besmirchments and defacings to follow the vision to the end.

After a vain struggle to make a living in New York, Hearn drifted to Cincinnati, where at last he obtained remunerative work on a local paper, and for the next twenty years he supported himself as a journalist, travelling from place to place to collect material, keeping ever before him, however, his high ideal, and sometimes contributing to the ephemeral literature of the day true masterpieces of original prose composition as well as admirable translations of the works of his great French contemporaries, such as Théophile Gautier, Guy de Maupassant and Pierre Loti, of whom he was a true kindred spirit. Now and then, too, he found time to produce an independent work, in which he gave proof of an extraordinary insight into the workings not only of the Occidental but of the Oriental mind and an intimate acquaintance with the conditions of life in many different climes. His "Chinese Ghosts," published in 1887, might have been written by a native of the Kingdom of the

Mean; his "Chita," that he brought out two years later, is a wonderful realisation of the tragedy that in 1850 overtook the people of a beautiful island off the coast of Louisiana, and his "Two Years in the French West Indies" placed him in the very first rank amongst the descriptive writers of the day. In spite, however, of the great success of the last, the author appears to have been in continual straits for money, and in 1889 he gladly accepted a commission from Messrs. Harper to go to Japan and write for their magazine a series of articles that were later to be published in book form. This was really the turning point in Hearn's career, the initial step in what was to be the chief work of his life. He started in high spirits on May 8th, 1890, gaily taking leave of his friends, and little dreaming that he would never see any of them again in this life.

All too soon the bright prospect that had appeared to be opening for Lafcadio after his long struggle with adverse circumstances and painful conquest of tardy recognition was clouded over. He was accompanied by an artist who was to illustrate his articles, which it had been stipulated were to be of a bright and popular character, and in the course of conversation with him he made the unwelcome discovery that his collaborator was to receive a higher honorarium than his own. Strange to say this greatly angered Hearn, who was certainly not generally self-seeking, and with his characteristic want of worldly wisdom he hastily declared he would have nothing more to do with the enterprise. As soon as he arrived at Yokohama, therefore, he wrote to the publishers cancelling the engagement, and he even carried his resentment so far as to decline to receive the money due to him for work already published by them. Later, through the intervention of a mutual friend, he was induced to accept the latter, but meanwhile he found himself alone in a strange land with absolutely no prospects of obtaining employment. He had burnt his boats behind him, but help very soon came to him, a young American naval officer whose name, Mitchell Macdonald, deserves to be remembered, having introduced him to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, who was already what Hearn himself was soon to become, a sympathetic interpreter between the East and the West.

Thanks to the influence of the Professor, Lafcadio soon received the appointment of teacher of English at the Jinjo-chugakko or

the Ordinary Middle School at Matsue, an old-fashioned town at the junction of Lake Shinji and the Bay of Naka-umi, where the rage for Europeanisation had not yet set in, and where he was brought at once into touch with feudal Japan. As a matter of course, remembering what manner of man he was, he at once fell deeply in love with it, declaring it to be "the only civilised country that existed since antiquity." That it already held within it the seeds of the modernity he hated, was not revealed to him till considerably later, and for a time he yielded himself up unreservedly to the seductive charm of his environment, throwing himself heart and soul into his work and eagerly studying the characters of his pupils. So enamoured did he become of all things Japanese, that before he had been at Matsue a year he married a Japanese lady of high Samurai rank, Setsu Koizumi by name, who appears to have been a true helpmeet to him in spite of the fact that neither could speak the language of the other at the time of the wedding. The ceremony was performed according to native rites, for, as explained by Miss Bisland, to have been united according to English law under the then existing treaties would have deprived the bride of Japanese citizenship and compelled her and her husband to remove to one of the treaty ports, a course which would have been repugnant to them both. With characteristic chivalry, however, Hearn was unhappy at the thought that there was a possibility of the legality of the marriage being called in question, and he, therefore, determined to become a naturalised Japanese, a step that involved his adoption into the Koizumi family, and the acceptance of all the responsibilities of a native husband. To begin with, he had to take his wife's surname and to change his Christian name for a Japanese one, so that his identity became completely submerged. After some little consideration he decided to call himself Yakumo, that is the first word of the oldest extant Japanese poem, and means Eight Clouds, or the Fountain Head of the Clouds, a significant choice, typical of the mystery which was from henceforth to shroud the very existence of Lafcadio from his fellow Europeans. In nothing, indeed, is the wide gulf between Japan and the Western world more clearly illustrated than in the position of the married man who in the Island Empire has to support not only his wife and children but his wife's parents and grandparents. Moreover, he

must look upon their ancestors as his own and reverence their spirits, which are supposed to have presided at their union and to have the power of conferring weal or woe upon the married pair according to the treatment they receive at their hands. In the poetic justice of this worship of ancestors that is at the very root of the Japanese religion, Hearn fully believed, and as time went on he became even more fully convinced of the immortal truths that lie hidden beneath certain little-understood customs of his adopted country, a fact which gives a convincing force to his writings that they could not otherwise have had, crystallising as they do the views of one admitted into the very inner sanctuary of a typical Japanese home.

The first year of Lafcadio's married life appears to have been one of ideal happiness, but unfortunately the bitter cold of the winter at Matsue affected his lungs and eyesight, compelling him to seek employment in a less rigorous climate. He was transferred to the Dai Go Koto Gakko or Great Government School at Kumamoto, near the southern shore of the inland sea, and in his new home on November 1, th, 1893, his eldest child was born. From the first he loved the boy, whom he named Kazuo or the peerless one, with an all-absorbing devotion and his arrival seems to have bound him closer than ever to his wife and her native land. He himself undertook the education of Kazuo, and though later he had several other children, none of them rivalled his first-born in his affections.

The change to Kumamoto, though it was, so far as his health was concerned, beneficial to Hearn, wrought a complete revolution in his views on Japan, for he was there brought in contact with the new ideas that were leavening the old conservatism he had so greatly admired. It was in fact given to him to watch on the spot, and as it were from within, the extraordinary transformation that was brought about by a few bold spirits amongst the hereditary nobles, who dared to risk everything, even their own existence, for the sake of securing the future of their country, and recognised as no other aristocracy has ever done the urgent need for a radical reform in their order as well as in that of the lower classes. They foresaw that unless some power should arise capable of stemming the tide of the invasion from the West, Japan with the rest of the Orient was doomed to sink to the position of a conquered country, and with an intuition unparalleled in history they realised that it

was in the people themselves that they must look for such a power. That the Japanese were as a nation intensely opposed to innovation they knew full well, but they also knew how great was their patriotism and how readily they would obey their rulers if these rulers approached them in the right way. It was, therefore, to their instinctive patriotism and loyalty that the leaders of the Revolution, for it was nothing less, appealed, and the event proved their prescience. For the cry of away with foreigners was substituted by that of welcome to Europeans, and the fact that in its self-satisfied supremacy the West never dreamt that the true meaning of the new attitude towards it was a determination eventually to escape from its domination, was perhaps the most significant feature of the whole movement.

In the writings of Hearn, such as the "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," "Out of the East," "Gleanings in Buddha Fields," "Ghostly Japan," "Kwaidan," and above all "Japan: An attempt at Interpretation," completed just before his death, the underlying causes of the great upheaval are very clearly brought out, whilst in the later of the many interesting letters collected by Miss Bisland are many indications that though he was now bound to Japan by the closest ties of humanity, even he could never hope to bridge the gulf between the East and the West which to the end of time will remain fundamentally.

With a number of children of his own and all his wife's family to support, Hearn found it difficult to live on his salary at Kumamoto, and in 1896 he accepted a more lucrative appointment in the Imperial University at Tokyo where he worked happily and successfully until 1902, finding ever-increasing joy in the companionship of Kazuo, from whom he was never parted for a day. It was chiefly for the sake of this beloved son, and also because his eyesight gave him cause for anxiety, that he determined to avail himself of the Sabbatical year of vacation at the University to take Kazuo to the States and show him something of the western world. He had arranged to give a series of lectures that would have brought him a considerable sum of money, but he broke down just before he was to start, and though he recovered to a certain extent his doom was practically sealed.

As soon as he was able to work again, he accepted the offer of an appointment in the Wasada University, and he was greatly cheered

by a request he received from the London University that he would go over and give some lectures there, for he had always craved for recognition in England. He had just completed his last book, the "Japan" that was to make him world-famous, and was eagerly expecting the proofs from New York—so eagerly, says his wife in her touching recollections of him, that he declared he could hear the sound of the type-work. When he had seen the book through the press, he would go to Europe and take Kazuo with him ; but alas ! he was never to start on the journey, for on September 26th, 1904, as he was walking in the verandah of his house after writing a cheerful letter to his friend Captain Fujesaki, then serving on Marshal Oyama's staff, expressing a hope to see him in the spring, he suddenly fell down unconscious. He never spoke again, and a few hours later he passed away, with his faithful wife, who was soon to become once more a mother, beside him, and his children around him. In accordance with his own wish, expressed in "Kwaidan," that was published just before his death, he was buried according to Buddhist rites in a remote corner of the cemetery outside Tokyo. He was the first foreigner to whom this honour was accorded, and for this reason an extract from the account of the ceremony given by an eye-witness deserves quotation here.

The procession left his residence at half-past one and proceeded to the Jito-in-Kobu-dera Temple in Ichigaya . . . First came the bearers of white lanterns and wreaths and great pyramidal bouquets of asters and chrysanthemums; next men carrying long poles from which hung streamers of paper *gohei*; after them two boys in rickshas carrying little cages containing birds to be released, symbols of the soul released from its earthly prison. The emblems were all Buddhist. The portable hearse, carried by six men in blue, was a beautiful object of unpainted, perfectly fresh white wood, trimmed with blue silk tassels and with gold and silver lotus flowers at the corners. Priests carrying food for the dead, university professors and a multitude of students formed the end of the procession. . . In the comparative darkness of the Temple, against a background of black lacquer and gold, eight priests chanted a dirge. Their heads were clean-shaven and they were clothed in blue with several brilliantly tinted gauze robes imposed. After a period of chanting punctuated by the tinkling of a bell, the chief Japanese mourner arose from the other side and led forward the son. Together they knelt before the hearse, touching their foreheads to the floor, and placing some grains of incense

upon the little brazier burning between the candles. A delicate perfume filled the air. . . . The wife next stepped forward with expressionless face, her hair done in stiff loops like carved ebony, her only ornament the magnificent white *Obi* reserved for weddings and funerals. She and the younger boys also burnt incense. The chief mourner and the eldest son again bowed to the ground and the ceremony was over.

"The body was, of course, cremated, and the ashes only interred, a stone marking their resting place bearing the inscription "Shōgaku In-Den Jōge Hachi-un-Koji," which being interpreted signifies : "Believing Man similar to Undeified Flower blooming like Eight Rising Clouds who dwells in the mansion of Right Enlightenment," a quaint realisation of the character of Hearn, whose spirit seems to haunt the ancient graveyard, where, to quote his own eloquent words: "Everything is beautiful with a beauty of exceeding and startling queer-ness, for each stone and tree has been shaped by some old old ideal that no longer exists in any living brain, and even the shadows are not of this time and sun but of a world forgotten, that never knew steam or electricity or magnetism."

Many were the touching tributes to Yakumo Koizumi that appeared in the local press, his friend Amenomori likening him to a lotus flower and calling him an ideal poet, thinker, a loving husband and father, and a sincere friend, adding : "Within that man there burned something pure as the vestal fire and in that flame dwelt a mind that called forth life and poetry out of the dust, and grasped the highest themes of human thought"—an appreciation only rivalled by that of Yone No-guchi, who wrote: "Truly he was a delicate, easily broken Japanese vase, old as the world, beautiful as a cherry blossom. Alas; that wonderful vase was broken! Surely, we could lose two or three battleships at Port Arthur rather than Lafcadio Hearn."

In his children, especially in Kazuo, who is said to greatly resemble him and to have inherited some of his literary talent, he has left behind him a sacred trust to his adopted country, and it may be that at no very distant date the outside world may hear of them as carrying on the work of their father, pursuing as he did truth for its own sake, unbiassed by any worldly motive. That their mother will keep their father's memory green in their young minds no one who has read her touching reminiscences of her lost

Yakumo will doubt, for to her he evidently appeared almost a supernatural being in daily touch with the mysterious spirits of the other world.

NANCY BELL

London.

NATURE'S FAVOURITES.

High climbs the wild brier, and faintly she blows,
When pink grows the East at the flushing of morn,
While the poppy beneath like a red cinder glows,
Set deep in the heart of the yellowing corn !

Grey brown is the eagle that soars to the sun,
And brown is the lark on the blue summer skies,
While under the brake, where the dull waters run,
With the flash of the sapphire a kingfisher flies !

And the bee that makes honey is umber of hue,
While the scavenger beetle that burrows the earth
Is burnished with amber, and purple, and blue,
Flashing up from the ground like a jewel of worth !

If the Phoenix * of flowers has the lowliest stem,
If the veriest grub hath the emerald's sheen,
And the hedgeworm shines out like the costliest gem,
Shall the toilers of earth be accounted as mean ?

Heaven seeks out her meanest, to shower on these,
Her loveliest tints, and her daintiest hues,
While the wind shakes her pearls from the loftiest trees
The daisy is holding her holiest dews !

M. EAGLES SWAYNE.

France.

* A mountain gentian so-called by "Ouida."

MUMUKSHA.

MUMUKSHA, or Desire for Liberation, is an instinct rooted deep in human nature. It is as ancient as the bondage which gives rise to it. While the desire for liberation is rooted in the spirit, the sense of bondage is owing to matter. The bondage is self-imposed, the chains were forged by the hands that wear them, and will be flung aside by the very same hands, when no longer needed. The bondage has a purpose to serve. In the long course of the evolution that lies behind, the existence of the bondage was first realised at a certain stage ; and with this realisation came the effort to throw it off. The struggle which then began, has been a long-drawn war, bringing victory for the one or the other as the circumstances of the situation required it. In the stress of the conflict and the clash, at times, the sense of bondage overpowering the sense of freedom holds its own, and brings despair and darkness; at others the tables are turned and the sense of freedom overpowering that of bondage rules supreme, and creates visions of hope and light in the glory of which no despair and darkness can endure. But there are moments, lucid intervals we may call them, when the two are balanced and their relative places and proportions are understood. It is then that the plans of the future are laid, and the struggle begins afresh, until at last that which seemed to bind, is understood as having served, the chains, ceasing to be fetters, are realised as steps of a ladder, which have helped us to heaven. In the Hall of Freedom, these chains are hung up as mementoes of past victory and instruments of future service.

While still in the struggle, it is well to understand the nature of the bondage and the means of overcoming it, so that the bonds ultimately be loosened and lie at our feet to be used as we choose.

This rope of bondage is made of threads many and variegated,

each thread in its turn partaking of the nature of the rope. Political bondage is a threadlet in such threads, but not therefore less important or less cramping. It certainly has its place in the rope, but is not the rope. Its breaking, it is true, weakens the rope, but does not break it. There are two ways in which the breaking of the bond may be brought about. The rope may be taken as a whole and broken as such, or the threadlets may be taken one by one and snapped one after another. While the former process is speedy and efficacious, the latter is tedious and hardly fruitful, when we look to the abiding results instead of to the immediate but evanescent ones. The pursuit of Wisdom is the one method of breaking it as a whole, tried during ages of Hindu experience, and proclaimed by those who have tried it with success.

The desire for liberation, as it ordinarily exists, is very feeble, and until it becomes intensified, is of no real value. But intensified desire is a terrible force for destruction if it goes out of control. A long course of training must, therefore, precede this intensification. But to save time the course is so arranged that the intensification proceeds side by side with the training. So that, at the end of it, the desire becomes a yearning so real and so mighty that its touch alone tears the bond asunder, and we are free. Not only are we free, not only are we glorified and wise, but we serve as a beacon light shedding the light of our glory on the path of those who are still faltering behind.

This discipline is worth our serious attention. Belonging primarily to the department of religion and spirituality, it has its lessons for all other departments of human activity, where freedom is longed for. It begins with Viveka, Discrimination, distinguishing the real and the unreal, the eternal and the non-eternal, the immediate gain and the remote but lasting one, whatever may be the immediate aspect of it. This is at once an intellectual training and a process of purification of the intellectual vision, with the progress of which one reality after another is flung aside as unreal until the Supreme Reality is seen. It is a process of growth and elimination. Virag, disattachment, the true sense of proportion, is another process proceeding side by side with the first. As unreality is understood, as the inner nature of things is more and more seen, those that first attracted cease to lure, those that first repulsed cease to drive back,

and new attractions and repulsions spring up before us, until the stage is reached where attraction and repulsion cease to be regarded as objective, and lose their force. But this presupposes a mental, emotional and physical training which must be gone through; for without this triple stamina, neither Viveka nor Virag is possible. Control of mind, the senses, and the body, as well as a gradual assimilation of the various virtues must be steadily practised. When these lines of the Great Discipline are pursued in the right spirit, the desire for freedom gets strengthened until at last it becomes a yearning so deep, a longing so profound, that no arts of men, nor of gods either, can stem its tide. It crushes nothing while it enlivens all, until it bears on its bosom the Glorious Soul, no longer a slave but a saviour.

What a profound lesson for men in all departments of life! What is true in one is true in all. There may be differences in detail, but none whatever in the broad outline. May we not then take a lesson from the scheme of Spiritual Progress, and apply it to the Political? Viveka, Virag, Shadsampatti and Mumuksha are all needed here as there. This above all is the scheme of our salvation, individual, social, as well as national. The Indian Problem is a problem the like of which is not to be found in any recorded history. Here in India, we have an ancient land made sacred by the dust of the feet of Shri Krishna and his messengers, with its ancient civilisation having its springs as fresh as ever. It is like the mighty ocean the waters from which return to it again in new forms as rivers and streams. The later cultures that sprang from it and spread in various directions have returned to it in various streams to rest on its bosom. Floating on these streams came the Parsees, Moslems, and the Christians, each with gifts to Mother India. While nations have grown by the fusion of races and tribes, humanity grows by the fusion of nations. The soil of India was consecrated by divine hands on the field of Kurukshetra to form the crucible where such fusion of nations shall take place, and out of which fusion a humanity will grow which shall establish its kingdom on earth, not for the purpose of oppressing the weak but for the purpose of protecting and elevating them, not for the purpose of claiming prerogatives but for the purpose of granting them, not for the purpose of ordering obedience, but for the purpose of commanding

it. This in Divine Dispensation is the goal towards which we are moving.

Long and weary, indeed, is the way and strewn with thorns. For thus alone will that patience, forbearance, fortitude, and above all faith, be evolved which is needed for the mighty task. All nationalities are equally important, each with its strength and weakness. Therefore let us not be impatient with any. Do we forget so soon that to err is human? Have we lost faith in that Divine Providence in whose hands even the mightiest of nations but plays like so many bricks in the hands of a mason? Let us not forget, in the passion of the moment, that we are to-day what we made ourselves yesterday and what we build to-day is the to-morrow: the present, the to-day, is past our moulding. Let us not then blame others for what we are to-day. These others are but mere visible instruments of the forces set going by us in the past. Let us, therefore, realise where we are and what we are, calmly and coolly. Let us fix our gaze on the goal and move steadily onward with each step firmly laid forward, never hesitating, never faltering. In the chorus of the tread of these different nationalities, while each will send forth its own tune, the Hindu tune will prevail, as the predominant factor, but all the same the music of the march will be neither Hindu, nor Mahomedan, nor again Christian; but it will be a richer harmony yet unheard and undreamt of.

Let us, then, work towards that Ideal, remembering the fact that the whole compels the part and not the part the whole. A part may seem to predominate, seem to become all-absorbing and even aggressive, but remember that it cannot endure, being only but a passing phase. For it is an unnatural monstrous growth. Therefore, instead of rooting it out as useless weed and throwing it out of the garden, like a careless gardener, pluck it out carefully and tenderly as useless in the spot where it grows, and remove it to the hedge where it will serve to protect more beautiful growths, or guide its growth in a fashion so as to convert a hindrance into a help; or at least preserve it as manure for future use.

In all this, again, we will need no small amount of Viveka, Virag, Shadsampatti and Mumuksha. For we must remain national to the core, in everything, until we merge in the humanity yet to be. Let us be up and doing, let us organise knowledge, let us organise courage

and fortitude, let us organise trade and industry, let us organise labour ; but at the same time let us not forget that these depend upon our organising and purifying student life, family life, the life of thought and the life of supreme sacrifice. Let not the immensity of the task stun us. Let it, instead, be an inspiration to ever-increasing and well-regulated activity, as a supreme Duty, a sacrifice at the Altar of our Divine Mother, not separate from our equally Divine Father, in the hope and faith that we may be permitted to be the pioneers of the coming humanity that is in the womb of our common mother, the Mother of the World—work too mighty for our tiny hands to leave any time or strength for our breaking one another's petty idols.

P. H. MEHTA.

Cambay.

WEIRD STORIES FROM THE SPANISH.

(Translated from the Original of Gustavo Becquer.)

I.

THE PHANTOM ORGANIST.

MAESTRO PEREZ is a poor, blind organist, whose entire life is dedicated to music, in whose soul burns the veritable "feu sacré" of musical inspiration. From an old organ, in one of the most insignificant churches of Seville, he would elicit such strains as mortal ears had never before heard ; the time-worn, battered instrument, under his fingers, became a magic thing.

It is especially at midnight mass on Christmas Eve that Maese Perez, the maestro, as we will call him, puts forth all his powers.

On this particular night, however, the vast congregation seemed to have come for nothing, to be doomed to a cruel disappointment. The service begins, but the familiar figure of the old musician fails to appear. Like wild-fire, the rumour now spreads throughout the church : Maese Perez is ill ; Maese Perez is mortally stricken, and will never touch his beloved organ again !

When consternation had somewhat subsided, and another musician was about to ascend to the organ loft, a second murmur—this time of joy and relief—ran through the building. The frail form of Maese Perez was seen being borne to his place in a chair. Pale, feeble, evidently in the last stage of bodily weakness, he had insisted on fulfilling his best-beloved task of the year : not the commands of the physician, not the tears of his daughter, could stop him.

The celebration of High Mass recommenced, and soon came that solemn moment when the priest gently raised the Host ; a

cloud of incense floated about the altar, the bell signalled the elevation, and Maese Perez, with trembling fingers, touched the keys.

First was heard a slow, prolonged, and majestic harmony : a vast volume of sound, as if the combined prayers of universal humanity were here made vocal. Like the lulling of a mighty storm it died away, soon to be followed by a soft and gentle murmur—the caressing voices of angels wending their way earthward.

Next was heard the sound of hymns chanted from afar, a thousand in one. At first, seeming but one, by degrees the ear could distinguish air and accompaniment ; both most marvellously beautiful, thrilling each hearer to the very soul. And gradually, the elaborate combination of harmonies grew simpler, easier to comprehend, till only two voices were heard. Finally, one ; that one, clear, piercing, metallic. The priest bent down, the sacred emblem showed faintly through a cloud of incense, and still the sustained note of the maestro expanded into a more and yet more magnificent burst of harmony. Each separate note seemed in itself a complete theme, a superb melody ; this near, that remote ; one low-voiced and tender, the other fiery and passionate. The waves of ocean, the murmur of forest leaves, the notes of woodland birds, the summer breeze—all earthly and heavenly voices of men, angels, and God's manifold creations—were now made one by music, their voices pouring forth a glorious hymn in honour of the Nativity.

The crowd listened with bated breath ; every eye moistened ; every bosom heaved with pious emotion. The priest's hands trembled in that supreme, unutterable moment. The symbol he touched, the emblem, that angelic as well as human voices seemed to salute, became much more. It was as if the Heavenly Presence made itself visible to mortal eyes !

The organ was still heard, but its many-toned voices now died away one by one. Soon the deep hush pervading the church was only broken by a cry—the wail of a woman in despair. A last murmur, soft as a farewell sigh—the instrument gave forth no more. The service was abruptly stopped. All was suspense and confusion till the report reached the crowd—"Maese Perez is dead."

True enough, the musician was found lifeless at his post. By

his side was his daughter, calling vainly upon his name, pressing the once magically-endowed hands to her heart.

But, although the blind organist's earthly career was over, he continued, it was believed, in spirit to visit his beloved instrument. Christmas Eve came round again ; a foolhardy musician of third-rate ability, who had envied Maese Perez his renown during the old man's time, ventured now to replace him. What was the astonishment of the congregation to recognise the marvellous touch of Maese Perez himself ? There was no mistaking the fact. No other fingers could have elicited such sounds. It was a veritable cascade of melody—celestial harmonies such as those are said to hear whose spirits are about to quit their mortal envelope ; strains caught rather by the understanding than the senses ; notes like the caressing murmur of summer winds, the kissing of forest leaves, the trills of the lark winging its arrowy flight towards the empyrean ; seraphic quires with cadence and rhythm unknown to the children of men ; hymns that rise to the very throne of the Most High—all these were now given forth with the poetic mysteriousness, religious fervour, and inspiration of old. As to the unhappy man who had ventured to fill the place of Maese Perez, he descended the organ-loft, pale as death, paralysed, stricken with terror. All knew why. Other hands than his had touched the keys that night !

Another year has passed. Once more it is the eve of the Nativity. The Abbess of the Convent of Santa' Inez and Maese Perez's daughter talk in subdued undertones as they sit in the dimly-lighted choir of the old musician's church. The bell summons the faithful to prayers ; but only a few worshippers obey the summons. One at a time these stragglers enter, touch the holy waters, and take their places.

"You see," whispered the Mother Superior to her young companion, "your timidity is groundless. Hardly a score of people have come ; everybody is flocking to the Cathedral. Do then, play the organ. You are among friends only. What can make you hesitate ?"

"I am afraid," replied the young girl, shrinking back.

"Afraid ? Holy Virgin ! Of what ?"

"Holy Mother, I know not. Of something supernatural. Last night I heard you say that you wished me to play at Mass to-night ;

and proud of the honour, I thought I would go into the church and practise a little, so as to get accustomed to the instrument. It was dusk when I came here, and not a soul was in the place. Far away, like a star shining on a dark night, burned the lights of the high altar. By those lights I saw—reverend Mother, I am speaking the truth, and nothing but the truth—I saw a figure seated before the organ. He sat with his back turned towards me and began to play the most wondrous strains mortal ears ever listened to. Suddenly he moved. I was going to say that he looked at me. That he could not do, for he was blind. It was—it was my father ! ”

“Bah, Sister ! away with such fancies—mere temptings of the Evil One. Say a Paternoster, an Ave or two to St. Michael, leader of the angelic hosts, and he will drive away the evil spirits. Here, put my own rosary round your neck—it has just this moment touched the reliquary of St. Pecomio—and go to your place, fearing nothing. See, the hour has struck ; the faithful await the elevation. Be sure your sainted father will look down and bless his child upon this solemn anniversary.”

The Mother Superior now took her seat among the nuns. The trembling girl, daring no longer to disobey, rose, slowly opened the door of the little staircase, and climbed to the organ-loft.

The service began, and nothing unusual occurred till the consecration of the Host. Then the organ pealed forth a glorious improvised strain, above which rose a piercing cry. The Mother Superior, followed by the nuns and some of the congregation, hastened up the staircase.

“Look at him—my father,” cried the fainting girl, pointing with trembling fingers to the seat she had just quitted.

Nothing was seen ; but still the organ continued to give out the same wonderful melodies of former Christmas Eves. No visible fingers touched the keys. The musician’s stool was empty.

II.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN.

“Leash the dogs, blow the horn, let us be off and away,” cries Count Alonzo. “It is All Saints’ Eve, and we are on the haunted mountain.”

“The haunted mountain, what may that mean ? ” asked Beatrice

of her cousin, as the handsome, aristocratic pair, superbly mounted, rode towards the town.

Alonzo explained how, in former days, the Knights Templars had a monastery on the spot mentioned, a territory wrested from the Moors and made over to these soldier monks by the King, to be defended by them against aggressors. This measure gave great umbrage to the *Hidalgoes* of the neighbourhood, between whom and the new-comers arose war to the knife. Under pretext of a monster hunt, both parties prepared for a final trial of strength, the result being a downright battle. The mountain was covered with the slain, and so fearful was the slaughter that the monastery was vacated by royal order. Both cloisters and chapel became a mere heap of ruins, and the entire region was deserted—by the living. Not by the dead ! From that time, when All Saints' Eve comes round, a phantasmal hunt takes place on the mountain. The ghostly huntsmen glide hither and thither, the affrighted stags utter cries, the wolves howl ; next day, footprints of skeleton feet are seen in the snow.

Such was the story told in careless tones by the young man to his cousin, one of those imperious, almost soulless beauties, only capable of measuring devotion by the power thereby acquired over the adorer.

Alonzo loves Beatrice, but feels that his cause is hopeless. As the two chat together that evening after the banquet, he hesitatingly begs her acceptance of a jewel. It is the custom on All Saints' Eve thus to exchange gifts. And she had noticed this jewel fastening the plume to his hat. Will she accept it ?

" I foresee what will happen," he added, sadly. " We shall soon be separated. The life of a Court, already familiar to you, will entice you from us. Do take this keepsake, and give me one in return."

" Why not ? " replied the girl, with a strange, cruel glitter in her eyes. " You remember the blue scarf I wore at the hunt to-day ? I intended to give it to you, but now it is lost."

" Lost, and where ? " cried the lover, overjoyed at this apparent sign of interest and affection.

His looks told her he would go to the world's end in search of her scarf.

" I lost it somewhere on the mountain," was the reply.

"On the haunted mountain?" Alonzo murmured, turning pale, and sinking back into his chair.

"Listen," he began. "You know well enough that I am a fearless hunter. No one has ever seen me turn my back upon peril of any kind. Were it any other night of the year, I would hasten to the mountain in search of your gift. But to-night—why hide it from you? I am afraid. There are sights on All Saints' Eve that curdle the blood of the doughtiest, that blanch the hair as he gazes, that turn the living into shapes of terror"—

He paused; his cousin's look had startled him. A contemptuous smile played on her lips. As she rose to stir the fire, she laughed derisively.

"Ghosts, wolves, darkness. To look for my sash under such circumstances? The thing, of course, is not to be thought of."

Those mocking words were hardly uttered ere Alonzo's resolution was taken. Rising hastily, with a hurried word of adieu, and paying no heed to her lukewarm remonstrance, he hastened away. A few minutes later she heard the sound of horse's feet on the courtyard. He had ridden off in the direction of the haunted mountain.

Bitterly was the coquette to rue her wicked caprice. The Knight never returned; but the first object on which Beatrice's eyes lighted at dawn was her scarf. Stained with blood it lay there, brought back by ghostly hands in the dead of night. Next day his body, the prey of wolves, was found amid the scenes of yesterday's merry hunt!

III.

THE WITHERED LEAVES.

There are moments when, having passed from abstraction to abstraction, the mind loses hold of actualities; bent on self-analysis, we seem able to comprehend the mysterious phenomena of man's inner life. At other times, the thinking part of us seems freed from the physical envelope, bursts the bonds of personal existence, and becomes one with Nature.

It happened that on a certain autumn day, I found myself in the last-named mood. As I idled away the hours out of doors, I overheard the following dialogue. Two withered leaves discoursed thus:

"Whence come you, sister?"

"The whirlwind has just let me go, after I had been driven hither and thither with others of our kind."

"And I have been drifting on the stream, till a gust, stronger than the rest, swept me from my temporary resting-place amid mud and reeds."

"Whither wend you now?"

"Whither indeed? Does the wind itself know, the wind soon to bear me once more aloft?"

"Ah, me, sister, who could have dreamed that we two should one day lie thus, cast aside, faded, of no account, on the ground—we who so lately danced gaily, clothed with brightness, informed with light."

"Do you remember those exquisite days in which we first burst into bud? That lovely, serene morning, when, springing as from a cradle, we sought the sun, our hues of dazzling emerald?"

"Do I remember, indeed? Ah! how delightful to swing on the breeze on those airy heights, to drink in air and light through every pore."

"And ah! how sweet to behold the stream below, bathing the rugged stern supporting us, to live between two heavens, the azure sky and the bright blue water reflecting it."

"We loved to watch our own images there, ever shifting in the limpid waves."

"And to sing, imitating the sigh of the breeze, and the rhythm of the flowing waters."

"Around us—you remember them?—danced insects—with jewelled wings."

"Whilst gorgeous butterflies skimmed the air in circles, their brief hymeneals hidden in the leafy covert."

"Then we were as notes in the vast symphony of the forest."

"And a tone in the harmony of universal colour."

"Do you remember on moonlight nights, when metallic light made resplendent the mountain-tops, how we whispered amid the shadows below?"

"Recalling the fables of sylphs, who swing on golden cobwebs betwixt branch and branch."

"Till we paused to hearken to the nightingale plaintively sing."

ing close by. It brought two lovers to the spot, a fair girl listening to fond vows ; and ere summer was over, she had faded with the leaves."

"She rests in the tomb. But we, too, when shall we finish our journey?"

"When indeed? The wind that bore me hither summons me again. I am wafted aloft ; adieu, sister, adieu."

IV.

The events herein narrated are said to have taken place during the French occupation of Spain. A young French officer, quartered with his company in the church of a monastery, professes himself enamoured of a statue there—that of a beautiful lady in marble, kneeling beside the figure of her husband. These two *chefs d'œuvre* of the sculptor's art adorned the Lady Chapel. This young dragoon was, however, far from worshipping his idol after the pious fashion of a Pygmalion. His fancy rather takes the form of bravado. He summons his comrades to a drinking bout in the church itself—their improvised barracks—and his sacrilegious act is punished in a most unexpected fashion.

The quiet-loving Toledans had long bolted themselves within their stately old houses ; the cathedral bell had sounded the hour of the soldier's retreat ; the note of clarion and trumpet had died away on the Alcazar, when a dozen officers hastened to the Captain's rendezvous. These visitors, it must be confessed, felt a far livelier interest in the promised carouse than in their host's much-vaunted Galatea.

Night had closed in with lurid clouds ; the heavens were leaden ; the feeble lights of the little retablos flickered in the wind ; from end to end of the city the iron weather-cocks made shrill, strident noises.

No sooner were the guests within sight of the monastery than their host came out to meet them, and, after a few words of boisterous greeting, all entered the dimly-lighted interior.

"On my word," said one, looking round with an uncomfortable shrug of the shoulders, "this is no place for a jollification !"

"Nor exactly propitious for the admiring of a beautiful woman," cried another. "I can hardly see an inch before me."

"Worse still," exclaimed a third, drawing his cloak closer around him, "it is as cold here as in Siberia."

"Patience, patience!" cried the host. "You shall see what I can do in the way of miracles. Ho-la! my men, firewood; the first you can lay your hands on. Do not be too particular."

Thus bidden, his man, aided by another, brought firewood, and soon a huge fire blazed in the central chapel. Without a second thought, the Captain's underlings had hacked away at the wood-work lying handiest, irrespective of carving and ornament; the artistic auto-da-fé lighting up the place.

The host now led his guests to the Lady Chapel, and pointed triumphantly to the marble figure of the kneeling lady.

"I have now the honour," he said, "to present to you the ideal of my dreams. No one, I fancy, can accuse me of having exaggerated her charms."

"In very truth, beautiful as an angel," cried one, gazing on the sculptured image of a beautiful woman; none more beautiful, certes, had ever been immortalised in stone."

"The pity of it is that she should be a mere bit of marble!" sighed another.

"Now tell us, who and what was she?" asked a third.

"My Latin is somewhat rusty," replied the Captain; "but I have just managed to make out from the inscription that the warrior beside her was a famous soldier, and that his wife bore the name of Doña Elvira."

After this brief explanation and a rough yet appreciative criticism of the monument, host and guests, seated in a semicircle round the fire, proceeded without further ceremony to uncork the champagne. Soon the mirth grew boisterous, snatches of drinking songs, stories that savoured of the camp, rude jests accompanied by loud laughter, hand-clapping and applause, resounded from end to end of the sacred building.

The Captain, who had, perhaps, been drinking more freely than the rest, by degrees grew silent and self-absorbed, from time to time casting strange glances at the figure of Doña Elvira.

To his disordered fancy the stone image, lighted up by the flames, wore the look of a living, breathing human thing—a lovely woman; her lips seemed to move, her bosom heave, whilst, as if

ashamed of the sacrilege committed in her presence, her cheeks glowed with a deep blush.

"Look at Doña Elvira!" he cried. "Don't you see the colour on her cheeks? Will you aver that there is no vitality here? Could she be indeed more real, more lifelike?"

"But mere marble, the sculptor's handicraft, after all; no real flesh and blood," replied his companions, jestingly, yet a little taken aback by his strange manner. "Come, let us have another song."

"Flesh and blood, earthiness and corruption," cried the Captain, persisting in his wild mood. "The kiss of a real woman. Ah! I know the Dead Sea apple that may be, beginning in transport, to end in disenchantment. But the kiss of a nymph like this, 'twould be as a sea-breeze after the desert, snow after fire. Yes, one kiss, just one I will, must have—"

"Captain!" expostulated his companions in a breath, "have you lost your senses? This is sorry jesting. For Heaven's sake, man, leave the tombs alone."

But the young man, paying no heed to their loudly-uttered remonstrances, made for the statue. Just as he had reached it, as his lips seemed to touch those of the marble lady, a cry of horror rose from the lips of all.

Blood streaming from his temples, stricken with a mortal blow, the Captain had fallen to the ground, and not a finger was lifted to support him. The roisterers stood petrified with fear.

Their host was close to the figure of Doña Elvira, his face touched hers, when the marble warrior beside her had risen swift as lightning, dealing the sacrilegious lover a deadly thrust with his stone gauntlet.

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THE HINDUS AND THE NON-HINDUS. *

श्रुतिः स्मृतिः सदाचारः स्वस्य च प्रियमात्मनः ।
सम्यक्संकल्पजः कामो धर्ममूलमिव स्मृतम् ॥

YAJNAVALKYA SMRITI, I. 7.

ONE of the subjects to be discussed in the present session of the Dharma Sabha is, "Whether the manners and customs of the Hindus have always remained unchanged, or they have been changed to suit the changes of time and circumstances? Are any changes necessary to adapt them to the modern times? If so, what changes should be introduced?" I propose to discuss this very important question in connection with one of our modern usages—our treatment of the non-Hindus.

We treat the Christians, the Musulmans, and members of other non-Hindu communities, who are supposed to be the modern representatives of the *Yavanas* and the *Mlechchhas* mentioned in the Hindu sacred books, as unclean. Their very presence in a room is held to pollute water and cooked food, and interdining with them is punished with excommunication. Can the orthodox Hindus change this custom and take food cooked by non-Hindu cooks and dine with their non-Hindu brethren without losing caste? Their inability to do so, as has been observed by Brahman Pundits who have already addressed this Sabha, is the one outstanding difficulty that prevents them from taking long sea-voyages and visiting Europe, America, and Japan. I do not believe that the orthodox Hindu community can be persuaded to accept such a reform on the ground of utility or modernism. The Hindu society is stranded on the bed-rock of the provisions of the Dharma Sastras (Sacred Codes), and it cannot move with the current of time without the sanction of the Dharma Sastras. We should, therefore, inquire whether there is anything in the Sastras lending support to the proposed change of the present Hindu usage relating to the non-Hindus.

* Based on a Bengali paper read at the forty-second annual meeting of the Boalia Dharma Sabha (Rajshahi).

I. THE DHARMA SASTRAS ON THE NON-HINDU NATIONS

Manu says (X. 43-44), "But in consequence of the omission of the sacred rites, and of their not consulting Brahmans, the following tribes of Kshatriyas have gradually sunk in this world to the condition of Sudras; (*viz.*) the Pandrakas, the Chodas, the Dravidas, the Kambojas, the Yavanas, the Sakas, the Paradas, the Pahlavas, the Chinas, the Kiratas, and the Daradas." Similar texts are also found in the XIIIth Book (33, 21; 35, 17-18) of the Mahabharata. And in the XIIth Book (Santi Parvan, 65, 13-22) of the Mahabharata, while advising Yudhishtira on the duties of a king, Bhishma reproduces the following dialogue:--

Mandhatri asks: "The Yavanas, Kiratas, Gandharas, Chinas, Sabaras, Varvaras, Tusharas, Kankas Pahlavas, Andhras, Madras, Paundras, Pulindas, Ramathas, Kambojas, men sprung from Brahmans, and from Kshatriyas, persons of the Vaisya and Sudra castes—how shall all these people of different countries practise duty, and what rules shall kings like me prescribe for those who are living as Dasyus? Instruct me on these points, for thou art the friend of our Kshatriya race."

Indra answers: "All the Dasyus should obey their parents, their spiritual directors, persons practising the rules of the four orders, and kings. It is also their duty to perform the ceremonies ordained in the Vedas. They should sacrifice to the manes, construct wells, buildings for the distribution of water, and resting places for travellers, and should on proper occasion bestow gifts on Brahmans. They should practise innocence, veracity, meekness, purity and inoffensiveness; should maintain their wives and families; and make just division of property. Gifts should be distributed at all sacrifices by those who desire to prosper. All the Dasyus should offer costly *Paka* oblations. Such duties as these, which have been ordained of old, ought to be performed by all people."

In Indra's speech the term *Dasyu* is used as a general name for all the non-Hindu tribes mentioned in Mandhatri's question. After giving a list of the degraded Kshatriya tribes in two *Slokas* (verses) already quoted, Manu also says (X., 45): "Those among the Brahmans, the Kshatriyas, the Vaisyas, and the Sudras who have been thrown outside the pale of society on account of the omission of the sacred rites, are called Dasyus whether they speak Aryan or non-Aryan (*Mlechchha*) tongue." The text from the Mahabharata, therefore, authorises the Brahmans to treat the non-Hindu tribes socially and ceremonially as peers of the Vaisyas and the Sudras and worthy of being initiated into the Vedic sacrificial religion. According to modern usage a Brahman priest in Bengal treats his Sudra client as clean and takes water from him. But Apastamba in his Dharma

Sutra authorises him to go a step further and take food cooked by a Sudra cook. For Apastamba writes (II, 2, 3, 1-9): *

"Pure men of the first three castes shall prepare the food (of a householder which is used) at the Visvadeva ceremony (*i.e.*, for the meals of the householder and of his wife).

The (cook) shall not speak, nor cough, nor spit, while his face is turned towards the food.

He shall purify himself by touching water if he has touched his hair his limbs, or his garments.

Or Sudras may prepare the food, under the superintendence of men of the first three castes.

For them is prescribed the same rule of sipping water (as for their masters).

Besides the (Sudra cooks) daily shall cause to be cut the hair of their heads, their beards, the hair of their bodies, and their nails.

And they shall bathe keeping their clothes on.

Or they may trim (their hair and nails) on the eighth day (of each half moon), or on the days of the new and full moon.

He (the householder himself) shall place on the fire that food which has been prepared (by Sudras) without supervision, and shall sprinkle it with water. Such food they state to be fit for the gods."

The Sastric evidences set forth here may thus be summed up: Manu classifies the Yavanas and other non-Hindu tribes as Kshatriyas degraded to the status of the Sudras; the Mahabharata authorises the Brahmans to treat such Sudras as ceremonially the peers of the ordinary Vaisyas and Sudras; and Apastamba permits men of twice-born castes to eat food cooked by Sudra cooks. These Sastric texts, therefore, authorise Brahmans and their orthodox followers to eat food cooked by non-Hindu cooks and dine with their non-Hindu brethren.

But such Sastric injunctions are open to one serious technical objection from the orthodox standpoint. They are intended, it may be said, not for this Kaliyuga, but for some other past Yuga. Compilers of manuals (*nibandhas*) of Hindu sacred laws quote passages from two of the minor Puranas, the Vrihat Naradiya and the Aditya Purana, which tell us that in the beginning of the Kaliyuga the sages abolished, after due deliberations, such usages as taking sea-voyage, wedding by twice-born men of maidens not belonging to their own castes, begetting a son on a widow by her husband's younger brother (*niyoga*), slaughtering cows for entertaining guest, giving a virgin-widow to another bridegroom and the

employment of a Sudra cook by a Brahman. But whatever we may say about the Code of Manu, any objection on the ground of Kaliyuga can hardly be urged against Mahābhārata and Apastamba. According to a verse in that introductory chapter of the Mahābhārata, the great battle between the troops of the Kurus and the Pandavas was fought at Samantapanchaka in the interval between the Dvāpara and the Kali Yugas, and the precepts embodied in the XIIth and the XIIIth Books of the Mahābhārata were addressed to Yudhisthira by Bhishma from his bed of arrows immediately after the end of the battle. These precepts were primarily meant to guide the conduct of Yudhisthira after his accession to the throne of the Kurus, and if as sacred laws they are binding on men of any age, they are binding on the men of the Kali age. Apastamba writes of his age (I. 2, 5, 4):—"On account of that (transgression of the rules of studentship) no Rishis are born among men of later ages (*avareshu*)." Haradatta, the commentator of the Apastamba Dharma Sutra, takes *avareshu* in the sense of *kaliyugavartishu*, "among men of the Kaliyuga," and Apastamba forbids such practices as *niyoga* and inter-caste marriage, also forbidden by the sages of the Vrihat Nāradiya and Aditya Puranas. Thus we see that even if we view the Hindu sacred books in the light of orthodox tradition, the objection that the liberal injunctions of the Mahābhārata and Apastamba are intended for some other Yuga than the Kaliyuga, falls to the ground.

2. THE EVIDENCE OF HISTORY.

But the best way to ascertain whether a number of injunctions are intended for a particular age is to investigate the history of the usages of that age. If from such investigations it is found that the usages of the age conform to the injunctions in question, it may be concluded that the injunctions were meant for that age. The Kaliyuga begins from 3102 B. C. Authentic historical evidences, independent of the Sāstras, such as testimonies of contemporaries preserved in books, on stones, or on coins, are only available from the third century B. C. In one of his aphorisms (II, 4, 10) Panini says, "A *dvandva* compound of words denoting non-excluded Sudras is singular." Commenting on this, Patanjali, who flourished about 150 B. C., writes in his *Mahabhashya* :—

"Non-excluded Sudras are spoken of; non-excluded from where? Non-excluded from Aryāvarta If it be so, such singular *dvandva* compounds as *Kishkindhagandikam*, *Sakayavanam*, *Sauryakrauncham* cannot be formed. Then does it mean non-excluded from Aryan settlement? What is an Aryan settlement? A village, milkman's villa, a city, or trader's quarter. In these great cities the Chandalas and the

Doms dwell here and there; therefore the plural *avandva* compound *chandalamritapah* cannot be formed. Then, does it mean non-excluded from the sacrificial rites? Even if it be so, such singular *dvandva* compounds as *takshavaskaram*, *rajakatantubayam*, cannot be formed. Therefore non-excluded means not excluded from the dish. Non-excluded persons are such as when a dish is used by them for dinner, it can be purified by washing. Excluded persons are those who pollute a dish to such an extent by eating therefrom that it cannot be purified by washing."

Here we find the Sakas and the Yavanas classed with the *takshan* (carpenter), *avaskara* (blacksmith), *rajaka* (washerman), and *tantuvaya* (weaver) among the non-excluded Sudras. The Brahmans of Northern India still treat the blacksmiths and the weavers as clean, that is, take water from them, and allow such among the non-Brahman castes as are held by them clean to use their metal dish for eating. The Sakas and the Yavanas, therefore, were treated as clean Sudras in the age of Patanjali.

There are abundant numismatic, epigraphic, and other authentic evidences to demonstrate that during the first few centuries of the Christian era the Brahmans strictly followed the injunctions of the Mahabharata by admitting foreigners within the fold of Hinduism. Wema Kadphises, the first Kushana or Turastika emperor of Northern India, describes himself on his coins as a "worshipper of Siva," and his coins bear on their reverse the figures of Siva and Nandi. The coins of the last Kushana emperor, Vāsudeva, bear also the same emblems of Brahmanic faith. The following inscriptions of the second century A. D. are found in the caves of Nasik:*

(No. 14) "[Success] By permanent charities of Ushavadata, the Saka, son of Denika, son-in-law of King Nahapana, the Kshaharata Kshatrapa, one hundred thousand holy Brahmans dine the whole year round By the same, three hundred thousand cows have been given to holy Brahmans and sixteen villages have been given to the holy gods and Brahmans" In addition to these benefactions Ushavadata, as we learn from his other inscriptions, "at the pure tirtha Pabhasa gave eight wives to the Brahmans."

(No. 15) "Success! In the ninth year of King Isvarasena, the Abhira, son of Sivadatta, the Abhira, son of Madhari . . . by the lay devotee Vishnudatta, the Sakani, . . . daughter of Agnivarman, the Saka, for the well-being and happiness of all beings, in order to provide medicines

* "Nasik Cave Inscriptions," by E. Senart. *Epigraphia Indica*, Vol. VIII, pp 59—95.

for the sick of the *Samgha* of monks of whatever sect and origin dwelling in this monastery on mount Trirasmī, a perpetual endowment has been invested."

(No. 18) "Success! The gift of Indragnidatta, son of Dhammadeva, the Yavana, a northerner from Dattamitri."

(No. 26) "Success! The gift of the Saka Damachika Vudhika, a writer, son of Vishnudatta, an inhabitant of Dasapura."

It is evident from these records that not only members of the royal families but also private persons of Yavana and Saka origin were freely admitted to the Brahmanic fold. Names like Agnivarman, Indragnidatta, and Vishnudatta assumed by the Yavanas and the Sakas indicate how completely they were Hinduised. But in those days the number of those among the foreign immigrants who entered the Brahmanic community directly by adopting the religion taught by the Brahmans was much less than those who entered it in an indirect way through Buddhism. The Buddhist teachers, writes Dr. Bhandarkar, "left the domestic ceremonies of their followers to be performed according to the Vedic ritual. This is one of the arguments brought against Buddhism by Udayanacharya. "There does not exist," he says, "a sect, the followers of which do not perform the Vedic rites beginning with Garbhadhana and ending with the funeral, even though they regard them as having but a relative or tentative truth."*

The Andhra King Gautamiputra Satakarni (A. D. 113-138) drove out the Sakas from the Deccan, and in one of the Nasik cave inscriptions (No. 2) he is described as one "who destroyed the Sakas, Yavanas, and Pahlavas," and "who stopped the contamination of four varnas." But his son and successor Pulumayi (II) married Dakshamitrā, daughter of Rudradāman, the Kshatrapa king of Western India, who was a grandson of Chasatana, the successor of the Kshatrapa Nahapāna. The Kshatrapa kings held sway in Western India till the end of the fourth century A.D. when their dominions were annexed to the Gupta empire. On the decline of the Gupta empire during the second half of the fifth century, fresh bodies of foreign invaders such as the White Huns and the allied Maitrakas (worshippers of the Iranian god Mithra) and the Gujars, began to pour into northern and western parts of India. Bhatārka, the chief of the Maitrakas, established himself at Valabhi in Kathawar. The Gujars "settled partly in the Punjab, a portion of which is still known after them by the names of Gujarat and Gujarnawala, and partly in Rajputana, which in ancient times was also

* A Peep into the Early History of India." By R. G. Bhandarkar. *Journal of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Vol. XX. p. 363.

called Gujarat."* The Hunas, under their leader Toramāna, founded a great empire early in the sixth century. These new comers were converted to Brahmanism and greatly helped the Brahmans to re-establish their supremacy. Mihirakula, the successor of Toramāna, was a worshipper of Siva and a very cruel persecutor of the Buddhists. According to Hiuen Tsang, Mihirakula destroyed Buddhist *stupas* and *sanghāramas* and slaughtered countless followers of the Buddha. Kalhana, in his *Rajatarangini* (I. vv. 312-316), preserves a Kashmir tradition of his age (12th century) which says that Mihirakula "re-established pious observances in this land which, overrun by impure Daradas, Bhauttas, and Mlechchhas, had fallen off from the sacred law."

In assigning to these Brahmanised foreign invaders their place in Hindu society, the injunction of Manu was strictly followed. The ruling clans were recognised as Kshatriyas, and the modern Rajputs are held by many competent authorities to have sprung from the fusion of these neo-Kshatriyas with the native ruling clans of India. The noblest among the modern Rajput clans, the Guhils of Mewar, trace their origin from the Maitrakas of Valabhi.† The rank and file found their place as clean Sudras. This is evident from the position now occupied by the Jats and the Gujars of Northern India. The Jats are regarded, on good grounds, as the modern representatives of the Saka and the Kushana invaders and the Gujars still retain their original name. The line that divides the Jats and the Gujars from the Rajputs is very thin and they are classed in the Census returns with other Hindu "castes from whom members of the higher castes can take *pakki* and water."

3. GREATER INDIA.

The activities of the Indian Brahmans, Indian warriors, and the Indian traders of the first seven centuries of the Christian era were not confined to India alone, but found outlets in foreign colonies that may collectively be termed Greater India. Greater India extended from the Bay of Bengal to the Pacific, and comprised the whole of the Malaya Peninsula and most of the islands of the Malay Archipelago. Brahmanic religion and Brahmanic social institutions once flourished in these lands in full vigour, and their relics have not yet disappeared from them. I have neither the space nor the materials to deal with the history of Greater India adequately and shall only confine myself to a few words about three of its more important divisions, *viz.*, Siam, Cambodia, and Java.

* Hoerner's "History of India" (Cuttack, 1906) p. 63.

† For a detailed examination of the Rajput problem see *Bombay Gazetteer* volume IX, Part I. Appendix B.

According to Siamese tradition, the Brahmans settled in Siam before the birth of Buddha. The route usually adopted by the Brahmans when migrating to Siam and its neighbourhood and the way in which they gained supremacy there may be inferred from the two following extracts from the Chinese history Ma-Tuan-lin:—"Kaundinya, a Brahman from India, having been notified by an oracle that he was called to reign upon *Fu-nan* (Kamboja), proceeded south [from Eastern India] until he reached the country of *Pan-Pan*, whither a deputation from the people of Fu-nan came to meet him, and proclaimed him king. This occurred in about A. D. 420-450." (*Pan-Pan* was situated in the northern part of the Malay Peninsula. King Riddhi reigned in this kingdom between A. D. 502-507.) "At his court may be seen many Brahmans, who have come from India in order to profit by his munificence; they are all in great favour with him."* What a deep root Hinduism had laid in Cambodia may be seen from a Sanskrit inscription of about A. D. 600 "It states that copies of the *Mahābhārata*, *Rāmāyana*, and of an unnamed Purana were presented to the temple of Veal Kantel and that the donor made arrangements in order to insure their daily recitation in perpetuity."† The Hindu colonists of Siam built what is indisputably the most stupendous Hindu temple now standing. Speaking of the Angkor Wat of Siam, an English writer says:—

"The comparatively few European travellers who have visited this temple all unite in declaring it the most colossally stupendous as well as one of the most architecturally beautiful structures they have ever beheld, so that while it rivals or eclipses the Egyptian pyramids in one respect, it hardly falls short of the highest Hellenic standard as regards artistic detail in the other. The huge building, which is between two and three miles in circumference, contains a multitude of courts, colonnades, and chambers . . . The walls and portals are covered with sculptures, the exterior of the temple being ornamented with bas-reliefs of scenes from *Ramayana*, the great Sanskrit epic poem . . . Angkor Wat was certainly commenced as a Brahmanic temple, but before its completion Buddhism had become the religion of the land, and so it is we find here, as in the temple of *Borobaddar* in Java, artistic representations of the deities of both the religions." †

The island of Java received its Hindu immigrants long before the Christian era, for it is mentioned in a verse of the *Rāmāyana* (IV. 40, 30)

* Gerini—"Siam's Intercourse with China." Chapter II (*Asiatic Quarterly Review*, 1902, January-April).

† Buhler, *Indian Studies*, (No. 2, Vienna, 1892).

‡ J. G. D. Campbell, "*Siam in the XXth Century*," pp. 66-67.

where we are told, "Search carefully *Javadvīpa*, adorned by seven kingdoms, the gold and silver islands, rich in mines of gold." The Chinese pilgrim Fā-Hien, who visited Java in A. D. 414, describes it as a place "where various forms of error and Brahmanism are flourishing, while Buddhism in it is not worth speaking of." *

The age that produced such enterprising Brahman missionaries who led the barbarian conquerors captive and spread the light of Brahmanism beyond the eastern mountains and seas, also produced many mighty seamen. Pliny the Elder (A. D. 23-79) writes : † "The same Nepos, when speaking of the northern circumnavigation, relates that to Q. Metellus Celer, the colleague of Africanus in the consulship, but then a proconsul in Gaul, present was given by the King of Suevi consisting of some Indians who, sailing from India for the purpose of commerce, had been driven by storms into Germany." Indian sovereigns of those days sent ambassadors to the Emperors of Rome. One such embassy from an Indian king named Poros, who was the overlord of 600 kings, reached the court of Augustus in 21 B. C. Zarmaros or Zarmanochegas, who accompanied this embassy, put an end to himself at Athens by entering a pyre in the presence of the emperor. Strabo writes, ‡ "On his tomb was this inscription, "Zarmanochegas, an Indian from Bargaosa, having immortalised himself according to the custom of his country, lies here." European scholars take this self-immolator to be a Buddhist ascetic. But this is incorrect. Self-immolation was never a custom with Buddhist Sramanas, and the Buddha was opposed to all sorts of self-torture. The Jaina sacred books prescribe suicide by starvation. Throwing oneself into the flames was a Brahmanic custom approved by the Hindu sacred codes, and Zarmaros was either a Brahman or a Brahmanist.

Tamralipti, modern Tamluk in the Midnapur district in Bengal, was the principal port of Eastern India. It was then situated on the mouth of the Ganges. In A. D. 411 Fa-Hien, the first Chinese pilgrim to India, shipped himself on board a great merchant vessel at this port and sailed to Ceylon. From Ceylon Fa-Hien went to Java, and from Java he set sail for China in another merchant vessel. One night the vessel was caught up in a storm. "After day-break," writes Fa-Hien, "the Brahmans deliberated together and said, 'It is having this Sramana on board which has occasioned our misfortune and brought us this great

* Legge's *Fa-Hien* (Oxford, 1886), p. 113.

† McCrindle's "Ancient India," Westminster, 1901, p. 110.

‡ Ibid. p. 78.

and bitter suffering. Let us land this Bhikshu and place him on some island shore. We must not for the sake of one man allow ourselves to be exposed to such imminent peril.'” This proposal was opposed by Fa-Hien’s patron (Dānapati) and therefore had to be abandoned.

The sea-route from India to China through the port of Tamralipti was under the special protection of the Indian kings. When the Chinese pilgrim Hiuen-Tsiang wanted to return to China in A. D. 645, Bhaskaravarman, the Brahman king of Kamrup (Assam), and a vassal of the Emperor Harsha, told him, “But I know not, if you prefer to go, by what route you propose to return; if you select the Southern Sea route, then I will send official attendants to accompany you.” * I-tsing sailed from China for India in A. D. 671 and returned to China twenty-four years later by the sea-route from Tamralipti. In one of his works I-tsing gives an account of no less than sixty Chinese, Corean, and Indo-Chinese pilgrims who visited India in the latter half of the seventh century and some of whom travelled by the sea-route through Tamralipti. But after I-tsing we hear no more of the port of Tamralipti or the southern trade route to China. India’s intercourse with China by the northern land-route ceased a few years later. The stream of immigration to the Hindu colonies of Greater India dried up. Even in the days of Hiuen-Tsing China was hated by the Buddhists as Mlechchhadesa. The monks of Nalanda once told him, “China is a country of Mlechchhas, men of no importance and shallow as to religion, and so the Buddhas are never born there.” † And yet intercourse with China and Chinese was kept up for more than half a century. Then it suddenly ceased and all other foreign countries and foreign nations shared the same fate. Everything foreign came to be hated and shunned as unclean and untouchable. What led to this great change in the Hindu usage?

4. CAUSE OF THE CHANGE.

Nearly nine hundred years ago a Musalman writer named Abu-Raihan Muhammad Ibn Ahmad Alberuni, the court astrologer of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni, came out to India to study Sanskrit, and completed a great work on India in A. D. 1030. ‡ In the first chapter of this work Abu Raihan dwells on the cause on which rest the barriers which separate Muslims and Hindus. The antagonism between Hindus and foreigners increased, writes he, when Zoroastrianism became the state religion of Persia, and “in consequence, the Buddhists were banished

* Beal’s *The Life of Hiuen Tsiang*, London, 1888, p. 188.

† Beal’s *Life*, p. 167.

‡ Alberuni’s *India*, English Edition, by Dr. Edward C. Sachu, London, 1888.

from those countries, and had to emigrate to the countries east of Balkh But then came Islam; the Persian empire perished; and the repugnance of the Hindus against foreigners increased more and more when the Muslims began to make their inroads into their country; for Muhammad Ibn Elkasim Ibn Elmunabbih entered Sind from the side of Sijistan and conquered the cities of Bahmanwa and Mulasthana He entered India proper, and penetrated even as far as Kanauj, marched though the country of Gandhara, and on his way back through the confines of Kashmir; sometimes sword in hand, sometimes gaining his end by treaties, leaving to the people their ancient belief, except in the case of those who wanted to become Muslims. All those events planted a deeply-rooted hatred in their hearts." When speaking of the famous *Aditya* of Multan, which was visited by pilgrims from all sides. Muhammad Ibn Elkasim, writes the author, "hung a piece of cow's flesh on its neck by way of mockery. On the same place a mosque was built." Muhammad Ibn Elkasim invaded Sind in A. D. 711 sixteen years after I-tsing returned to China. The new invaders not only did not recognise the spiritual superiority of the Brahmans and the Sramanas like the Hunas and their predecessors, but attempted, though peacefully, to impose their own spiritual dominion over the latter and insulted their gods. To provide against the catastrophe that befel Persia and to save *svadharma* or own creed and customs, the old order of meeting the foreigners half-way was changed and barriers were set up that rendered social intercourse with foreigners and journey to foreign countries by sea impossible. As time went on and the Hindus came to know of the Musalmans and of their expansion more and more, the anti-Mlechchha sentiment grew stronger and stronger. Speaking of his own times and of his own patron Abu Raihan writes:

"Mahmud utterly ruined the prosperity of the country, and performed those wonderful exploits, by which the Hindus became like atoms of dust scattered in all directions, and like a tale of old in the mouth of the people. Their scattered remains cherish, of course, most inveterate aversion towards all Muslims. This is the reason, too, why Hindu sciences have retired far away from those parts of the country conquered by us, and have fled to places which our hand cannot yet reach, to Kashmir, Benares, and other places. And there the antagonism between them and the foreigners receives more and more nourishment both from political and religious sources."

The task of finding out the Sastric authority for the change of custom in connection with the foreigners fell upon the commentators

of the Dharm Sastras and the compilers of the Dharma Nibandhas or the Manuals of Sacred Laws. These writers did so by interpreting the terms *Antya* and *Antyaja* occurring in the old texts as denoting not only the Chandalas and other very low-class Hindus, but also the Yavanas and the Mlechchhas. Medhatithi, the commentator of Manu, who is supposed to have belonged to the ninth century A. D., takes *Antya* and *Antyaja* in this sense. (see his commentary in Manu XI., 171 and 176). But Vijnanesvara, in his Mitakshara, reproduces texts that give the traditional meaning of these terms. While commenting on Yajnavalkya III. 260, he explains *chandalantya*, of Manu XI. 176 in the sense of *Chandaladi* and quotes this verse of Madhyama Angira, "Chandála, Svapacha, Kshatta, Suta, Vaidehika, Magadha, and Ayogara, these seven castes are called Antyavasyins." Again, when commenting on Yajnavalkya III, 265, Vijnanesvara quotes this verse of an unnamed author: "Rajaka (dhobi) Charnakara (Chamar), Nata, Buruda, Kaivarta, Meda, and Bhilla, these seven castes are called *Antyajas*."* That the classification of the non-Hindu foreigners with the Chandalas is forced and untenable is also shown by authentic historical evidence. As we have already seen, Manu classifies the non-Hindu foreigners as Kshatriyas degraded to the condition of Sudras, and they were treated as such by the Brahmans before the eighth century A.D. Speaking of the Chandalas, Manu says (X. 51-55) that they should live outside the village and should put on some mark prescribed by the king whenever they should move about in the market place. Compare this account with the following description of the Chandalas of the Midhyadesa given by Fa-Hien :

"Throughout the whole country the people do not kill any living creature, nor drink intoxicating liquors, nor eat onions or garlic. The only exception is that of the Chandalas. That is the name of those who are (held to be) wicked men, and live apart from others. When they enter the gate of a city or a market place, they strike a piece of wood to make themselves known, so that men know and avoid them and do not come in contact with them."

Thus, when there is such a close agreement between the testimonies of Manu and history in connection with the Chandalas, it is not reasonable to suppose that history should be misleading with regard to the foreign nations. History, therefore, teaches us that our present usage in connection with the non-Hindus originated twelve hundred years ago, and was devised as a means to fortify the Hindu community against attacks of Islam. But as the cause that produced this change of custom is now no longer in operation, as we have got nothing to fear from either the

* See Yajnavalkya Smriti with Mitakshara, Bombay, 1900, Op. 376 and 392.

Christians or the Musalmans on the score of our religion, the orthodox Hindus may and should revive the old usages of visiting foreign countries and dining with foreigners and non-Hindus. The custom of readmitting Europe-returned gentlemen to caste on the performance of expiatory ceremony is now growing fashionable in certain parts of India and is considered by many as a sign of progress. But why should expiation be necessary for a course of action approved by the Śāstras and practised by the orthodox Hindus only twelve hundred years ago? If the non-Hindus are classed with the Chandālas for ceremonial purposes in accordance with the views of the later commentators, then the only expiation open to a Europe-returned gentlemen is the expiation provided for the wilful and continued intercourse with the Chandāla, *i.e.*, suicide!

This last point leads us to the consideration of another much-needed reform, the elevation of the *Antyajas* and the *Antyas* to the position of clean castes. Both the Śāstric and the historical texts set forth above, while authorising the reform of our present usage in connection with the non-Hindus, appear to block the path of the social elevation of the *Antyajas*. But is there no way out of the difficulty, no precedent recorded in our sacred books that warrants us to do so? Fortunately for us, such precedents are not wanting, and I shall refer to a few.

Manu himself provides (X. 104), "When life is in danger, one may eat anybody's food in any place; sin does not touch such an one as mud does not besmirk the sky." Manu then cites (108) the example of Rishi Visvāmītra who ate dog's flesh received from a Chandāla. Commenting on this Medhatithi writes, "When one is in danger, he must eat food forbidden on all grounds." In the Mahābhārata we read that King Santanu married *Matsya-gandhā*, or the fish-smelling maiden, who was the foster-child of a fisherman, and the fisherman did not agree to give away his daughter in marriage to the king of Kurus until Bhishma, Santanu's son and heir-apparent, renounced his claim to the ancestral throne in favour of Matsya-gandhā's future issue. The Vāyu Purāṇa (XXXVII. 371—375) and some other Puranas tell us of a king of Magadha named Visvasphāni (called Visvasphatika in the Vishnu and Viṣvasphurji in the Bhagvat Purana) who raised Kaivartas, Pulindas, Panchakas, and Brahmins to power, and extirpating the Kshatriyas created new Kshatriyas. As Visvasphani is mentioned immediately before the Nagas and the Gupta kings of the fourth century A. D., he probably flourished in the third century. The same Purana further tells us that King Visvasphani offered sacrifices to the *devas*, the *manes*, and the Brahmins, and sacrificed his life in the Ganges. This radical reformer, therefore, was not a Buddhist, but a

thorough Brahmanist. As late as the twelfth century A.D. King Ballala Sen of Bengal elevated one section of the Kaivartas, now called the Chasi Kaivartas, to the rank of a clean caste and degraded the Suvarna Vaniks. Can we not do for all the *Antyajās* what Ballala did for the Kaivartas? Of course we have no Brahmanist king like Ballala, and our present rulers cannot undertake the social functions of a Hindu king. But should we not endeavour to meet that want by setting up social *Svaraj* and prove our fitness for political *Svaraj* by elevating the *Antyajās* and the *Antyavāsayins* and reviving our old relations with the non-Hindu nations? The Indian National Social Conference and the Bharāt Dharma Mahamandal should join hands in organising Hindu Social *Svaraj*. As a preliminary step to the social *svaraj* movement Provincial Social Conferences should be started in Assam, Bengal, Orissa, Hindustan, the Punjab, Gujarat, Mahratta, the Kanarese country, the Tamil country, Tailunga, and Kerala or the Malayalam country. Leaders of the orthodox Hindu community, and even Brahman Pundits, should be induced to take part in the deliberations of these conferences, for there is nothing in the proposed changes and other cognate reform proposals that can render their discussion revolting to men who are capable of freely debating such questions as, "Whether God exists or no," and "Whether the Veda is revealed or no."

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Rajshahi.

EARLY VILLAGE LIFE.

PARALLELS IN THE EAST AND THE WEST.

AS one travels along the rough tracks over a desolate downland of Great Britain, the observant eye may note at a little distance on one side or other of the road, a hill rising somewhat steeply from the general level. If the wanderer is of a curious turn of mind, loving the countryside, and open to all, it may tell him of the generations that have passed across it before him, he may note that the top of the green hill is thrown into high banks which follow the contour of the eminence. He will, perhaps, recognise what were the uses of these lines of embanking earth, while at the same time he will look about him questioningly over the wide distances of the green downs lying fold by fold on every side of him. The lark sings above him, remotely heard is the tinkle of a sheep bell, and at his feet is the humming of bees at the thyme. Save for these there is silence, infinite solitude and desolation. But there must have been a time, he will reflect, when men swarmed on that green hillside, and when, under the blows of their wooden spades and the power of their bulging muscles, these banks showed up as freshly turned sods. This was the hillfort of a tribe, whither, when danger of feud or foray threatened, they would flee, driving their cattle before them, and helping their women and children up the steep track to the opening in the earth wall. But whence would they flee? Where, on these desolate hills, did they dwell? Where were the rude huts that sheltered them from the pitiless storms of winter that drove then, as they drive now, in unleashed and bitter fury across these wide hills? But the loving eye of the wanderer will already have detected the ledgy fields that, like giant steps, are carved out of the hillside at places here and there about the downs. Each ledge or

terrace is some few feet wide, and may be found within the radius of a mile, circling the knees of the downs. These were the fields on which the builders of the hillfort reared their meagre crops of starved corn.

Somewhere within a little distance will also be found the almost illegible traces of the sites of the wattle and daub huts of their village, with the narrow ditches by which they drained it, and the alley ways between the rows of cabins. A walk of half a mile, perhaps, will take the visitor to the edge of the downs, from which he may see a wide deep valley thick with prosperous looking farms, and warm-roofed hamlets in the loops of a winding stream which washes the feet of rich fields of waving corn and carefully tended woods or orchards. But he will realise that when the men of the hillside built their fort and delved their fields with their rude mattocks, this river valley was savage with thick undergrowth, through which the stream spread like a marsh or snarled like a torrent. It was no place in which their poor tools of flint and wood and bone could make them a home; and the bare sides of the downs was all that gave them foothold.

Who were the people, that, having the power of organisation and the engineering skill necessary for the formation of these camps and terraced fields, yet lacked the finer weapons possession of which would have enabled them to conquer the valleys where the soil was more fertile and life would be more sheltered? We will not at this stage discuss the answer to this question in detail. We will only state the fact that, among races that have possessed Britain, the builders of most of these earthworks were the first of the long line of nations that, both in blood and in social effect, have left their mark upon modern Britain and its people.

While leaving the full discussion of the identity of these people till later, it may be stated at once that they were not Aryans. It is well known that of the successive peoples which have helped to the making of the races at present dwelling in the Indo-European continent, the Aryan is that which is latest in time and conquest. And there are certain facts concerning his stage of civilisation which are well established. One is that, possessing harder weapons than those of stone when he entered Europe, he could cut down the rugged thick-set forest, and make a dwelling for himself and his herds in the level valleys. When he first comes into the cognisance of modern

scientific research, he had passed the more primitive conditions of life. He came as a conqueror, by right of his warlike breeding. He was of a race of hunters and warriors, keeping flocks, indeed, but spending the greater part of his time in the chase, the foray or the drinking bout. Agriculture was beneath him, and the tillers of the soil were to him of an inferior caste. He imposed himself as lord over this race of delvers and hewers : he permitted them still to continue their customary and routine methods of cultivation and family and village government, so far as these did not curtail the lands he allotted to himself, or encroach upon his dignity or his military rule. The children of the soil paid their tolls, and gave their produce to this new, imperious master, and for the rest they lived out their lives in their own way. There was only this difference to the conquered, : that, with the better and harder weapons of their new masters, they could come down from their hillside fields, and having conquered and tamed the valleys, they could form villages for their lords by winding stream or sheltering wood.

For these reasons, therefore, when we seek for modern and actual examples of these hillside homes and people, we find them in a country where, almost side by side, there dwell peoples who have never been subjected to Aryan influences, as well as others which have for a long series of epochs been subject to the conquering race.

In India there are districts where conqueror and conquered have not been merged into one almost indistinguishable amalgam, as has been the case throughout Europe : and the conditions still existing at the present day in many parts of the former country are entirely parallel to those which must have existed in Britain of prehistoric times.

Among the Angami (the "Unconquered"), the dominant tribe of the Nogas ("Men"), a people living in the South Assamese Hills, towards Manipur and Burma, cultivation is pursued on terraced fields which are cut out of the sides of the hills from the base to the summit, and the same land is continually cultivated, not, as in the other type of this form of cultivation, divided anew among the tribesmen every two or three years. The only agricultural implements these people possess is a heavy, long, square-headed hand-bill, and a light hoe. These terraces are constructed "with wonderful care and skill, ascending the hillsides for upwards of 1,000 feet, each little field hav-

ing its own retaining wall of stone at the edge, five or six feet high. Water is brought round for long distances in channels cut with beautiful accuracy."

The villages of these Noga hillmen are of a type which brings their conditions into still closer relation with those of the primitive dwellers in the British Isles. They are built on the tops of the hills, and are fortified with stockades, deep ditches and massive walls, built of stone. The approaches to the villages are narrow covered winding ways, only wide enough to admit one person at a time. These lead to gates made of strong heavy wood fitted with look-outs, where, when the clans are at feud, a sentry stands night and day. Sometimes these approaches are steeply scarped, and entrance is only to be made by means of a ladder, consisting of a single pole, some 15 or 20 feet long, cut into steps. The several clans, of which there are from two to eight in each village, are frequently divided off by deep lanes and stone walls. The reason for this is—the blood feud. A village is frequently split up into hostile camps: one clan may be at deadly feud with another, while a third lives between them at peace with each.

Similar conditions have been found in the rude fortifications to be found on British hillsides. On one of the elevations of the Cheviot Hills is to be seen a guarded entrance parallel to that of the Nogas. "The entrance of one fortlet is divided into two by a large upright stone placed jambwise in the centre of it, and in the thickness of the wall to the right of this entrance is a chamber," evidently used as a lookout exactly as with the Nogas. In many other camps the entrance is only to be made through devious ways, where at every turn the attacking party would be exposed to the arrows and other weapons of the defenders; and protected, or covered, ways are to be seen leading from numerous hillforts down to the lower ground, especially to the nearest stream of water. In others, again, "the divisions of the settlement are still distinctly visible. Each family or clan had its allotted space, enclosed by an earth wall, which probably carried on it a palisade. Remains of hut circles may be closely traced in many portions."

Finally, it may be stated that the terrace formation already indicated is to be found in close contiguity to almost every hillfort in Britain. The relations between the camps on the hilltops and the

villages on the flanks evidently varied according to the conditions existing in the district. In some the hillfort was the village itself, where, in a wild country, men always had to lie behind strong walls, and were expectant of attacks either from neighbours over the next hill or from kinsmen in the same village. In other districts the villages were to be found on the flanks of the hills, surrounded by a low wall and drained by ditches : while on the summit of a neighbouring down stood the camp to which, at the sound of the watchman's horn, or the bidding of the breathless messenger, men bore their families and drove their cattle, to stay in safety, while the marauders destroyed the wattle and daub huts of the village that could easily be replaced, or while the warriors of the tribe went to drive back the forayers. Fighting in those remote days was not, as a rule, a long sustained and organised affair, as can still be seen from many an old historic tale of Celtic times. It was mainly a series of sudden attacks and as sudden retreats with such cattle, women, or corn as could be hastily driven off or seized.

That this fact of hillside habitation and cultivation was never (at least within historic ken), a feature of Aryan life could easily be proved from a multitude of facts. Both in India and in Britain, as elsewhere in Europe, we see the conquering Aryan occupying the fertile lands about the river courses, where, though wild growth was rank, the trouble of clearing and cultivating the rich deep soil near the water was well within the power of his tools and weapons, in comparison with the exposed hillsides where the soil was merely a skin, and the scorching sun and furious rains had freedom to work their worst. The history of the Aryan invasion and settlement of any country, where it can be carefully investigated, brings out the striking contrast between the conquered folk—"a people who constructed their residences on the hilltops, and sent their cultivation down the hillsides," and the conquerors—"a race who constructed their residences in the valleys, and sent their cultivation up the hillsides for a short distance only." Up and down the country sides of Great Britain will be found terraced fields along the sides of the hills, miles away from existing villages of Saxon or Celtic origin, but in close proximity to old earth-works, pit dwellings or hut circles, thus showing that when these were built, the rich and more sheltered lands on which the modern hamlets stand were not habitable.

The contrast and distinction between the conquered and the conquerors is further proved when we consult the nature of primitive religious observances. Concerning the Druid or priestly caste of Great Britain, Caesar stated that their functions were to settle controversies, to adjudge crime, to settle succession to property, and to give judgment in disputes as to boundaries. When one calls to mind the structure of primitive society among the Hindus, the Greeks, Romans and Teutons (the latter as described by Tacitus), one is struck by the great contrast this bears to Aryan institutions. The Chief of the Kin, in all these nations, was Priest and King, in whose hands alone lay the power to act in all cases of dispute. It is only among certain Celtic people that one finds the shifting of these functions into the hands of a distinct priestly class. Sir John Rhys, the great authority on ancient Celtic life, supplies us with the key to these unusual conditions by suggesting that the Celts, originally an Aryan people, had borrowed from the conquered aborigines of Britain their religious concepts and habits. Thus Druidism, in his view, was not a native Aryan religion : it was accepted from aborigines by their conquerors.

Parallel conditions are indicated by many instances in Indian tribal life. Thus, several tribes in India, when offering sacrifices or performing special acts of worship to their gods procure a member of an aboriginal tribe in the neighbourhood to offer the sacrifice or perform the rite. Among the Badagas of the Nilgiri hills, also, it is, or, was, the custom for a low-caste Kurrumbar to be called in to perform the ceremony of the first ploughing. He set up a stone in the midst of the field, prostrated himself before it and sacrificed a goat to it. He ploughed the first furrow, and gave his benediction to the field, without which, it was considered, there would be no harvest. The reason for the calling in of one of the dispossessed is plain: the newcomers do not know how best to propitiate the earth-spirits of the place, and therefore, invoke the help of the aborigines whom the gods of field and wood and stream have long known. Fear of the unknown spirits necessitates reliance on the conquered people: and it offers no great difficulty to suppose that ere long the whole religious view of the subject folk would, in large measure, become grafted on that of their conquerors.

The question now arises : are there any traces in present social conditions of the sharp distinction that once existed between conqueror and conquered, both in India and Great Britain. In answer to this one can only say that the evidence is almost overwhelming.

Take, first, the conditions in Hindu village life. In many communities where modern changes have had little influence, there have been found circumstances affecting the holding of land which still indicate the strong hold which the conquerors exercised on the life of the conquered. In 1830 a village named Puduval, in the Carnatic, was described, which illustrates both the race distinctions between Aryan lord and Sudra subject, and at the same time shows the close parallel between the village community in India and that in Britain. Nevertheless, this example is not unique: it is a typical case only, and numerous parallels exist in Southern India. In the instance quoted there were two classes which the villagers recognised among themselves: the descendants of the original settlers, and the strangers not so descended. The privileges of the original settlers were held by custom in four principal shares, and each was subdivided into sixteen parts, making in all sixty-four. The four principal shares were supposed to have been those fixed by the original settlers when they founded the village, and had remained unaltered as long as tradition or history reached. The subdivisions were the portions held by the descendants. Each spring saw these pieces of land distributed by drawing lots. First, the four principal shares were reallotted; then the subdivided parts. There were also lands devoted to special purposes by custom or grant, as, for example, a small portion held for the temple by the priests, and other areas held by the village officers, the accountant, the watchman, the carpenter and the blacksmith. Three classes of servants assisted the land-holding villages. There were slaves who went with the land; bondsmen who had mortgaged themselves, and hired labourers. These were paid in kind; and they had small gardens for their own cultivation. There were also stranger settlers, not descendants of the original holders, who cultivated a portion of land set apart for them. They could not claim permanent possession of the land, and took no share in the service of the village officials.

They were a community apart, and paid a fee of superiority to the original settlers or their representatives.

The distinction between the two different peoples is here shown clearly. The village represents the members of the Aryan clan, who divide the land between them, and for whom a subservient class work who cannot hold land. The latter are the conquered, on whom the Aryan lords have imposed their authority.

Let us take now an example in Britain, one among many which survived until within quite recent times. In the Island of Harris, at the end of the eighteenth century, the following conditions existed among the dwellers on those islands. "The higher order of tenants were mostly descendants of different branches of the chieftain's family, originally settled in patrimonial possession on the estate. Many of these possessions had devolved in a regular succession from father to son through a long course of ages. Subordinate to this grade were the small tenants. A small tenant farm was a little commonwealth of houses or huts huddled together with little regard to form, order or cleanliness. The lands belonging to those farmsteads were divided yearly by lot for tillage, while the cattle grazed on the pasture in common. Labour was performed by a class of cottar tenantry attached to the farmsteads, who were paid in kind and in land allowances, one day a week of their time being granted for their own use."

The same system of village economy and landholding as above described has been found to exist in numerous districts in Scotland and Ireland, especially where modern influences have not had sufficient power to obliterate the old customs which have moulded the habits and mental ideas of the people. But cases are also to be found in England, though there the primitive features are usually less distinct. One village in Oxfordshire, however, had until recent times conditions almost exactly similar to those of the Hindu village already detailed. Here, there were sixteen shares, representing the chief original members of the clan. The land was periodically divided and subdivided by the drawing of lots: village officers were appointed; some land was held for the common benefit, and cottar tenants were servants of the community generally. The independence of the village as a collection of self-governing free villagers, members originally of one family, is clearly

to be traced in the institutions of this and like communities ; and the fact that the inferior class of tenant was originally of a servile class is no less apparent.

The proof also of the existence in Great Britain at the present day of descendants of the original conquered people, thus reduced to servile conditions in ancient times, is also possible to be made out from a large variety of facts. So voluminous, indeed, is the evidence that but a few references can be adduced here.

There are many absolute proofs of the amalgamation of the Aryan masters and the conquered aborigines both in India and Great Britain. Not only is this fact to be gathered from a study of types of physiognomy among the existing population, but also from a study of various customs which have survived from the non-Aryan people up to the present day among people who ordinarily are regarded as purely of Aryan origin. But the existence of a distinct and pure type of the pre-Aryan race in Britain is established in many districts.

The first people of whom we have knowledge as living in Britain were men of short stature, swarthy complexion, curly hair and high colour. These used stone for their weapons, fashioned the monoliths and stone circles of their temples, dwelt in hamlets on the hillsides, built their huge camps on the hilltops, and buried their great dead in long low mounds or barrows. These, some hundreds of years before the opening of the Christian era, were thrust back or enslaved by a people immigrating from the continent of Europe, who called themselves Gaels. Of a tall figure, fair complexion and brown hair, these people had reached to the knowledge of bronze and in civilisation and knowledge of some arts were perhaps in advance of the small dark men they dispossessed. Soon followed another branch of their family—the Britons, both these and the Gaels being members of the Celtic family. Both spoke languages which were but different forms of the same : but both were greatly changed in form and structure by the strange tongue of the little dark man, who also imposed his religion upon his masters, and whom he seems to have impressed with a deep sense of his mysterious magical powers.

The short, black-haired stock is still largely represented in the British Isles, and according to medical evidence it is this type that,

is staying and thriving in the stress of modern competition and the hard life of cities, while the softer, tall blonde race is wearing out. Among the miners of South Wales the older type predominates, in the district in which Tacitus describes the people of his time in the following words : "*Silurum colorati vultus torii plerumque crines* (Jornandes adds "*et nigri*") *et posita contra Hispania, Iberos veteres trajecisse easque sedes occupasse, fidem faciunt.*" The dark complexion and curly hair of the Iberian, thus indicated by the great historian, still remain with us, as striking a contrast now, as in the time of Tacitus, to the tall fair Celts, their conquerors.

At the present day their descendants are native in many well-defined districts. People of short stature, swarthy, with black hair and eyes and long narrow heads are distinguishable in South Wales, in the fen country of the East of England, where the impassable meres and bogs gave them immunity ages ago, and in Cornwall, Devon, Wilts and Somerset. In many districts of the Midland Counties, in the western half of Ireland and of Scotland, they are prominently in evidence, Professor Rhys even hazarding the suggestion that with reference to the western Irish it is from their Iberic ancestors that they "have inherited the lively humour and ready wit which, among other characteristics, distinguish them from the Welsh."

The parallels indicated in the above pages could be extended by a great mass of evidence to show how, in local village customs and superstitions, and in the half-dying or quite extinct rites of hearth and field, the analogy between East and West has yet even closer relations. But what has been said is sufficient to indicate not only the fascinating nature of this study, but to show also the connection which once existed between the constitution of the English village, lying in its well-tended fields, and that of the Indian hamlet with its wilder background of tropical vegetation. The intimate connection is realised more distinctly when its nature is stated succinctly, namely, that in communities, many customs and observances of which indicate that a primitive non-Aryan race were the first possessors of the soil, there is evidence of the imposition of laws and fixed methods by a conquering race of Aryan origin. In conclusion, it may be stated that, if pursued further, parallels could be adduced from like conditions found to be existing throughout all

the continent of Europe. The remains of old tribal communities similar in all respects to those already described have been discovered in Germany, Italy and France: while in Russia, the constitution of the village or *mir* is still a living form of the ancient customary conditions that in more Western lands have become submerged beneath the veneer of civilisation.

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SUKHNIDHAN, THE POONA IMPOSTOR.

IT is a well-known fact in Indian history that Sadashivrao Bhao, the generalissimo of the Maratha army, lost his life in the battle of Paniput in 1761. A few years after that event a Kanoja Brahmin named Sukhnidhan came before the public and pretended to be the hero of Udgeer, Sadashivrao Bhao. He soon succeeded in his imposture. His followers declared that Bhao had come back from his retirement and was willing to take up the reins of the Peshwai once again. Madhavrao Peshwa knew how easy it was for the impostor to succeed in his designs, hence he caught hold of this man, and bringing him to Poona, held an enquiry into his claims. After a long and protracted trial the impostor Sukhnidhan failed to establish his identity; he was, therefore, sent as a prisoner to the fort of Dawlatabad in 1766. In 1775 Nana Phadnavis and Moroba Dada were the chief Karbharris of the Poona Government. When, during the course of that year, they handed over the fort of Dawlatabad to Nizam Ali, the impostor was transferred as a political prisoner to Miraj. The Sardar Patwardhans of Miraj were not over anxious to have this man on their jagir. Soon getting tired of him, they began to urge the Karbharris at Poona to remove him from their midst. In a letter to the Karbharris in August 1775, they say:—"The presence of the Impostor is likely to give rise to disturbances. In these days of unrest our relatives and followers (dependents) are kept in this fortress. He may be removed from our agir. . . . We are unable to keep an eye on him. . ." The Karbharris were therefore obliged to transfer the impostor to Ratnagiri.

As we have seen,¹ during the lifetime of Madhavrao Peshwa, enquiries were made regarding this man by specially appointed commissions, and he was twice publicly declared to be an impostor. There was still in 1775 a very large number of men of note who thought him to be the real Bhao. Parwatibai, the widow of Bhao, claimed the impostor as her husband. All along she had believed that Bhao was alive and in hiding in Northern India. She never put on the dress of a widow, nor did she allow any one to address her without the epithet of "Saubhagya-

wati." At this time she was suffering from consumption and all hopes of her recovery were given up. Hearing that the impostor was to be removed from Miraj at the request of the Patwardhans, she addressed a letter to Purshotamrao Patwardhan, who was then at Miraj. In this letter she writes: "He (Bhao) has donned the garb of an ascetic. . . . what am I to do? My mind is getting more and more uneasy about him. God has placed me in this fix. He should be well looked after. . . . I send a Brahmin with a pony and two servants. He may be permitted to live in the same room (with the impostor). No servant of your establishment may be kept with them (in the same room). There are no hopes of my recovery from this illness. Look after him well for a few more days and keep him at Miraj till my end comes." This piteous request from the dying widow did not influence the Sardars to change their mind; they quietly transferred the impostor from Miraj to Ratnagiri.

The Subhedar of Ratnagiri at this period was a very well-connected and wealthy banker named Ramchandra Naik Paranjpe. This man took up the cause of the impostor on his arrival. He knew that Parwatibai and a number of Sardars at Poona were favourably inclined towards him. Taking advantage of the weakness of the Karbharis at Poona, he set the impostor at liberty, and publicly proclaiming him the Subhedar of Ratnagiri, handed over to him that fortress with a well-equipped army in April 1776. This daring step met with an immediate success. Thousands of roughs from the Konkan and the Ghauts flocked round the impostor. Vyankatrao Ghorpade of Ichalkaranji declared for him. He succeeded in winning over on his side Harba Anna, a cousin of Parsharam Bhao, by promising him the Jagir of Miraj. Such men of note as Bhao's brother-in-law Ragnathrao Kolhatkar, and Naro Shankar, uncle of Gungabai, mother of the young Peshwa, now openly joined the impostor. At this juncture the Peshwa's fleet surrendered to him. With its help he succeeded in capturing the forts of Vijaydurg, Deogadh, Anjanwel, and Suvarndurg. With the fall of the last-named fortress in June the whole of Southern Konkan came in his possession. He now felt that he was within sight of the conquest of the whole of Maharashtra. He was at the zenith of his power. His followers were no longer the ill-disciplined band of marauders that had captured the Southern Konkan by their guerilla tactics: they had changed into well-ordered cavalry and infantry. His advance-guards occupied Rajmachi on the Bhore Ghaut in September. This success, coupled with the wavering attitude of the garrison at Sinhgad, emboldened the impostor to plan a surprise attack on Poona. The Peshwa's army being engaged in Gujrat, Kolhapur and Carnatic, that

city was left undefended. The Maratha arms had sustained a series of defeats within the last two years. Haripant Phadke was holding his own with difficulty in Gujrat against Raghoba and the English. Nizam Ali had succeeded in wresting from the Poona Durbar Dawlatabad and its surrounding territory. In the south Haidar Ali had over-run the whole of Carnatic. There was general unrest in the heart of Maharashtra itself. The Desais of Kithur, the Sardars of Surapur and the Kolis of Ghat-bandhari had rebelled against Poona. Under such difficulties Nana Phadnavis, who was the chief Karbhari at Poona, endeavoured to suppress the impostor's revolt. He sent Bhiwrao Pansè with a small army of picked men to check the advance of the impostor, who was slowly approaching on Poona. After two indecisive battles Bhiwrao succeeded in forcing the impostor to fall back upon Rajmachi. Mahadaji Scindia, who happened to be at Poona at this critical time, joined Bhiwrao by forced marches near that place. Here the combined Maratha forces inflicted a crushing defeat on the impostor, dispersing his whole army. The impostor cut a hasty retreat towards Bombay to seek shelter with the English. On the way he was captured and brought to Poona by Raghoji Angre. A court of 27 judges, including Ramshastri Nyayadheesh, Gopinath Dikshit and Haripant Phadke, was appointed to try the culprit. Most of these judges had known Sadashivrao Bhaò since his childhood. The culprit was unanimously found guilty of imposture and high treason; he was paraded on a cart in the streets of Poona and beheaded on the 18th of December, 1776. A pardon was given to Harba Anna, Vyankatrao Ghorpade and Ragnath Kolhatkar on the payment of heavy fines. Naro Shankar, uncle to Gungabai, lost his life in the rebellion. Ramchandra Paranjpe, who was mainly responsible for the revolt, was taken prisoner with his family by Mahadaji Scindia. His jagir was confiscated, while he was confined as a life prisoner with his family in a fortress near Poona. Thousands of Brahmins who had taken part in the revolt were required by Nana Phadnavis to take "Prayashchit" (purification) from Ramshastri, who was specially appointed on that duty.

With such materials as he had, and against such odds, Nana must be credited with both courage and prudence. He showed no rancour against the Sardars who had sided with the impostor, but gladly welcomed them to his councils. His great object was to settle affairs at home so as to be free to deal with the enemies on the borders of Maharashtra. Thus ended the revolt of the impostor which seriously endangered the Karbhari sway at Poona.

K. E. J.

VIVISECTION IN ITS MEDICAL ASPECTS.

THERE are many among us in Great Britain, who marvel that a few misleading statements, dogmatically asserted by fanatical pseudo-scientists, have sufficed to pervert the age-long tradition and spirit of India so far as to succeed in erecting on her soil "institutes" for the torture of animals in the alleged interests of human suffering, and to persuade some of her wealthier sons to devote to these infernoes riches which might be much better employed in direct service to their poorer fellow-countrymen.

Vivisectors generally find themselves unable to deny the impregnable position of those who attack vivisection from the ethical side. They prefer to establish themselves in the eyes of the more selfish and short-sighted on the ground that "the end justifies the means"—the end in this case being asserted to be some problematical good which they profess to believe vivisection may secure for "Humanity." They refuse to see that such logic might be used by criminals to justify every crime.

But looking even from this lower standpoint, has vivisection benefited mankind one iota? The vivisectors, whose profitable profession it is to vivisect, say "Yes." But all who practise the art of medicine do not accept this view, holding, on the contrary, that the results of vivisection are not unsatisfactory, but misleading, when they come to be applied to human beings, and that the Art of Healing can never be made into a "Science," because in humanity, it deals with a subject of incalculable variations. Indeed, what is "Science"? It claims to be "knowledge," but what do we "know"? The "scientific" knowledge of one generation is the ignorance of the next, and new "facts" are forever putting older ones into new lights and new relationships—if not falsifying them altogether.

This brings us to a pertinent question, "Can Disease be scien-

tifically' cured?" i.e., are there remedies that can be truly specifics, by whose administration the physician can confidently look for a cure? Alas! no. For no two human organisms are alike, and so we are working, more or less, in the dark. The treatment which has suited many patients suddenly encounters one whom it does not reach, or to whom it may be even injurious.

The art of medicine, to call it by its true though more modest name (derived from the Greek *aro* "to fit") lies in the continued study of the temperament and condition of the patient and of the effect thereon of such drugs as the doctor has already seen to be efficacious. Innumerable unknown factors are always present, of which one can only indicate a few, such as the amount of "will to live" in the sufferer, his faith or want of faith in his doctor, the receipt of pleasant or unpleasant tidings—even the new conditions, whether favourable or unfavourable, brought about by the very state of sickness itself—as on the one hand, relief from responsibility, physical rest, the atmosphere of comfort or sympathy—or on the other, anxiety as to the future (especially of dependents) loneliness and melancholy previsions. All that the medical man can do is to secure for his patient the best conditions within his reach, and then to watch and assist nature. It is nature alone that works the cure. To assert otherwise is sheer quackery.

Let us listen to the words of Dr. Herbert Snow, late senior surgeon (for 29 years) of the Cancer Hospital, London, a man of high repute as an expert in his specialty, who has inevitably stood in the thick of the so-called "experimental research" now raging about that specialty. We quote from his recent pamphlet "On the Utter Futility of Vivisection as a means of promoting Science" (published by the International Medical Anti-Vivisection Association, 224, Lauderdale Mansions, Maida Vale, London). Dr. Snow says:—

Those who endeavour to pierce to the core of things, regard vivisection as not only an outrage on morality, but a gross hindrance to the progress of science properly so-called, and an insurmountable impediment to the higher evolution of the race. Held forth for men's admiration and adoration as an adjunct and aid to the Healing Art, it is no more than colossal sham. *As such, without question of the cruelties it may involve it should be totally abolished.*" (The italics are Dr. Snow's own.)

To realise the confusion which must arise in the results of ani-

mal-experimentation, one must recall a few facts. Not only is there a great gulf between the human and various other animal organisms, there is also a gulf between different groups of animals. Thus a rabbit can with impunity take 30 grains of opium and a pigeon 12, whereas 5 grains will kill a human being ! To cats and rabbits, citric acid is a potent poison : we enjoy the juice of the lemon and find it wholesome ; prussic acid, a deadly poison to man and to the elephant, has no injurious effect on horses or hyenas. Belladonna, tobacco and hemlock are rank poisons to man, whereas the rabbit eats belladonna with safety, the goat feeds on tobacco, and sheep, horses and goats browse on hemlock. The " Medical Press " states that " the common hedgehog can eat without discomfort as much opium as a Chinaman could smoke in a fortnight, and can wash down the meal with as much prussic acid as would kill a regiment of soldiers. It is capable of swallowing arsenic with as much relish as it eats cockroaches. Finally, it is immune to snake venom."

We could quote many other instances showing the fundamental differences between man and animals and between animals and other animals. But space forbids. We must content ourselves with a single instance on another line, to show how the removal of organs from animals and from man differs in result. When the thyroid gland of a dog or cat is removed, the animal soon dies, whereas the same operation performed on rabbits, sheep, calves and horses produces no ill effect. In the human being the loss or disorganisation of this gland produces a disease called myxœdema which eventually ends in death, though it now receives a palliative treatment, which, as Dr. Snow remarks, was derived from " no more than a common-sense deduction from readily observed facts. It was not invented or discovered by means of any living animal experiment whatsoever. It needed nothing of the kind for its support."

The remedial treatment of myxœdema by administration of the thyroid glands of sheep—either in bulk or by extracted juice—is often claimed as a triumph for vivisection. But vivisection had nothing to do with it. It was Dr. W. Miller Ord of St. Thomas' Hospital—and no vivisector—who first grasped the true origin of this disease, and it was Dr. William Murray of Newcastle—also without aid from vivisection—who found that its distressing symptoms were held in abeyance by the administration of thyroid gland or its extract. The

special application of this treatment was new, because the disease was a newly differentiated one, but the principle of Organo-Therapy has been an age-long practice in the Far East. The writer himself remembers hearing Eastern "quacks" prescribe various organs of animals for various diseases connected with those organs. He recalls seeing minced and fried liver used in that form of night-blindness common in the tropics, and due to hepatic derangement.

We see thus that it was clinical observation and experience that discovered the origin of this disease and indicated its treatment. But Dr. Miller Ord and Dr. Murray apparently got little credit for their keenness of observation. All sorts of experiments on animals *followed* their discovery, and the honour went to the vivisectors! Then all manner of organs were removed—partly and wholly—cut—sutured—mangled. Extracts from every animal organ was prescribed for supposed disease of the corresponding organ in the human. Yet where does Organo-Therapy stand now? What has it proved to be? Alas! as a method of cure, another dismal failure.

Modern improvements in the surgery of the kidney have also been claimed for vivisection—this claim mainly deriving from some frightful experiments on dogs performed at the Brown Institution, originally founded as a hospital for the cure of animal suffering, but now perverted to their torture! But, as Dr. Snow says, this claim can scarcely be persisted in, since Mr. Henry Morris, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, whose name is most associated with progress in this department, has informed the Royal Commission on Vivisection that he has never vivisected and was in no way indebted for his skill to experiments upon living animals. Besides, as Dr. Snow pertinently reminds us, the surgical removal of the kidney dates from the Greeks and was known to Hippocrates as a feasible operation.

It was in the surgical aspect of experiments on living animals, that the famous surgeon, Professor Lawson Tait, made himself more famous by fearlessly denouncing such experiments as not only futile, but positively detrimental to progress. To quote his own words in a pamphlet on "The Uselessness of Vivisection as a Method of Scientific Research," published in 1899:—

I have had, as is well known, some share of this advance (*i.e.*, that of abdominal surgery) and I say without hesitation that I have been led

astray again and again by the published results of experiments on animals, and I have had to discard them entirely Injuries to arteries in the lower animals are repaired with the utmost certainty and readiness. But with man, it is altogether different. I once saw the leg of a favourite dog amputated at the hip-joint on account of disease, and when the limb was removed, not a single vessel bled. Without sedulous precaution, a human being would perish of hæmorrhage under the same circumstances, within a few seconds.

Such knowledge and experience caused the great surgeon to write to the "Medical Press and Circular" of May 1899, as follows:-

Some day I shall have a tombstone put over me, and an inscription upon it. I want only one thing recorded on it, and that to the effect that he laboured to divert his profession from the blundering which has resulted from the performance of experiments on the sub-human groups of animal life, in the hope that they would shed light on the aberrant physiology of the human groups. Such experiments never have succeeded and never can.

Dr. Herbert Snow writes: "I personally remember a surgeon who had successfully effected artificial junction (anastomosis) between different portions of the intestine in various dogs, which betrayed no ill-consequences. He then proceeded to perform similar operations on patients in hospital, and these promptly died."

We may quote also from Sir Frederick Treves, who strenuously disclaims being an anti-vivisector, yet who admits, in the "British Medical Journal," November 5, 1895,

Many years ago I carried out on the Continent sundry operations on the intestines of dogs, but such are the differences between the human and the canine bowel that when I came to operate on man, I found I was much hampered by my experience: that I had everything to unlearn, and that my experiments had done little but unfit me to deal with the human intestines.

Let us go on to the vivisectors' claim to "cure" disease by anti-toxins. For any reader of non-medical education, there may well be a few words of explanation of "anti-toxin." Such explanation cannot be exhaustive, because there are so many anti-toxins, with certain variations in their preparation. But in the main, an anti-toxin starts with a "germ" of any given disease, extracted under microscopic examination from matter taken from a diseased person. This "germ" is then "cultivated" in various ways, and finally, when it has attained

an active virulence, it is introduced by "the prick of a needle." This "prick of a needle" conveys the disease to the animal, often some cruelly torturing disease such as would attack no animal naturally, and which need not afflict humanity save through human ignorance, filth or sin. From the blood, etc., of this unhappy animal "serum" is prepared, with which to "inoculate" the human being, either in certain cases for the "prevention" of the disease in the inoculated person, or in others where it is already set up for its supposed "cure."

These anti-toxins are not only unsatisfactory and unreliable, but may be often positively dangerous. Take the supposed Pasteur "cure" for rabies; not only is this proved unsuccessful, but there seems to be little doubt that the injection of the serum has sometimes been the only source of infection. In the cases of Née of Arras, DeMoens of Antwerp and others, patients undoubtedly bitten only by one "suspected" dog and "inoculated" shortly afterwards, the "inoculated" human died of "rabies" but "the dog remained healthy and lived for years afterwards."

A few years ago, in England, there was a "rabies" scare. Every dog astray or frightened was hounded down, till he snapped at somebody. Then he was captured, "scientifically" tested, "rabies" was discovered, and the bitten were despatched to the foreign Pasteur Institute. All dogs not in proper guardianship, (i.e., on a lead) were liable to be seized by the police, their owners mulcted, or if they did not appear, the animals were slaughtered. But these regulations were more or less under local control, which produced the anomaly that while an unattended dog might be "contraband" on one side of a road, he might stroll securely on the other side, that chancing to be in another county. Further, while carefully supervised little dogs seated in their owner's vehicles but not "on a chain" were liable to be seized by some officious functionary, it was expressly conceded that packs of hounds might freely roam the country—though these dogs, not under individual supervision, and exposed to much fatigue, are precisely the dogs among whom disease is likely to originate, as has often been the case. But to insist that hounds should be kept "on the chain" would have interfered with the pleasures of the wealthy law-makers themselves.

Finally, the "test" under which the "suspected" dogs had been

all adjudged to be hydrophobic, was found to be wholly fallacious, and the bitten people, who had been sent to the Pasteur Institute (generally at the public expense) to be "cured" there, had never incurred the slightest risk of rabies—unless, indeed, it reached them at their "inoculation."

The "rabies" scare ended in England, though it still exists in countries where "Pasteur Institutes" are rampant. Such was the "scientific" application of "scientific" methods! Be it known that true rabies is one of the rarest of diseases. It is said that none of the attendants at the great Dog's Refuge in London, have ever suffered from it, though they have been bitten by animals in every stage of misery, fear and anger.

Vivisectors themselves do not now much vaunt the Pasteur "cure" for rabies, but they try to justify all the experimentation involved as being on the road to the discovery of other "sera," such as the "diphtheria anti-toxin." They keep a discreet silence over the much trumpeted Koch's "tuberculin cure," which, as Dr. Bell Taylor of Nottingham, says in his tractate on "Why Oppose Vivisection," that so far from being a cure "his inoculations have led to death from initial fever, and the infection of the whole system of patients who merely suffered from localised disease."

But what of the still-lauded "diphtheria anti-toxin," which is made one of the sheet anchors of the vivisector, and to the uninitiated is used as a clinching argument in favour of his methods?

In brief, this is the history of this famous "discovery." In diphtheritic patients, a white film or pellicle is seen on the mucous membranes of the throat. Two investigators, Klebs and Löffler, found a bacillus in the membrane, and it was at once assumed that the Klebs-Löffler bacillus was the cause of the disease, although they themselves noted its absence in 25 per cent. of true diphtheritic cases, and another investigator, Ritter, found this particular bacillus in the mouths of 127 healthy children. Other investigators have discovered this bacillus in the discharge of diseases as widely different as conjunctivitis, nasal catarrh, stomatitis, etc., yet despite these observations, we are still told that the Klebs-Löffler bacillus is the "cause" of diphtheria, and the manufacture of this much-commended "diphtheria anti-toxin" is based on this assumption.

The most misleading statistics are put forward, but the alarming

fact remains that since the introduction of this "anti-toxin" in 1894 the mortality in England and Wales from diphtheria has increased. In the 10 years previous, the deaths per million were only 200. In the ten years afterwards they were 235. In the city of London for the three years 1895—6—7 the mortality, says Dr. Hadwen, was three times as high as in any of the 17 years 1865—1881. And this, though the latter years have surely been characterised by sanitary progress and by much greater care of infant-life!

Further, and very significant, Professor C. J. Martin informs the sitting Royal Commission (Q. 12011) that "paralytic symptoms are more common now than they were before the serum treatment." Other complications are also mentioned. The Medical Officer of Health for Toronto reports in 1904 that during the last decade the mortality from diphtheria was 16 per cent. under anti-toxin treatment, against only 12·2 under ordinary treatment. In every year save one, the percentage of deaths in anti-toxin cases has been higher than the ordinary hospital rate.

And all this, while according to the best authorities the disease can be most successfully treated by well-known and simple remedies.

It is impossible to deal in detail with other "anti-toxins"—such as anti-venin for snake-bite and others for dysentery, tetanus, etc. The "typhoid anti-toxin" was heralded with great acclaim, and would doubtless have held sway for years, had it not had so public and thorough a trial in the South African War, where its futility was so proven that it actually acquired an evil reputation!

But one must touch on the anti-plague sera. These, mark, are not offered for the cure of plague, but for its prevention! This treatment has been adopted by the Government of India, and all the Medical Faculty throughout the country has pressed it forward.

Yet in 1905—nine years after its introduction—deaths from the plague reached more than one million—340,000 in the Punjab. It is significant that, from the first, "the general mortality from plague among the European population in India has always been slight. It is still more significant that *before Haffkine's treatment was introduced*, it was still slighter! Yet Europeans would, inevitably, be more disposed than Indians to accept this mysterious "preventive."

Everybody knows what stringent sanitary regulations are necessary to keep off disease in tropical countries. What is the sanitation

of the average Indian village? Nay, of many Indian cities? Is Government devoting strenuous attention to this? Nay, is it taking a still wider outlook and remembering that Europe and Great Britain itself were over-run by frightful epidemics so long as the populations were under-fed, over-tasked, disheartened and hopeless. Does it remember this? No. But under well-paid vivisectioning direction it is devoting its attention to rats and fleas! Rats are to be exterminated at any cost. Well, and good,—but it is next discovered that before you destroy your rat, you must note his colour, since the brown rat is decided to be as wholesome a neighbour as his black brother is deleterious!

It would all be really comic, were it not for the awful tragedy of animal suffering and human demoralisation and defeat that are involved at every turn.

In Great Britain vivisectioners now feel it necessary to go about their cruel and evil work in order to inculcate the simple cleanliness which any thoughtful old woman would intuitively practise, and which all the great religions of the world have enjoined. They are subjecting guineapigs to a miserable death to prove that telephone tubes, open to every passer's breath, should be properly cleansed and disinfected!

One of the latest vivisectioning cries is that vivisection is not cruel, and involves no suffering to the animals concerned. This is put into the mouth of Lord Cromer, retained as the figurehead of the new Research Defence Society. This assertion, not only every medical man, but every reader of medical journals, knows is not true. Yet at root, it is an admission of the force of anti-secting influence. For the earlier vivisectioners said, brutally, that the suffering of the animal under experiment, did not concern them in the least. The persistent efforts of the anti-vivisectioning agencies have, therefore, sufficed to mend the "company" manners of the vivisectioners, though they have not yet succeeded in putting an end to their "laboratory" methods.

But almost while Lord Cromer was speaking, a significant incident occurred. A breeder's journal "Our Dogs," which exists to uphold all canine interests, had bravely ventured to deprecate the vivisection of its clients. Thereupon Dr. Morell Mackenzie objected to any such display of sympathy even from such a quarter. Yet, while stating that he regarded vivisection as necessary and inevitable, he

admitted that it was "revolting" to him. At the same time, a report was issued of a dialectical duel between vivisectors and anti-vivisectors, held in Hanover Square, London. Thereat, Dr. Starling, said to be "noted for his extreme sensitiveness as regards infliction of pain on animals," and who had declared before the Royal Commission that in 17 years' experience, he had never seen pain inflicted on dog, cat or rabbit in any physiological laboratory in England, announced that he should be pleased to admit any three ladies to see "the happy animals" in his cages in Gower Street.

Now, if this be so, why is vivisection "revolting" to Dr. Morell Mackenzie?

It must, however, be added, that to Dr. Starling's offer to the "ladies," he appended a declaration that he would not admit "experts"—as he had a strong feeling about medical men who are "disloyal to their colleagues." We all know that there are none who may not be deceived, save those who already know enough to make pointed and pertinent enquiries. Also, there are divisional "loyalties" which are disloyal to the welfare of the community—disloyal to truth itself.

Two hundred medical men in Britain have openly avowed their desire that all vivisection shall cease. But upwards of a thousand others have given their signatures to a protest against the use of the dog for experimental purposes, since he has become the servant and companion, nay, the friend of man. Why need this thousand of medical men have uttered this protest unless they knew that cruelty—and that often of the most awful kind—is involved in experimentation?

In these days, when India is seeking to put from her all that is unworthy in her own past—when some of her best sons are interesting themselves in demands for the cessation of cruel sacrificial rites practised by some of her debased sects—is she prepared to set cruelty afresh in a high place—to make those who practise it into a new caste, with rights to withhold information, to bewilder ignorance and to repudiate criticism? Is she prepared to adopt methods which are already questioned and doubted by much of the best intelligence and all the kindest hearts in Britain? Is she prepared to fight fleas rather than famine? Is she prepared to forget her ancient and noble belief in the Unity of All Life—in its evolution and its devolution—at

the bidding of a few Western men who, while crassly materialistic in every ideal, pander to the narrowest cravings of human cowardice, vainly shrinking from personal pain, and still more vainly from the mere shadow of Death ?

There is a better way, says Dr. Bell Taylor :—

We are assured that it is impossible for science to advance unless experiments are made upon animals, but this statement is not true. There is a far better way of advancing science than by animal experimentation, a way which lies open to all. We require no institutes, no animal laboratories, no cruelty, no sham anæsthetics, no scientific instruments to make torture easy. We do not need to make this earth a hell to God's innocent creatures. Our way is plain, our course is clear. We have only to look at what is going on around us every day of our lives ; we have only to cultivate the faculty of observation—observation of the sick at the bedside and after death—that glorious gift which taught Newton the law of gravitation, which has revealed to us the secrets of the heavens which has enabled us to predict, years in advance, the course of the stars and to which we owe all that we really do know of the physiology and pathology of the human body to-day.

That, then, is the function of the medical man, simply the cultivation of the faculty of observation. The proper study for mankind is man, and if a doctor is to learn his business it must be at the bedside of his patient. Nature is forever performing for us experiments of the most delicate and suggestive kind, experiments which it is impossible for mechanical artifice to imitate or realise, and it is to the careful observation of the symptoms in such cases during life, and to the careful study of the lessons that accompany them after death, that we must look for such advance as is possible in the science of medicine and surgery to-day."

Indians should not need to be reminded that "the patient is healed by careful thought, not by knowing his name"—or that of his disease, or its supposed bacillus !

GEORGE FERDINANDS.

Aberdeen.

LOVE'S SUPREME SACRIFICE.

IN South India there is a quiet little town, surrounded by hedged-in palm gardens and green paddy-fields, and towards the east a wide sweep of marshland seaward. This little town holds the relic of a romantic episode, which occurred nearly 100 years ago. The little English church, surrounded by a dilapidated graveyard, is substantial and well-proportioned. Near the chancel is a quaint monument. A large marble slab is let in the wall, which tells us who is buried underneath in the vault. This is the inscription :

THIS MONUMENT
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ARABELLA R.,
DAUGHTER OF THE CAPTAIN W. R.
WHO DIED ON THE 6TH NOVEMBER 1829,
WAS ERECTED BY HER EVER GRATEFUL
AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN L.

Above the inscription is a heavenward flying pigeon, carved in marble, and when a hidden knob between the pigeon's wings is pressed, the large slab on the ground slowly rises and displays underneath, lying in a glass-covered coffin, the figure of a woman in full bridal dress.

In recent years this was considered to become a nuisance, as decay did its work, though the body had been carefully embalmed; so the authorities removed the spring and covered the vault with pakka masonry.

'Who was, then, this Arabella, whose name and grave is a constant reminder in this remote place of faithful and undying friendship? The station, nowadays uninteresting, situated amidst monotonous lowlands, near the equally uninteresting sea-shore, has a stirring record of foreign trade, of struggle and victory, of gaiety, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life. The old fort and ruined military church, the remains of queerly built, vast old bungalows, and a cemetery with Armenian, Dutch, French and English inscriptions, bear witness to its chequered past. The latest and, of

course, permanent occupants were the English and the two or three English regiments, that were, up to the middle of the last century, stationed there, lived very much in the same way as Englishmen live nowadays in Indian military stations, though, of course, intercourse with the outer world was much more limited than at the present day; only the fortnightly steamer, that stopped on its way from Madras to Calcutta, used to bring variety into the ordinary routine of duty and pleasure.

One day that steamer brought among a few other passengers a remarkable pair, an Italian and his daughter Arabella. Though he called himself Robinson, nobody knew his real name; but in the happy-go-lucky fashion of Indian station life he was made welcome, as he proved a boon companion, a connoisseur of horses and wines, and a good-natured fellow to boot, whose purse-strings were never tight, when a poor chap confided to him his troubles and necessities. It was said that he had for some years occupied the position of riding-master at the Court of the Nizam of Hyderabad and made a goodly pile there. Arabella, whose mother had died before he left his native country, and who was her father's choicest treasure, was fresh from the convent school, of a brilliant innocent gaiety, and full of the *joie de vivre*. As her father's daughter, she was in her element when on horseback, and to fly over the low-lying swamp, with a spirited horse underneath, and the roar of the sea about her, was to her at that time the essence of living. The very joy of existence pervaded her.

Whether enjoying her daily rides as her father's companion, or tending the little garden, which was her joy and pride—flowers and shrubs being hard to raise in the sandy soil on the bare wind-swept plain—whether feeding her birds, playing her guitar, or presiding at her father's table with her sunny smile and winning manners, she was the same simple young girl, who looked with a clear direct gaze of innocence into the unknown wilderness of life. This wonderful simplicity of nature helped her over all the rough and unsavoury places, carried her victorious and unscathed through many shady and mysterious episodes, of which she did not understand the meaning. Still, there was a fire hidden in her nature that sometimes leapt to her magnificent eyes, when a tender spot in her nature was touched. So she blazed forth, when she heard one of the youngsters, who so much profited by her father's bounty, say to another: "Never mind, Jack! You need not be particular with an old stager like that; God knows who he is, or how he came by his money; and what induced him to come to this God-forsaken hole, is best known to himself; it looks a bit shady."

But there stood Arabella with a dangerous flash in her eyes, her head well thrown back, as she said in a low, but distinct voice: "I think, Sir, that you need not trouble any further to honour my father and myself with your company; confine yourself in future to characters congenial to you."

The lieutenant stood thunder-struck. Before he could collect himself, Arabella called out to the servants to bring round the Sahib's horse, as he wanted to go. He dared not remind her of the promised ride, for which he had come.

"A queer fish, certainly, old R.," the gentlemen used to remark to each other over their pegs and cigars; "something wrong somewhere, I bet; but it is no concern of ours, and the daughter is as straight as a die." Though Robinson's house was noted for its hospitality, he himself visited neither mess nor private residences; the few ladies of the station kept aloof; Arabella was such a very singular girl, not at all fond of ladies' society, and whenever out, almost always on horseback with one or two men at her heels. As a matter of fact Arabella's heart was often longing for the sweet companions of her school-days, and the motherly advice of the gentle, serious nuns. But her father's wish was law; he kept her jealously to himself, and in her simple natural way her duty was to her father only, that lonely old man who loved her as the apple of his eye. Arabella's nature, on account of its very intensity, was somewhat more exclusive than is generally necessary for a happy life of friendship and social intercourse; her very intensity prevented her frittering away her affections and emotions in all directions. Young though she was and innocent, she was self-contained to a remarkable degree, and would not have had much in common with the English ladies. Her piety was of the same simple direct kind, unquestioning and childlike; her sense of beauty strong. She was neither very clever nor very accomplished, but had a great love for song and music. Riding or walking, doing her simple household duties, or sitting over her fancy work, her clear, sweet voice could be heard singing the melodious love-songs of her native country, or the solemn chants and anthems of her church.

Then came the great conflict of her life and she had to choose. Colonel John L. was smart and handsome, perhaps his good looks were impeded by his abrupt manner, his dissatisfied expression and oft-times satirical remarks. Whereas most of the single men messed and lived together, he kept to himself. While the ladies thought him most interesting, because so mysterious and unapproachable, his comrades called him disagreeable and sour, and he was no favourite with either the subalterns or the men.

Nobody used to joke with him or tease him, for he was supposed to have a nasty temper. He was devoted to his duty, generous to extravagance, if there was occasion, and much given to card-playing; in drink he was moderate. It was generally known that his marriage had been a failure. As happens so often to these morose, reticent natures, he had been carried off his feet as a very young man by a consuming passion for a charming young widow, daughter of his father's friend and neighbour in the home-land. He himself was supposed to be a good catch, and fell a comparatively easy prey to the blandishments of his ravisher. For her sake he fell out with his father, made an enemy of his brother, who was possessed by the same infatuation, and got married in the firm belief of having drawn the great prize in the matrimonial lottery. But alas! he soon found out his mistake. His wife was a coquette and a butterfly, shallow and silly; he exacting, jealous and increasingly morbid, till at last, driven to exasperation, he threatened to leave her and get a commission in India, whereupon she pertly replied that this would just suit her, as it would leave her at liberty and free to follow the dictates of her heart; this way only lay her salvation from an unbearable yoke; and in the carrying out of her threat she forestalled him in the carrying out of his.

So he had come out to India, seen 15 years' service, but never particularly distinguished himself; the death he courted, when in action, passed him by; the very springs of his being seemed to have dried up within him by reason of his bitter disappointment. To be misunderstood, underrated, had always been his lot. He could not be careless and light-hearted, or like others, drown his sorrow and put the best face on the matter; neither could he find the many compensations in life, wherewith others, similarly situated as himself, comforted themselves. His was an awkward, brooding nature. The details of his history were scarcely known; but everybody guessed at least that there was a skeleton in the cupboard. Women's company he shunned for he suspected a smiling traitor in each.

Then Arabella came into his life.

Horses were the one point in which L. indulged himself. So he came soon in contact with Arabella's father, and though at first he was not one of the frequent visitors, he saw Arabella several times, and on the first occasion, when she accompanied her father and himself on a ride, he was involuntarily struck with her excellent horsemanship, her elastic graceful figure, her bright and joyous vigour; she on her side admired his quiet manliness, and with feminine intuition she guessed that behind that enforced, cynical calm there was a sensitive and passionate nature. His blond type

pleased her instinctively, and without her senses being captured in the least, she felt impressed by and drawn towards him.

One morning he called, and her father being out, came round to the garden, where she was busy.

"Do you take pleasure in gardening?" he asked for the sake of conversation. "It is a rare thing out here to see ladies working in a garden; their interests generally don't go beyond toilets and complexions."

Arabella, ignoring his satirical tone, replied gaily: "Fortunately, I don't know such women; neither my toilet nor my complexion want much tending; but my flowers do. Look at these jessamines," she cried with shining eyes, like a child, "how they remind me of my dear convent and of Sister Angelina, whom we girls used to call Jessamine; we gave flowers' names to all the nuns. You see now, how I am going to make these jessamines and stephanotis climb over the porch; won't it be a lovely seat, overlooking the sea, and seeing the sun dipping into it. 'I think I shall try some slips of passion-flower next year, to cover the whole trellis work in front.'" So she chatted happily on, and he found himself ransacking his memory to give her good advice. After that she took him to see her birds, that hung in pretty cages in the front-verandah. The taciturn man followed her here and there and began to evince a show of interest in her pets. Secretly, he wondered whether she was an artful flirt, or the simple sweet girl she seemed.

From this day onward he intentionally took more notice of her, found her always bright, kind and communicative; when he made one of his cynical remarks, a pained expression came into her eyes. "I am not indifferent to her," he thought; "I suppose she dislikes me; but somehow I have not the heart to bring that expression into her face, by showing her the worst." But this "worst" seemed to sink more and more into the background, when in her company. It seemed then so easy and natural to be, what he wished to *appear* in her eyes.

"Do you know that you are a very lonely girl?" he one day said to her.

"Lonely? I? I cannot imagine what makes you think so. I have always plenty to do, and there are so many visitors."

Just these visitors irritated him. Did the poor child know of the uncharitable remarks that were made at afternoon teas and dinner-parties? Ah! poor little soul! But why should she? Let her remain as she was; better thus than become one of the frivolous heartless women of the world. So crooked had his judgment become, that he intentionally condemned all women as flirts and soulless Undines; but there was now

one exception for him. The ladies that had seen Arabella could not help thinking that she was bold and fast, living alone with her old father, with so many of the young officers constantly coming and going; and the very eagerness with which the latter stood up for her, whenever an uncomplimentary remark was made, raised the ire of the other party. And yet not one of them would have volunteered to chaperone the "adventurer's daughter." Some ugly stories were floating about with regard to old Robinson; how much foundation there was for them, cannot easily be decided; certain and undeniable was his devotion to his daughter.

"Are you not fond of reading?" asked L.

"I don't know that I am; we have few books, and they don't amuse me; they are on racing and horse-training; there are also some treating on commerce and similar matters; but I am afraid, were they even on more interesting subjects, I should not sit down to read them. There are my old school books; but they too have lost their fascination, if they ever had any."

"Poor starved mind!" thought L. Aloud he said, "Well, I have a few books you might like to see." He was a great reader; his solitude had made him such. He brought her Milton and Shakespeare, Chaucer and Spenser; but it seemed, that more to please him than from spontaneous desire, did she read. "Shakespeare is not in my line," she said naively; "these people seem so rude and uncouth; but oh, I love the "Faerie Queen" and the sonnets that you brought." "That's it! Poetry will please her," thought L. and was quite delighted to have made the discovery. So he brought her Shelley, Wordsworth and Keats, and was highly satisfied to see a new expression in her mobile features. "Oh, how I feel it! I see it all," she cried gleefully, her magnificent eyes sparkling with a new-found happiness; "it is as if my own soul had known it all long ago; but I could not find the expression for it."

"It sounds like music, this one," and she flew to her guitar and tried to find the tune that her heart sang.

"I thought I would find the 'sesame' somewhere," he said to himself. A man and woman reading poetry together are always on terms of intimacy, and L. was soon aware that his heart's winter had passed and the garden was full of fragrant spices and lovely flowers. Though Arabella was still quite unconscious, the slumbering Psyche within was gently stirring its wings and preparing for its wonderful grand flight into the realm of love; she felt overflowing with happiness; alas! that this unconscious pure happiness, the only one she was ever to know, would be of such short duration.

As they became more intimate and Arabella talked to him freely about all her little innocent pleasures, her disappointments, doubts and thoughts on every subject, he marvelled more and more, that so fair a flower could blossom in such uncongenial surroundings. Even now his heart was often torn by conflicting emotions. What was the past to him? Not more than a dark shadow, that seemed now ever so far behind. Was it himself, or another, that had suffered so cruelly, and for so long? What hindered him to stretch out his hand and take the prize? He was confident that he was able to call the lovelight to those dark eyes he had come to look upon as stars of his night. Then again he cursed himself for a selfish monster. Should he destroy for ever her youth, her pure innocent happiness?

(One evening, while the sky glowed in gold and crimson and the gentle evening breeze played around them, as they sat under the porch, he told her the story of his life and unconsciously he laid bare his soul before her, let her see the devastation, the solitude of his life.

That night Arabella felt a burden on her heart, as she had never felt before; for the first time she tasted the bitterness of life, though only through compassionate sympathy with another; she sobbed herself to sleep. When he came in as usual the next morning, she felt strange and shy; the woman in her had been born that night, the loving and suffering woman. She felt oppressed by sorrow, and as she looked into his face, she could read a new meaning of suffering and resignation in those handsome features; as she tried smilingly to greet him, the tears rose to her eyes, and she hurriedly left the room. An irresistible desire seized her lover. "Why should she not know?" he murmured to himself. "Let our destiny fulfil itself." He took and opened one of Shelley's volumes, and making a pencil mark, left it open on the table, and went away, not returning that day or the next. When Arabella had regained composure and came back into the room, this is what she saw and read:

To—

One word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear,
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love ;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not :
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

(To be concluded)

H. E MEYHR.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

NOW let me take up the question from another and subtler point of view. The last century, in Europe, has seen the birth and universal acceptance of a Subjective Philosophy, the high water mark of which is reached in the works of Kant and Hegel. The system of Kant is briefly this: Following up the scepticism of Hume, he maintained that all knowledge was conditioned by the nature of the knower. With regard to human knowledge, Sense could only perceive by investing its perceptions with the necessary form or dress of Time and Space. Similarly, all the operations of the understanding were robed in certain relations to one another known as Categories. These are conditions of human knowledge, subjective, or, as Kant preferred to call them, *a priori* forms, anticipating all knowledge. All Natural Science must be busied with things as timed and spaced, and classed under the various heads of Division, or Categories, of Substance and Accident, for instance, or Cause and Effect, &c. There are twelve such. In short, Pure Reason, or Knowledge, is sensuous, and is conditioned further by the categories referred to above. Beyond this lies the realm of Spiritual Philosophy, depending on the Practical Reason. The subjects here to be dealt with lie beyond, or transcend, not only Time and Space but even the Categories of the Understanding.

From this it follows that it is absurd to speak of God as a Substance, or as a Cause; or to say that the soul is a substance that thinks and will live through never-ending time. And thus, with this, away go the Infinity, Eternity, Omnipresence, Omnipotence of God; nay, His very Personality is called a meaningless jingle of words. The same is to be said of the immortality and free-will of the soul. His second work "The Critique of Practical Reason," restores our lost idols, not as things known, but as objects of Faith, or aspiration. This, of course, is not religious Faith in any creed or sect, but an invincible impulse to push on by deeds to realise the spirit-life.

We are bound to act rightly, therefore, we are free; that is, the freedom of the will is deducible only from the Moral Sense. This is a "Categorical Imperative," and by it we are bound to do right independently of all inducements. From this it follows, on account of the presence of evil on earth, first, that the soul is immortal; and secondly, that there is a moral Lord and Master so as to make this universe intelligible as a moral whole.

This is Kant's proof of the immortality of the soul. I put it before you with a brevity that is absurd. From this point of view, the soul is immortal, because it feels itself to be called on by its nature to follow a moral law. In this sense, the universality of the belief in immortality is evidence of the universality of the Moral Ego and its needs. If the argument satisfies, well and good, for my present purpose; to me it seems to put a very heavy burden on the back of the Moral Sense, since I hold that the Conscience or Moral Sense is no more than my own opinions of the fitness of my actions to perfect my own nature.

This has been an exposition of our first argument in a new form; however, I must point out that the Subjective Philosophy denies the very first axiom of all the Natural Sciences, on which the whole first part of this lecture was based. *Agere sequitur esse*—"Nature is revealed by action" has no meaning to a follower of Hume or Kant. "Action follows action"—is all that the senses can tell to us; of Essence they say, and can say, nothing. I now have one more argument to expound for the immortality of the soul on the old ground of its nature, and based on its actions as revealing that nature or essence. I want to prove that the soul is a spirit, a spiritual substance, and therefore, immortal. But these are two words at which the up-to-date philosopher shies like a frightened horse. What can we know of what underlies sensation? Obviously, nothing, according to the Kantian Philosophy. But Kantian Philosophy has had its vogue. Pure and unadulterated, it reached its greatest height, on the one side, through the genius of Hegel; but it has, also, had its *reductio ad absurdum*, on another, from the pitiless logic of Schopenhauer. We live in the dawn of a new era that shall witness the "sublimation" of the whole of this Subjective Philosophy, with all the elaborate work of the Physical Sciences into a higher "Ideal" Philosophy—a sort of glorified or rather divinised Dualism. Modern Monism is a groping in this direction. It is a hopeful sign of this tendency but, I have a notion that, before that takes place, the old philosophies of India will have had a hearing, both the Yoga and the Vedanta, but more especially the latter. We are on the verge of laying

bare principles justifying their most distinctive dicta, coalescing their most disparate propositions, and unifying the whole into an illuminative centre—a Sun of Philosophy—that shall irradiate the world with an effulgence of light and life and joy. *Faxit Deus.*

How, then, after all this, do I wish the reader to understand this word “essence”? “Essence, or nature, is a mode of conceiving a thing,” says Mr. James. Well, so it is, “Essence is teleological; classification and conception are purely (?) teleological weapons of the mind,” adds the Harvard Professor. They enable us to select and abstract that attribute or aspect that shall be of service to us in our reasonings, or shall further our knowledge of what interests or pleases us. So far we may agree with him, but I also hold that its absolute value, the utility for all others, of this mode of conceiving—its truth, in fact—depends on its agreeing with the teleological process underlying the maker’s actions. To employ his own illustrations, paper is not, really, a tough white substance for wrapping up small wares. It is what it was originally made, like its predecessor, papyrus, to be, *viz.*, a surface to be written on. There is such a thing as packing paper, paper made for that purpose, but it is not paper pure and simple. So also, the combination H-O-H, and not its being a sugar solvent, or a slaker of thirst, constitutes the nature of water, because the first of these goes to the production, the making of it. Making, producing, causing, terminates with the nature, essence, substance or thing produced or effected. Here *esse sequitur agere*. The essence of a thing is that which it is made to be or do. In this sense, thinking, loving, rejoicing; the search of the True, the Good, the Beautiful; the knowing, loving and possessing the Infinite is the nature and perfection of the human soul.

Hence, I do not hold that Time and Space are more *a priori*, than, let me say, colour or sound, where objective pulses, waves, vibrations are translated by the mind into a rainbow, or Beethoven’s “Moonlight Sonata.” Nor do I think that cause and effect, quantity and quality, are unanalysable elements, with no relation to the objective order. We attend to them or not as we are reasonable or not; as we are in agreement or not with the image of God in Whose likeness we are made; accordingly as we conceive (quasi)-absolutely or but relatively to our own petty and present needs.

This has been an apparent digression, and long, but it has been necessary to make out the lines on which the argument proceeds.

I have to show that the acts of the soul are peculiarly spiritual, To do so let us try to understand any sort of cognitive act. Knowledge

may be compared to the set of phenomena that take place when an object is mirrored in a reflective medium. There are three things to attend to: first, the object, second, the image, third, the mirror itself. I must ask you to suppose that the mirror knows what objects are before it; and, as it represents the human mind, it knows that it knows. Now, a mirror is flat, and its image is a picture where solids are reproduced, on a flat surface, according to the laws of optics, of perspective and of reflection. These laws constitute Mirror-Logic.

Suppose, now, our mirror to be a mathematically perfect reflecting surface. Therefore, it is invisible. Hence, the mirror becomes a Materialist, and denies its own soul, and says, "There are only objects and reflections. There is no such thing as a reflecting surface." And then, later on, it reasons as follows, "The object was said to be reflected on a surface, but there is no surface; all there is of Mirror-ness in me is purely and simply Image. Moreover, images are flat, and objects are said to be solids. All Mirror-Psychology is based on introspection, and that reveals only flatness. Therefore, of objects, I can know nothing." The Mirror has become a Subjectivist, a Kantian. But it continues: "I merely project my own images out of myself to constitute these objects: but, as there is no surface, where are these images?" And, in desperation, at last, the Mirror says, "There is no Mirror-image, properly so-called; the Infinite Spirit of image-making, the Great Copyist, making pictures in numberless different ways, takes also to making flat images, and one set of these finite flat images is Me." The Mirror is now a Pantheist. What a come-down for a good looking-glass.

It should be observed that the cause of all this change in its views has been the very perfection of its means of knowledge, its mathematically perfect reflecting surface. All the time, the three things *are* there, image, and surface, and object. Flatness *can* represent solids, according to its own subjective, or a *priori* forms, and yet with remarkable truth. In like manner, I hold with Aristotle, the ancient Greek, that the living nervous system, the soul in the body, is such a perfect medium of knowledge, and that by it we directly attain to a knowledge of the objective world, even though it be in the manner of Professor James's baby, as "a big blooming buzzing Confusion." Subjective modifications are the means by which we know, and not means which we must first know to reach outward.

Now, be this as it may, I ask you to hold fast to the comparison given above, and consider what ought to happen in the case of two actions in particular, that are held to be peculiarly spiritual, *viz.*, Memory

and Reflection. But first, remember, that this mirror of ours, the human soul, is never at rest. It has as many movements as you can conceive, round an axis, up and down, forward and backward, right and left. Hence, throughout the depths of its inner consciousness—on its reflecting surface—flows a stream of images, never twice the same, even when of the same object. The flow of images is, at no two moments, alike. Every conscious state is a unique fact. It never was before, and will never be again; and yet, it recognises images as “of the same.” Mr. James, in his writings on Psychology, says, “The same matters can be thought of in different states of mind, and some of these states can know that they mean the same matters that the other states meant. In other words, the mind can always intend, and know when it intends to think the same.” Now, two unlike images, representing the same thing known and remembered as the same, point to an abiding entity, or being, that compares the knowledge then with the knowledge now, and declares that they are alike. “The unity of consciousness establishes an essential unity of being. Indeed, the simplest acts of judgment, the briefest process of conscious reasoning, is possible only to a being that persists . . . during the interval required to pass from subject to predicate, from premisses to conclusion.”

This will become clear if you will try to realise what existence, finite existence in time, implies. All that is, is in the mathematic time-instant between the past and the future, between what was and what will be. That alone is which is now. The soul of yesterday, in this sense, is not; the soul of to-morrow is not yet. “All that’s past is gone you know,” says the old song. Therefore, is there a necessity that the soul shall flow on with the *Nunc-fluens*, the moving now, that Time-point that by its motion draws the imaginary line of the years and centuries and ages. And so, in my own thoughts, I conceive the soul. It is a movement, a force, a wave, a pulse of energy surging through the universe, the same now, as when it was sent forth upon its course; the same forever, as we have to see yet more clearly. If you can conceive a force independent of a thing whose force it is, so be it; that force is the soul. Its essence, then, would be to act, as Descartes held, and, as I think, held rightly.

I have shewn, to my own satisfaction, and, I hope, to that of the reader, that there is a soul. I have yet to show that it is independent of all matter in those actions that are peculiarly its own. Of these I shall take only one. It is the most distinctive of spirituality. If it fails to convince, I despair of succeeding with any other consideration.

I quote from Maher's "Rational Psychology." He says: "The reflex operation exhibited in the act of self-consciousness, is of a spiritual or supra-organic order, and cannot be the activity of a faculty essentially dependent on a bodily agent. The peculiar nature of this aptitude so fundamentally opposed in kind to all the properties of matter, has often been recognised by thoughtful minds to be the most wonderful fact in the universe. In the act of self-consciousness there occurs an instance of the complete, or perfect reflection of an indivisible agent back on itself. I recognise an absolute identity between myself thinking about something, and myself reflecting on that thinking self. The Ego reflecting, and the Ego reflected upon, is the same. It is at once subject and object.

"An action of this sort is not merely unlike the known qualities of bodies: it stands in direct and open conflict with all the most fundamental characteristics of matter. It is in absolute contradiction with the essential nature of matter. One part of a material substance may be made to act upon another, one atom may attract, repel, or, in various ways, influence another, but the assumption that one atom can act upon itself—that precisely the same portion of matter can be agent and patient in its own case—is repugnant to all that either common experience or physical science teaches us. If then this unity of agent and patient, of subject and object, is so contrary to the nature of matter, assuredly an activity every element of which is intrinsically dependent on a corporeal organ cannot be capable of self-reflection."

In the comparison employed a while back, I asked you to try and conceive a mirror that not only imaged an object, but knew that it did so. If I had asked you to think of a mirror that imaged its own image, I should have requested you to try and conceive that impossibility—spiritual matter.

So far the philosophy of the West. Let us now see what the East has to say. Shankaracharya refutes Materialism as follows:—"We must further ask our opponent what he conceives to be the nature of this consciousness which he assumes to spring from the elements. The Materialists do not admit the existence of anything beyond the four elements. If they say that consciousness is the perception of the elements and whatever springs from the elements, then our reply is that the elements and their products being objects of consciousness, the latter cannot be a quality of the former, for it is contradictory that anything should act upon itself. Fire, though ever so hot, cannot burn itself. An acrobat, though ever so well trained, cannot mount on his own

shoulders. So, consciousness, if it were a quality of the elements and their products, could not make these its objects. But consciousness does actually make external things its objects. Hence as the existence of the consciousness of the elements and their products is admitted, so its distinction from them should also be admitted. And as consciousness is the essence of the self we speak of, it must be distinct from the body; and as consciousness is uniform (under varying conditions) it must also be eternal. This conclusion follows also from the fact that the self, even when it has passed through another state of consciousness, recognises itself as the perceiver of a past state, which makes remembrance and such other states possible."

Here you have a masterly condensation of my whole proof, and much more than my proof in one-tenth of the space.

As regards the purely Materialistic objection, Croom-Robertson said, "There is no accounting for mind in terms of matter, though we may explain matter in terms of mind." And again, "To say that the brain thinks is stark nonsense; the brain moves." Indeed, when Cabanis said that "thought is as much a secretion of the brain, as bile is of the liver," he said something so hopelessly inadequate that one is as much taken aback at it, as at a little child accounting for a fall of snow, by saying that it was "All because of the thousands of geese, the Old Woman plucked last night."

What I have to add with reference to the Monistic and Pantheistic views must be equally brief. The Monistic idea that soul and body, Mind and Matter, are two different aspects of the same thing, is something that I do not understand. Now, as Physics has established the indestructibility of matter, and Mathematics, the Conservation of Energy, Monists claim to have established the permanence of the soul. This would, indeed, make out that Mind as energy, either kinetic or potential, would continue as an integral part of the constant sum in the universe. But this is not the soul we have seen above, acting independently of matter. This is not the deathless self that we must establish to prove the soul immortal. However, the dual aspect of mind and matter is an unwarranted assumption, explains nothing, and is irreconcilable with facts, as has clearly been shown by Shankaracharya.

The Pantheistic view I have much tenderness for. It is not inconsistent, nor, in itself, metaphysically unthinkable as a possible system for a possible universe. It is the aspect that has fascinated many of the philosophers of the East, and it is in many ways very like the explanation

of the world that I hold to be the nearest approximation that the genius of Man has made to the truth. The difference is small.

"O the little less, and yet what worlds away."

However, I am not so attracted by the Pantheistic explanation of Knowledge put forward, though hesitatingly, by Professor James, when he says "that some sort of an *anima mundi* or World-soul is thinking in all of us." He admits that he has no physiological grounds for this belief. He seems, however, to have been led to look for some such agent by his conclusion "that the thoughts are themselves the thinkers." He would have found an easier solution for his difficulty, if, with Descartes, he had concluded to a Thinker that was its thoughts—a Soul that was in a new unique conscious state with each new Time-instant.

Against Pantheism, in general, I shall merely indicate the two chief difficulties, *viz.*: (1) the physiological experiences such as memory, which as said above, point to an individuality in us as knowers; and (2) Pantheism refers all thoughts and volitions to the world-soul, and thus destroys all the foundations of morality.

I must be near the limits of my space, and I shall shirk the other difficulties in my way somewhat unfairly. If the Pantheistic hypothesis be correct, the individual soul is a spark of the Divine Fire. That Fire, inasmuch as divine, is also eternal. Will it preserve its individuality, or be merged into the Divine Life, as a drop melts into the ocean when the bubble of self is broken? Is Nirvana—absorption into the Beatific Life—to be our life after death, or the Beatific Vision, when we "being made partakers of the Divine Nature," shall "know the Infinite as we are known." On account of His continual conservative action, in God, even now, "we live and move and have our being." Without that Divine influence, all the universe must lapse into nothingness, even our puny immortal souls.

"At the expiration of a Kalpa, O Son of Kunti, all entities enter my nature." "So all individualities might end," says the West. "So all individualities *do* end," says the East. Philosophy cannot decide that question.

Being convinced of the truth of Divine Concurrence, as being necessary for the continuance of all finite existence, I conclude this part with a quotation from the Bhagwad Gita. The Supreme is represented as saying: "The whole universe is pervaded by Me, in an unperceived form. All entities live in Me, but I do not live in them. Nor yet do all entities live in Me. See my Divine Power. Supporting all entities, and producing all entities, my self lives not in those entities. As the great and ubiquitous atmosphere always remains in space, know that, similarly, all entities live in Me."

Oh, that there^d were an Esperanto to link together all the ages, Patanjali and Shanker, Plato and Aristotle, Aquinas and Hegel.

Finally, we come to a proof which, if it were available, would be the most satisfactory and convincing of all. I mean intercourse and communication with the living-dead. If "the dead are not dead but alive," how is it that we never see or hear from them? Is not the absence of all such intercourse, in itself, stronger as a disproof, than all the subtilities that we have advanced as proofs of their continued existence?

The voice of Common Sense asserts the same. Superstitions, Folk-lore, and all those Religions that have a real and valid hold on the masses would appear to recognise this as a truth. Hence, the legends of all lands, in all ages, tell us of the spirits of the dead haunting the places on earth most intimately connected with themselves. This has been especially so, when the connection has been one that has made a strong impression on the imaginations of the living. Alternately, according to circumstances, the murderer or his victim haunts the blood-stained spot. In like manner, the miser broods, even after death, over his buried gold; and the lover and the love-lorn maiden wander, pale shades, around the scenes that witnessed the ruin of all their rosy dreams. We need no more than the wizard power of Imagination to call all these, and a myriad more than these, into vigorous existence.

Hence is it that Necromancers have, in all ages, fattened on this ineradicable expectation of the human heart, the corollary of its belief in immortality, down from the days of the Witch of Endor to our own enlightened twentieth century, and "Sludge the Medium." Credulity will, I suppose, always have its quacks and its dupes, and I should not have been disposed to pay much heed to this set of moral happenings, were it not that, in our day, necromancy has not only had notoriety as a fashionable craze, but it has, at last, risen to the dignity of Scientific Research. The Psychic Research Society of London counts some of the highest names of science amongst its members. One of its associates, the late F. W. H. Myers, claims to have placed beyond scientific doubt the fact of spirit-life after death, by well-attested communications from the souls of the dead. Be this as it may, we are not so far removed from the days of Spiritualistic Séances, when to "sit in solemn silence in a dull dark room" was all the vogue. To watch a table pirouetting round the room on one leg was the height of enjoyment. If sedate moods prevailed, messages were laboriously rapped out, conveying wishy-washy condolence and assurances that all was well, and every one

was "Oh, so happy." A like sickly and sentimentally optimistic pseudo-philosophy pervaded all table-rapping, planchette-writing, and the utterances of Mediums.

I hold that, though we are here in the presence of phenomena that peculiarly lend themselves to trickery, and yet more self-deception, they give us a residuum that does not allow of any such cut-and-dried explanation. I am, however, very far from imagining that these have anything to do with the souls of the dead. Under any supposition of their continued existence, these, I should suppose, must be considered as, in all probability, better employed than in playing meaningless tricks and uttering equally paltry twaddle and patter. Without claiming to know anything of the force that produces these effects, I have succeeded in formulating at least one law, and in verifying it by varied experiments. I trust, later on, to embody my studies in literary form. At present, I am not prepared to say more than that I am able to explain all such occurrences without the need for any reference to the spirit world. From the dignified, elaborate and self-convinced intercourse that simple-minded Swedenborg, statesman and scientist, claimed to have had, nearly every day of his adult life, down to the most startling accounts I have heard and read in modern times, all are susceptible of a purely terrene account being rendered of them. For the last twenty-five years of my life I have searched, in vain, for a first-hand account of a real ghost, either seen or heard.

There remains, now, only one point to try your long-suffering patience further. The claims put forward by religion next demand your attention. Hinduism has brought the whole of the spirit-world into the strictest dependence on the daily social life of man, by making the future of a father depend on the sacrifices of his son. The same holds good of Christianity. In its source ("If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our religion vain"), in its anticipations ("The dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality"), and in its doctrines of heaven and hell, a belief in immortality is made the pivot of the whole system of faith. The Roman Catholic form of Christianity goes yet further. It gives a practical shape to the article of its Creed, "I believe in the Communion of Saints," by its doctrine of Purgatory, its Indulgences, and its Requiem Masses. It holds "that it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead," and brings the thought of the life after death into intimate touch with the daily and even hourly lives of her followers.

The Hindu looks for a Re-incarnation, and makes death but an episode in a series of recurring lives. The Christian hopes for a reunion with his own body, in another state of existence, of which the present life gives us but a dim analogy. I am not now considering the religious aspect of this question, except as a historical and present fact. I want, however, before closing, to draw attention to a philosophical conclusion that underlies both views. The Resurrection of the Body, and Re-Incarnation have both, doubtless, a natural and easy explanation in the incapacity of most men to conceive a disembodied life. Both opinions, notwithstanding this, find a philosophical basis in the fact that the functions of the human soul are not only those of a pure spirit. Our bodies are as much the creatures of our spirit life, in their way, as our loftiest moral aspirations. In this connection, do I look for light to the Yoga Philosophy and its practical applications.

In anticipation of a renewal of our full life, the Immortal Soul in a glorified body, we repeat, all of us, in substance, the words of Mrs. Barbauld's simple verses:—

Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear ;
Perhaps, 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then, steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not " Good-Night," but in some brighter clime,
Bid me " Good-Morning."

CHARLES A. DOBSON.

Agra.

YASHODA'S SONG TO CHILD KRISHNA.

Wake, cowherd's darling, open thy sweet eyes ;
The wood with song of birds is now alive ;
The early morning sun's soft golden rays
Kiss the unopened lotus on its face
On Jamna's placid stream that gently sleeps
And like thine eyes the lotus opens wide.

U. S.

Naint-Tal.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**The King-Emperor's
Message.**

Fifty years have rolled by since India came directly under the Crown. During this period the two successive Sovereigns, Victoria the Good, and Edward the Peace-maker, have given repeated proofs that, though far away from sight, this dependency could never be out of their minds. And the people have also been constantly reminded of their far-off Sovereigns and the royal interest in this country. Three visits to India have been paid by the direct descendants of the reigning Sovereign for the time being—the King-Emperor, when he was Prince of Wales, the late lamented Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and the present Prince of Wales, with the Princess of Wales. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were for some time resident in India. Two great Imperial Durbars have been held, at which the might and glory of the Indian Empire were vividly demonstrated to the Princes and the leading men of the land. The jubilee of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne was the occasion of universal rejoicing, while her death caused deep and equally universal regret. On numerous occasions the reigning Sovereigns have sent messages of sympathy to the sufferers by some great calamity—flood, fire, famine, earthquake or epidemic. In urging upon His Excellency the Viceroy that no effort should be spared to combat plague, His Majesty showed with what watchful care he followed the fortunes of the millions subject to his benign rule. The many visitors to England who have from time to time had the honour and good fortune of being presented to the reigning Sovereign and to the members of the Royal House, have invariably returned to India impressed with a sense of the unfading interest evinced by them in the people of this country and in their welfare. The stay-at-home subject cannot enjoy the privilege of seeing the King at the window of the palace or

on the balcony. Art has supplied what Nature has denied, and there is not a bazaar where the pictures of Queen Victoria, of King Edward, and other members of the Royal family are not exposed to view ; and there are few houses, with the poorest pretensions to decoration, which do not contain one or other of these likenesses. The features of Queen Victoria and her descendants have become almost as familiar as those of the Player on the Lute, or the contemplative Scion of Sakya, wherever the rays of modern civilisation have penetrated. Far and yet near, invisible and yet familiar to the eye, Royalty pervades the scene to-day, as sculptured and painted Divinity environed of old, and even now environs, the heir to the civilisation of the West and to the citizenship of the British Empire. The fiftieth anniversary of the Crown's assumption of the direct Government of India, on the first of this month, was fittingly marked by the promulgation of a Message to the Princes and Peoples of India, royal in sentiment as in authority.

A comparison of the Message of 1908 with the Proclamation of 1858 is necessarily apt to be misleading, if we forget the object of each. The Queen's Proclamation did not discuss the past, but only made promises for the future. These promises were conceived in a generous and noble spirit. In 1908 the Crown is called upon to survey and, as far as possible, justify the ways of the past, in addition to indicating the lines of future progress. The King-Emperor's Message is addressed to the critic as well as to the grateful and loyal subject. A critic, who has been busy personally for many years, and who has inherited a legacy from his predecessors—an accumulation of at least fifty years—cannot be expected to be in a fit state of mind to receive an answer with the same feelings as a subject would receive promises unburdened with pronouncements on debatable questions. The Indian peasant has a proverb which says that a buffalo, while being taken to the field one fine morning, was accosted by a Brahmani hyll and interrogated : " Whither art thou bound, Brother ? " Fresh from the shed, with a full stomach, and rejoicing in the strength of a stout neck and powerful haunch, the animal proudly replied : "*Aw-in*, I am going to plough the fields, Brother. Fine morning, isn't it ? " The buffalo was worked till the sun approached the meridian and was trudging back home, with the peasant behind him again and again twisting his tail. He

was met by the bull, who, with a mischievous gleam in his eye greeted the fatigued beast with the inquiry: "Whither art thou trotting at this glorious hour of noon, brave Brother?" The buffalo shook his head mournfully and sighed: "I—I am re-turning from the field, Brother." "*Chalo*, thou sluggard"—and the stick in the peasant's hand came down heavily on the bent back of the animal. John Buffalo has ploughed the field for fifty years. "Quick, quick, thou creening snail," the impatient and critical peasant has often cried: "Who gives thee thy straw, thy oil-cake and what not, that thou shouldst go to sleep while scratching these shallow and crooked furrows?" John Morley, while bending his neck devoutly to imperious and exalted Duty, and while accelerating his pace, has answered the impatient farmer with a vigorous kick. "The Message has fallen flat," declares the critic, feeling for his knee-cap and rubbing down his tibia. His Majesty's Indian Secretary is an accomplished essayist, scholar and debater. From a literary and critical point of view, that portion of the Message which vindicates the success of Government to the Indian peoples could not have been drawn up by hands more capable, with a conscience more scrupulous, and a knowledge of statecraft more profound, than those of Lord Morley. More eloquent than ringing, more expressive than sonorous, more truthful than oily, is "honest John's" phrase. If the King-Emperor has not been made to sneak in the lofty tones of an Oriental potentate, is not Edward VII. a constitutional, hard-working, and watchful Sovereign, and the Secretary of State a friend of democracy? Genuineness is the chief and pervading characteristic of the manly and gracious Message which had to be addressed to an audience largely critical.

England's task in India, the Message truly says, is "as glorious as was ever committed to rulers and subjects in any State or Empire of recorded time." And is it not as difficult? "Difficulties, such as attend all human rule in every age and Race, have risen up from day to day," acknowledges the Message. The teaching of one great school of thought in the East is, that even Divine rule is attended with difficulties; and many a thinker in the West has been impressed by the bold enunciation of the truth that there is a constant struggle in the universe between Ormuzd and Ahriman. The men who forget difficulties are those who are not themselves

called upon to solve them, but who merely look on and criticise while others are engaged in battling with them. The Royal Message claims that these inevitable difficulties "have been faced by the servants of the British Crown with toil and courage and patience, with deep counsel and a resolution that has never faltered nor shaken." Who can deny the justice of this compliment bestowed upon the servants of the Crown? If any toil deserves recognition, it is toil in an uncongenial climate. If courage is anywhere needed, it is an indispensable quality where a handful of men of one race undertake to organise and control the government of millions of another race. Nowhere is patience more needed than in a country with deeply rooted traditions of its own, where the masses are too ignorant to understand the intentions of the Sirkar and to respond to new ideas quickly. The Englishman's counsel has generally the depth of commonsense: the Scotchman is a personification of long-headedness; and a sense of humour is an essential element in genius of all kinds. In India large files of correspondence and innumerable standing orders contribute to the perfection of counsel. Resolution is the backbone of all efficient and stable Governments. With all these qualities the servants of the Crown, it is candidly admitted, have now and then erred. The servants themselves never put forward higher pretensions. While the Royal Master acknowledges the errors, he pleads at the same time that the agents of his Government have "spared no pains and no self-sacrifice to correct them: if abuses have been proved, vigorous hands have laboured to apply a remedy." But who are these servants of the Crown? We are sure that Lord Morley meant both European and Native. If courage and resolution may be claimed by the European as his distinguishing qualities, displayed by the Orientals in a smaller measure than by himself, the Oriental cannot be beaten in his capacity for toil and patience, and his counsel is as astute as that of any administrator in the world. There is an indirect assertion in the Message that "the keen intelligence and apt capabilities of India" have still to acquire much experience and the "lessons of responsibility." If this is not very flattering, it is very true. The people of India allowed themselves to be governed, in their long and historic ages, by benign and unbenign despots, and neglected to acquire that public spirit and those qualities which are necessary

for uninterrupted efficient government. It will be the mission of England to teach what was not learnt before.

Of the various achievements of the British Government in India, Lord Morley places in the forefront the "incorporation of many strangely diversified communities, and of some three hundred millions of the human race under British guidance and control." The late Sir W. W. Hunter described this as the work of "consolidation." Indian patriots to-day wish to evolve a United India. It is the British Government that has united it, by the establishment of a more or less uniform system of administration under a central authority throughout India, by the improvement of rapid means of communication, by the introduction of a common language, and of the post and the telegraph. It has put together the various parts of the frame and breathed into it the breath of life, and Bhartakhand, once divided into fifty-six kingdoms at constant war with one another is to-day an organic whole, pulsating with new ideas and strange ambitions. "A fearful creation, indeed!" one might exclaim, when one ponders over the latest developments of political thought and methods of carrying out political designs. The Indian artist of the old school thought that it was a responsible and risky thing to complete the image of a God: directly the pupil of the eye was painted on it, and "sight" was given to the God, he thought that his "living creation" would look about for a victim, and lest the Spirit should victimise him, he broke cocoanuts before it or offered a fowl as a sacrifice. The living India of British creation may well seem to many fearful to behold. The "sight" has been given to it. The thirst for blood or other gratification is not quenched by wars and expeditions against neighbouring countries. Political ambition in ancient divided India spent itself in internecine wars: it was the blood of the enemy that was sacrificed. The apparition called up by the British wizard in united India turns round upon the author of its being. The late Sir William Hunter said that after conquest and consolidation, conciliation must follow. So says the Indian artist, too. After consolidation and vivification, conciliation must follow. The achievement is great, the responsibility greater. When the iron-horse gallons on thousands of miles of railway from Tuticorin to Simla, from Quetta to Sylhet; when the electricity flashes millions of messages from one corner of the land to another; when the living

page of history and the animating verse of patriotic poets are read in school and college all over the illuminated field—be it remembered that this “incorporation” is followed by a vivification and an excitation with energy which are glorious, indeed, but which it requires a steady and unflinching gaze, and a clear and courageous conscience, to behold.

If any historian wishes to write a book on the Romance of Government, he cannot do better than choose for his subject the British Government in India. Not only is the country picturesque, with its lofty mountains, long rivers and spacious plains, and not only are the people composite in custom, creed, language and tradition: the superposition of the new on the old, the evolution of order out of chaos, and the introduction of the arts and sciences the instruments of material comfort and convenience, have transformed the country with a rapidity which stamps the whole history with the interest of romance. In the great Charter of 1858, as the Royal Message calls it, adopting a phrase familiar to and popular with the political thinkers of India, Queen Victoria gave an assurance that it was “her earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer the Government for the benefit of all resident therein.” This is what some people, with professed disdain, call the “material civilisation” of the West, as distinguished from the “spiritual heritage” of the land of Rishis. The late Professor Huxley once said in a lecture, it seems, that the government of nearly three hundred millions of Asiatics by a handful of Europeans was a signal proof of the mastery of mind over matter. We should think, on the contrary, that the success of the British rule in India demonstrates the power of matter over mind. India neglected matter and cared too much for the mind or the spirit. Not a little of the popularity of the British rule is due to the material conveniences which it has brought into existence locally or made it easy to secure from abroad. The child is indebted to the West for the most amusing of its toys; the man, and even the woman, for the cloth of Manchester; the patient for the drugs imported from Europe; the traveller for railroads and bridges constructed with foreign material; the worshipper of Bacchus for things which please the palate. These have made life worth living: they have undermined the old belief that life is an

empty dream, out of which the sooner we awake the better. They make for loyalty more powerfully than the British mind, which latter is a disturbing force. "The schemes that have been framed and executed," says the Royal Message, "for promoting your material convenience and advance—schemes unsurpassed in their magnitude and their boldness—bear witness before the world to the zeal with which that benignant promise has been fulfilled." If Lord Morley had visited India and seen the Panjab colonies and some of the great bridges and reservoirs, he would have penned this sentence with a more vivid realisation of the things he was describing. "Material convenience," and "magnitude and boldness" are abstract phrases, lacking in the vividness of a magic lantern picture, and of effective word-painting. It is, however, the best eulogy, as true as it is high, of the achievements of British rule in India, that even John Morley's pen cannot do adequate justice to them within the limits of a Message. It has been suggested that he should have taken the assistance of George Nathaniel Curzon : we doubt if the two together would have proved equal to the task.

The Secretary of State must have read in the Press, and heard on the floor of the House of Commons, the calumnious perversion of truth to the effect that the British Government is responsible for famines and plague. The effect of trade, especially unrestricted trade, must be to create an economic disturbance : it must cause hardship to some classes, while putting more money into the coffers of others. Prices have latterly risen so high that the District Officers report from all quarters that the poor people are suffering great hardships. The exact causes of the ever-increasing prices of food grains are not yet known : the Government is evidently taking "deep counsel" and intends to investigate them. The high prices must accentuate the distress caused by droughts. This economic phenomenon may be due to India's contact with the outer world, and if so, the British Government may be held responsible for all that has followed in the wake of that contact. Isolation would not have made the people on the whole more happy, even economically. Before the precise causes of the high prices are investigated, none but "simpletons," as Lord Morley once called them, can dogmatise on the share of the Government's responsibility for the great economic change that is coming over India. All human rule, we are reminded,

is attended with difficulties. A truth less trite, but illustrated in all departments of life, is that which the American sage has emphasised: there is a Law of Compensation, according to which, if we managed to remove unhappiness in one direction, new sources of unhappiness somehow make their appearance in another. The balance is perhaps on the side of increase of happiness. But man's war with Nature does not consist in slaying a known number of old and familiar enemies. Pandora's box is inexhaustible, and the dominion of the Rakshasas can never be completely conquered. "No secret of empire," says the Message, evidently in reply to the criticism which has been dinned into the Indian Secretary's ears by Radical members of Parliament, "can avert the scourge of drought and plague." Plague has certainly little to do with the economic consequences of India's contact with the West. On the other hand, the Message reminds the people that "experienced administrators have done all that skill and devotion are capable of doing to mitigate those dire calamities of Nature." If one wishes to know how a famine is fought in India at the present day, one must read the "Narrative of the Measures adopted for the Relief of Famine during the years of 1907 and 1908" recently published by the Government of the United States. It records what may justly be described as a triumph of the art of saving life and supporting industry, when the demon of Famine goes about with his sickle, and sucks up all the water in small tanks and shallow wells. In pre-British India, a third national scourge, besides famine and pestilence, was constant warfare. War has now ceased in India, and the poet's dream of the sword-blade being beaten into ploughshares has been realised.

The future policy cannot be an abrupt departure from the past in all those branches of the administration where progress is felt to be rather slow. In a country where one race governs another and undertakes to train the latter for self-government, the pace of progress is bound to be a subject of constant criticism. The equal rights of all races and creeds in the public service were recognised by statute in 1833, and they were re-affirmed in the Charter of 1858. The Message of 1908, while asserting that "steps are being continuously taken towards obliterating distinctions of race as the test for access to posts of public authority and power," in a way admits that opinions may differ on the measure and sufficiency of these steps, and

expresses the Royal confidence and intention that "progress henceforward shall be steadfast and sure." These words seem to indicate that the velocity of the progress in this direction will shortly be enhanced, and for that reason, if for no other, the Royal Message will be another "landmark in the floods of our historic ages." Besides holding posts under the executive Government, the people have been trained to wield directive and legislative authority. "From the first," says the Message, "the principle of representative institutions began to be gradually introduced." That principle has been extended from time to time, and the year of the jubilee of the Queen's Proclamation will be memorable, because of a great step in advance that will taken in this direction. It is rather unfortunate that the scheme of reforms which has been so long under consideration—perhaps not long enough in view of the importance and far-reaching character of the contemplated changes—was not ready for announcement before the 1st of November. But when His Majesty the King-Emperor is made to say that he is "confident that they will mark a notable stage in beneficent progress of your affairs," we are bound to assume that they will be conceived in a generous and catholic spirit, consistent with wisdom. Every Indian who has the progress and well-being of his country at heart will join in His Majesty's prayer that Divine protection and favour may strengthen the wisdom, and what is more, the "mutual good-will," needed for the successful accomplishment of the task that lies before the rulers of the Empire.

CURRENT EVENTS.

How to deal with the students, has become one of the most perplexing problems of Indian administration. In the King-Emperor's Message there is a reference to "guilty conspiracies that have no just cause and no serious aim." If one remembers how the younger generation is exploited for these conspiracies, and to what extent the execution of the plans of the conspirators are dependent upon the sympathy and co-operation of the more daring among the students, one may easily understand why the conspiracies have no serious aim. They aim at terrorising and making the Government subservient to the will of the people, or rather such of the people as can give expression to their will. Serious conspiracies have been discovered practically in only one part of India. But very objectionable and dangerous ideas on the rights and wrongs of the people are spreading among students in almost every part of the country, where the post office can bring a newspaper, and an orator may address a crowd. The example of inducing students to take part in active political agitation was set years ago by leaders who are now classed as Moderates. If the bounds of moderation cannot be scrupulously maintained among old and experienced men, much less can they be protected among immature and enthusiastic persons, whose courage is more often a consequence of youthful rashness, and the indifference to pain caused by a great impulse and a high-wrought tension of the nerves, than it is of a deliberate sense of injury, and a deep-seated conviction that in no other way can a supposed right be vindicated.

When a young man can carry about a bomb, track his victim, and accomplish his deadly design in the midst of surroundings from which escape is far from being assured ; when a young man in jail can coolly and by long deliberation perfect his plans and compass the murder of a co-adjutor who has betrayed him ; when a young man has the courage to walk up to a Lieutenant-Governor in the midst of a large assembly, and, observed by every one around, to

present a revolver and shoot at him—who can deny that those who sow the wind among students must reap the whirlwind ? Threatening letters have been sent to the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief ; magistrates have been menaced, and if one who was marked out for destruction escaped his fate, and innocent persons fell victims, it was by chance ; prosecuting lawyers have been warned ; police officers have been attacked and murdered : in all these daring deeds, deep-laid plots, and inhuman enterprises, students have been very helpful. All this has occurred in a province where the people are of a peculiarly excitable temperament. Yet education and the spread of ideas have a deep influence on one's temperament, and what has occurred in one province may occur in another. Indeed, signs are not wanting to show that like causes must lead to more or less like effects in every part of India. The newspaper is a potent factor in the dissemination of deleterious ideas, and it is a perplexing question how young men may be prevented from imbibing the poison when their judgment has not yet sufficiently developed.

The Bombay Government has resolved to put an end to the demoralisation of students. The Resolution which it has passed on discipline in schools and colleges aims at proper attention being paid to dress and manners also. But the main task which the Government has set before itself is to arrest the growing tendency of students participating actively in political agitation and imbibing dangerous prejudices. It is, accordingly, demanded that no student of a school, Government or aided, shall be permitted to attend any public meeting, or bring into the school any newspaper which is not approved by Government ; and no student of a college shall attend a public meeting, or introduce into the college any newspaper, without the permission of the Principal of the college. It is ~~not~~ to be expected that students will remain ignorant of what is said in their homes and in the society in which they move on political questions of a debateable nature ; but the prohibition of the educational authorities must have a moral influence on them, apart from the benefit that may be derived from placing impediments in their way and preventing their free access to noxious literature. Naturally students who live with their parents will generally walk in the footsteps of their educated elders. But many students do not live either under parental or any other control. The

main condition of the success of the measures insisted upon by Government seems to be the co-operation of the parents. Where teachers and parents are at cross purposes, the students may nominally obey the formre, but really follow the latter.

Any one who reads the Madras newspapers will be convinced of the splendid opportunity which was afforded by the jubilee of the Queen's Proclamation to bring the rulers and the ruled together, forgetting for the time the differences that now and then crop up, and the hot words exchanged between organs of public opinion. The Native press of the Southern Presidency has written of the Royal Message in terms more eulogistic and appreciative than those adopted even by the generality of the Anglo-Indian papers. The celebration of the jubilee in Madras put the whole Native public in a frame of mind, the absence of which is largely responsible for that somewhat critical spirit in which the Message was received in other parts of the country. For the moment, the Native papers declare, all the subjects of His Majesty felt as if they were united in aim and united in their hearts in common fealty and attachment to their Sovereign. Whoever might have been responsible for the failure to celebrate the jubilee with due ceremony in other parts of India the omission was a sad mistake. There was no jarring note in Madras: with admirable good sense and self-respect, the Native press refrained from harping upon the familiar charge that the promises of the Charter of 1858 have been inadequately fulfilled. An address was submitted by the inhabitants of Southern India to His Majesty the King-Emperor, through the Governor, and the speech made by Sir Arthur Lawley on the occasion was a model of good feeling and tactful utterance. In fact, the people of Madras have given cause to the rest of India to envy them.

Indians are said to have "many grievances:" they are nothing compared with the grievances of the Indians in South Africa. Not only are the inhabitants of this part of the Empire prevented from obtaining anything like a permanent footing in the colonies, but those that have already settled there are ill-treated in a manner unworthy of civilisation. It is pleaded by those who talk loftily of the white man's rights that restrictions on Asiatic immigration are necessary for the preservation of their own "higher civilisation." This higher civilisation will not be in the slightest danger if the demands of the

Indian residents in the Transvaal are met in a friendly spirit. These demands have been reduced to a minimum—voluntary registration and the liberty to import half a dozen men of culture and technical proficiency every year, so that the resident Indians may not sink to the level of Kaffirs and eventually die out. The higher civilisation is in danger from that spirit of narrow-mindedness and jealousy which underlies the persecution of Indians. The evil which such persecution of the people of this country abroad produces here is incalculable. With the treatment meted out to their countrymen in the white man's land almost before their eyes—for every newspaper writes constantly and bitterly about it—few Indians can bring themselves to believe that justice is an innate sentiment, inherited along with the complexion, in Englishmen. The foundation on which the British Empire can be built, so as to last for ages, is respect for British character.

The Germans claim superiority to other nations in many respects. Their military system, their industrial proficiency, their educational advancement—all these are considered worthy of emulation. They are not only respected, but feared. They are pious, ambitious, patriotic, and adaptive. They have discovered that they labour under one great misfortune: their Kaiser is amazingly indiscreet. Many damaging reports have been spread about his court, but the incontinence of speech betrayed by him in the now famous "interview" has strained the patience of his subjects almost to the breaking point. To write private letters to the Cabinet Minister of a foreign State on matters of vital importance to the two nations was bad enough. To betray the secret designs, real or alleged, of other Governments, which had come to his knowledge, was a piece of imprudence and unwisdom that could not but create disgust in the minds of his subjects, and distrust in the minds of all other nations. The Kaiser is not a young man now. He is neither a peace-maker nor a war-maker. He has not the knack of making peace, and, fortunately, not the hardihood to plunge his country into war. He openly seeks peace and secretly gravitates towards war. By contrast, no less than by intrinsic merit, King Edward of England stands head and shoulders above all other sovereigns of Europe in dignity and discretion, in wise forbearance and vigilant activity.

Writing and Revolution.*—In pre-Darwinian days there were sometimes fierce arguments on the momentous question of whether the hen or the egg was first in order of being. Even more controversy has raged and still rages around the dispute as to whether the writer of books is merely a reporter or is a prophet. The writer, to do him justice, seldom shirks the responsibility of the prophetic rôle, but the world is not so much inclined to grant him recognition as it was formerly. To Carlyle a book was a new creation, something wonderful, supernatural. To Professor P. A. Wadia it is more often just a focussing of current thought. Mr. Wadia has this strong piece of evidence in favour of his opinion, that both "The French Revolution," of Carlyle and his own book, "The Philosophers and the French Revolution," reflect, in no small degree, a change in the popular estimate of the influence of books.

It is curious how, in certain 'ages, whole tracts of human thought and speculation appear to be forgotten. It seems as if they had passed out of existence or even had not been created. The social climate is unfavourable to the growth of certain ideas, but nevertheless, they usually survive in certain odd corners, awaiting a more favourable time. Mr. Wadia's book is a review of the literature of eighteenth century France, indicating a breadth of reading such as few would dare to emulate, and a capacity for getting it all into focus which belongs only to the true historian. He traces the growth of humanism and individualism from the Renaissance onwards, and endeavours to get the "Philosophers" (that school of eloquent essayists of whom to-day Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau are the best remembered names) into their proper relations with the rest. By numerous references to the history and literature of the times, he shows, first, that revolutionary and republican ideas were common enough long before the philosophers appeared on the scene. There were bread riots in 1709, when mob orators exhorted the people to revolt against the monarchy; and in 1713 a history of France had a great vogue at the court of Louis XIV., notwithstanding that it threw contempt and discredit upon the idea of Royalty. The word "Revolution" was again in the air in the time of Louis XV., and the idea, if not the will to act upon it, was not a stranger to the minds of either the bourgeoisie or the lower classes throughout the century. On the other hand, the Philosophers were by no means republican in their theories. They had an idea of the functions of a king not essentially different from the Hindu ideal already extant for twenty centuries, and while eloquent upon the

* "The Philosophers and the French Revolution," by P. A. Wadia, M.A. Bombay: Times of India Press. Rs. 3.

"state of nature" and the rights of man, they were essentially aristocratic in that they had a very ill-disguised contempt for the *Hoi Polloi*. It is almost an irony of fate that these men became, when most of them had passed away, the prophets of a revolution at which, could they have seen its excesses, they would have been the most horrified spectators—probably at last the victims.

It would be an impertinence to pit our ignorance against Mr. Wadia's research, but we are inclined to think that in making out his case he minimises the importance of the philosophers in the history of the Revolution. The reverberations of the gigantic laughter of Rabelais had shaken the Church in France to its foundations; the clerics themselves used its broken masonry to build altars to unknown gods; but though respect had flown, authority still lingered. It was left to the Philosophers to systematically sweep and garnish the chamber—and the seven worse devils duly entered. It was not that they preached republicanism, but they swept away the last vestiges of faith in the necessity of the existing order of things. It may be that they only reflected current opinion, but they reflected it with an intensified and concentrated light which flashed into every corner of France. There is nothing so enervating as a sceptical open-mindedness, and when opposed by the bigotry of the populace, whose allegiance they had, both consciously and unconsciously, alienated throughout the whole century, the ruling classes of France found themselves entirely impotent.

The Philosophers were not deliberate plotters against the Church and Throne, they were not the instruments of anarchy like the Able Editors of a later date; but they were certainly "the portent of an earthquake," a considerable landmark in that continuity of history for a better conception of which Mr. Wadia appeals, and which his book, read as a companion to other histories, enables the student to visualise.

The book itself is in a neat and handy form, well printed in readable type, and for an Indian production exhibits comparatively few slips in the proper names and in the typography generally.

A Close Ring.*—It is not only in history books that we get an idea of the life of a nation. Whether we hold the Philosophers responsible for the Revolution or not, they still occupy too much of the field of vision, and the tumbrils still sound too loudly in our ears, unless we temper our conception of France with other literature, and especially fiction. Unfortunately, much French fiction proceeds upon such conventional lines—with occasional outbreaks of grotesque unconventionality called realism—that we may easily

* "A Close Ring." by M. Betham Edwards, Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

be led astray unless our choice is a happy one. A book by a well-known¹ lover of France, Miss Betham-Edwards, supplies just the necessary element. We have recently had the pleasure of reading her tale "A Close Ring," the story of a French country family, with all their fears and hopes and pleasures—the dreaded *phylloxera*, the quaint conventions of betrothal and all the little items which go to make up the life of the French people. In that sweet sunlit country we forget the clamour and the bloodshed, Voltaire and Robespierre, and all that fills newspapers and books. These things, after all, are but episodes occasionally disturbing the kindly human life of the land of vines. Miss Betham-Edwards possesses the rare gift of sympathy and the power to make simple events interesting ; she prefers to shed a ray of light on ordinary life to brighten it for our delight rather than to invent any grotesque distortions to make us wonder, and she ranks with George Sand as a delineator of the idyllic aspect of France.

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EDUCATED INDIANS AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

THE Convocation Speech of the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces naturally directs our attention once again to what is, at the same time, a social and political problem—the problem of the attitude which the educated classes in the country do hold, and the attitude which they should hold, towards the British rulers of the land. We call it at once a social and a political problem, for it is almost a truism to say that social progress and social welfare, on the one hand, presuppose political stability and harmony, as, on the other hand, they promote, reconcile and consolidate the *apparently* conflicting interests of the rulers and the ruled. In our times we have no oracle with its authoritative responses, such as the Greeks of old had, to settle and set at rest the many insoluble questions that perplex us; we seek in vain for sanctuaries, like those at Delphi and Dodona, where we might learn the decrees of Providence, finding utterance through the mouths of inspired priestesses fume-beset on all sides. Alienated as we are from all possibility of direct contact with the Divine powers by our scientific and crudely materialistic attitude, we moderns have to rest content with the help that the “dry light” of reason can afford in discovering a solution to the vital problems that surround and confront us.

The spread of Western education, slowly permeating through the land during the last fifty years and more, has been said to be one of the main causes of the present discontent in India. And this is not quite an incorrect or inaccurate observation. In the first place, an appeal to recent events in Bengal, and for the matter of that all over the land, might amply justify the statement. The outrages in Bengal have been the product of crude Western ideas of a radical type fermenting in minds made ready to imbibe and adopt them

by an education based on Western books and Western culture. The anarchist organisation has been clearly a direct importation from the West, unknown before in this old-fashioned, conservative, slowly-moving country. The political agitation which is so prominent a feature of late in the country's life, whether it be conducted through legitimate channels as with the large majority of the sober-minded, or through the blind and suicidal methods of unwarranted outrages on innocent lives, is solely the monopoly of the educated classes, led by the idea of claiming a share in the Government of the country, for which they think themselves prepared by the culture and training they have received. The agricultural population, which constitutes the vast majority of the people, may have economic grievances; but these are not sufficiently acute to spur them on to an active campaign of hostility towards the rulers. And after all they are sufficiently alive to the solidarity of interests which binds them to the preservers of the "Pax Britannica" to refrain from taking up any other attitude than one of ready acquiescence in, and obedience to, British Rule.

And this surface appeal to facts might be corroborated by other and deeper considerations. Sir John Hewett rightly alluded to the comparative neglect of the indigenous literature of the country as a source of great moral danger. The result of the system of education that has now been in force for the last fifty years may be said to be the production of a sort of double personality in its recipients. The social environment, the influence of the family and the home, the social and religious traditions in which he is brought up, all co-operate towards the production of a definite type of personality. The influences that form and mould the mind during youth can never be completely eradicated in manhood; but they may be shaken, they may be corroded by hostile tendencies, they may be supplemented and counteracted; and this is practically what Western education is said to have done. It has superimposed a new personality that has no direct and intrinsic connection with the old; it has given the Indian a culture that stands in marked contrast to his already acquired tendencies and modes of thought. The educated Indian is a strange product of Eastern and Western influences, not sufficiently conservative to exploit the resources of his learning and education for the glorification and strengthening of his Eastern

personality, yet not so radically transformed as to cast off the influence of his early traditions and to create a new atmosphere which he and his co-associates could live in, without dependence on the society in which they are born. And the purely secular character of the education imparted to the student has aggravated the evil of the situation. The few beliefs that he may have imbibed in youth fade from his mind; they are not fed and strengthened in the course of his education. The influence of the purely scientific and liberal education makes itself felt in the course of time; he comes to look upon religious beliefs with a lukewarm attitude of mind. Western education, as it is imparted in the schools and colleges, has ended in producing a class of men in whom outward polish and refinement are accompanied by no inward reverence, who cherish no lofty ideals save those which a study of various unconnected items of knowledge can impart who are sadly lacking in that element of faith which alone can hallow the lowest duties of life and inspire the noblest deeds. Void of all faith as he is, is there anything to be surprised at if he looks upon the State which maintains peace in India in the same utilitarian, cynical mood in which he looks upon all other things?

For him the State is only a human machinery for the performance of useful services; the subjects pay the rulers for such services, and they think they are entitled to dismiss the rulers if they do not perform them well. Altruistic ideals of conduct, that are not ultimately based on religious faith, are suicidal, self-contradictory, easily shaken; and the only ideal in which the educated Indian under the present system can be expected to trust is the ideal of self-interest—it may be that enlightened form of self-interest which we style the culture of self. If the interests of that august self conflict with the interests of those Rulers who, because they are designated as the State, might be supposed to be *selfless*, then clearly he has the moral right to assert the claims of the self that he knows and appreciates so well. Something of this kind happens when he finds that the aspirations of political liberty and the desires of holding appointments in the State, which his education has awakened in him, find no legitimate channel of satisfaction.

But to these considerations there has to be added one more, and that is the character of the literature that he has to study

There can be no doubt that the educated Indian has imbibed exclusively one class of ideas and ideals, the ideas and ideals of the individualist school, which occupy so large a portion of English literature. In ethics and philosophy he is familiar with Mill and Spencer and Bacon and Hume. In politics he is familiar with Hobbes and Locke, and has imbibed the easier paradoxes of Burke while he is impervious to the profounder aspects of his teaching. He believes it as an axiom in politics that the social organism is really a conglomeration of the individuals who make up the unity; that the State exists only for the security of person and property, and that it is a necessary evil, necessary inasmuch as men could not do without it, evil inasmuch as it artificially represses and restrains the *natural liberties* of man. He looks upon the State as an artificial creation dictated by human needs, imposed on the individual from outside, and having no intrinsic connection with his own individual growth and development. He has taken up the popular cry of English politics about political freedom, without pausing to reflect that frequently political constraints operate to enlarge the capacity of the individual for action and enjoyment. Nurtured under the influence of these predominantly individualistic ideas, the educated Indian naturally feels himself bound by no ties of affection or reverence towards that portion of the social organism in the country which we style the ruling race. And this sense of alienation is liable to become all the more deeply rooted, when he happens to reflect that the State in India is represented by a handful of alien rulers, divided in race, religion and culture from those millions over whom they exercise sway. The rulers are not members of the social organism, in the strictest sense of the word, so he might argue, their interests and their *ratio esseadi* are to be sought elsewhere than in the body politic itself; and as such an exotic growth they have no claim to the usual nourishing support of co-operation and affection on the part of the governed.

Such are the logical issues to which the educated Indians of the present day are likely to be led under the influence of the training and culture that are given to them with the express sanction and approval of the *de-facto* rulers. Not that this is the *actual* attitude of all educated Indians; it is, on the other hand, a matter for congratulation that the majority of educated Indians think

otherwise. Consistency is, after all, the commonest and cheapest of intellectual virtues ; and it is a sign of hope that Indians, brought up under the influence of the individualistic school, are not consistent adherents of that school in life.

To go back on the course of our remarks for a moment, we have seen that a purely secular system of education, based on the study of the sciences and literature and permeated largely by an individualistic trend of thought, has resulted in producing a class of men who at the best are not in active sympathy with the *de-facto* system of government. Historically they may be found to offer a striking parallel to the educated classes who frequented the literary salons under the Ancien Régime in France, who were sceptics and cynics from a religious point of view, and who took up the catchwords of political equality and liberty, and endeavoured so disastrously to bring about the millennium by rash and over-hasty legislation. A system of education based on religious principles and principles of righteousness can alone improve the situation and remedy the evil of estrangement. But if the secular system of education cannot be radically transformed just at present by a government that has declared neutrality to be the watchword of its religious policy, then it is time that the more sober amongst the educated class itself, those who should be the leaders of society in the best sense of the word should come forward to infuse into the minds of their associates and of future generations the elements of a better teaching, which might counteract the pernicious tendencies that have already set in and restore that sympathy between the rulers and the ruled which is the fundamental condition of all social and political progress. The "dry light" of reason is nowhere so difficult to realise and apply as in the study of political questions : no prejudices are so difficult to destroy as those political prepossessions implicitly received by an uncritical understanding from those he is asked to look upon as veritable oracles in politics. If, however, the few observations we are about to offer serve to point out the lines along which healthier political teaching is to be sought, they will have amply answered their purpose.

What, then, should be the attitude of the educated classes of India towards their rulers ? In the first place they have to recognise

that the British rulers of the land bear a more intrinsic connection to the social organism which we briefly call "New India." They are part and parcel of the body politic, they are as much a part of it as the subject races are; they share in its welfare to as great an extent as the subject races do. They are no longer alien rulers, no longer foreigners governing the country from without and divided in their interests from the governed. One has only to analyse the conception of "New India" to recognise the truth of this observation. "New India" is a brief way of summarising all those political, social, economic changes which have been brought about in the country under the ægis of British rule in the last half-century. Economically, the change that has been brought about is a change from "status to contract," a change from the conservative, unprogressive, agricultural organisation to a progressive, industrial régime, with the prospect of all the vast mineral and industrial resources of the land being opened up and developed. And it is a change that could only have been brought about under the British régime. A strongly centralised, bureaucratic Government, bent on maintaining internal security on the one hand, and on freely introducing Western culture and Western science into the land, on the other, could alone have helped on this economic transition. Socially, the change has been from the cramping, lifeless, and life-destroying domination of social corporations and sects to the unhampered proclamation of individual freedom and the rights of individual self-development. That this was the work of Western education so freely fostered by British rule, we need not pause to point out. And it may be that it is an exaggerated phase of this very social transition that confronts us in the shape of the estrangement between the rulers and the ruled. Politically, the change has been from a state of lawlessness and anarchy to one of internal peace and security of life and property. It is this group of tendencies in their operation in the life of the people that we denominate as "New India," and obviously enough the British Rulers of the land have as great a right to call themselves parts and members of "New India" as the Indians themselves. They have made "New India" what it is to-day; it is their pride and their boast, and if loyalty to "New India" is to be the most important item in the ethical code of educated Indians of the present day, it involves

loyalty likewise to those who have made "New India" possible, to those who strive their best to keep up and perpetuate the work of their predecessors. The *personnel* of the administration may change; indeed, even in an autonomous country the *personnel* cannot remain the same, so long as short-lived mortal men supply this *personnel*. But there is a historic continuity in the administration itself which demands loyalty and willing obedience to itself as the price—it may be an inadequate price—for the immense services it has done to the land and the people.

In fact, those are not truly *Nationalists* and *Swadeshists* who preach a patriotism that would exclude the British Rulers as aliens and refuse to recognise them as members of the Indian nation. They are only erecting a party cry into a false universal; they are preaching sectional interests under the guise of patriotism. The true *Swadeshist* is he who would recognise the accomplished facts of the past fifty years, who would admit that the British rule in India is an essential and vital factor of Indian life, who would frankly accept the British Rulers as members of the Indian social organism, whose interests and welfare are inextricably bound up with the interests and welfare of the country. Any one who fails to recognise this, who treats the interests of the rulers as conflicting with the interests of the ruled, so far impedes the progress of his country, and occupies the position of its worst enemy.

In the next place, such a view might be strengthened by a few general considerations of political philosophy. The individual stands towards the social organism in much the same relation, in a closer relation, in fact, than the hand or foot does to the body. He owes all that he is, he owes all that he has, to the society of which he is a member. The highest development of his individual capacities can be helped on, and is rendered possible, through the social organism to which he belongs. He owes the heaviest of debts to the society in which he is born, the debt of all the rich treasures of intellect and spiritual gifts which he inherits at the time of his birth. Shall he not in turn render a willing obedience and pay reverence to it, and particularly to the ruling portion of the organism who mainly symbolise it? And what is the liberty to which the individual aspires? Certainly not the liberty to do what he pleases. The highest liberty consists in willing obedience to the law of reason; it is

truth alone that can make us free ; the law of the State is the embodiment of this reason, and obedience to this law alone can pave the way for complete liberty. The State is not, then, an artificial product of human invention, to be looked on as a necessary evil ; it is the necessary medium for progress, for the development of the latent possibilities in man ; it is one of the divinely appointed instruments for our ultimate salvation, whose laws we must revere and obey. And this salvation does not depend upon the capricious satisfaction of those lawless instincts which we foolishly call the desire for freedom, but upon absolute self-surrender of our own will to the will of a superior power.

How far can we regard the British rule in India as such a divine instrument ? If we know that this rule in the past has helped on the country to the acquisition of internal peace, that British rule has been the main agent in the production of all those movements which we briefly call "the material and spiritual progress" of the country, and if we feel that the continuation of this progress essentially depends upon the presence of this factor in Indian political life, have we not reason enough to look upon British rule in India as one of those divinely appointed instruments which work out the destinies of nations and help on the advent of the "final consummation" of things ? Two thousand years ago a different empire, similarly founded and growing along similar lines of development, but with a less centralised and a less efficient machinery of Government, endeavoured to perform a similar task—that of welding together the heterogeneous races under its rule and infusing into them the spirit of a common culture. If the Roman Empire, with its system of administration which allowed more scope to the caprices of proconsuls than to the enforcement of laws, with its open advocacy of the rule of the sword, could still be regarded, and not inaccurately regarded, as an instrument divinely appointed to work at the task of unification and to prepare the way for the advent of Christianity, are we not entitled to look from a similar point of view at the British Empire in India, working at the same great task of unification, spreading the spirit of a common culture throughout the land, helping on the material and moral regeneration of a vast continent ? Individual members of the corporation may fail to respond to these ideals ; they are human

beings, with human frailties and weaknesses. A Commissioner here or a Lieutenant-Governor there may prove a jarring discord in the harmony of the whole. Even the majority of those who constitute the machinery of government may appear to be out of touch with the ideals that have inspired the noble work of Britain in India. But the individuals who belong to the corporation do not exhaust the corporation ; its vitality remains unaffected ; its inspiring and noble ideals cannot be shaken by the desecrating hands of inferior members. The fabric of British rule in India requires to be looked at with a veneration and feelings of reverence that should be paid all the more ungrudgingly, as the people and the land have been accustomed from time immemorial to a theocratic view of government.

It is, then, the absence of a healthier teaching and a misdirected system of education that are mainly responsible for some of the growing evils of Indian political life. It was a profound study of human institutions that led the author of the *Republic* to the observation that the cause of all the ills of mankind is ignorance of their true good and neglect of their noblest natures. The brilliant sketch of the true system of education that Plato drew for his times has lost nothing of its freshness and application in our days. The warnings conveyed in the *Republic* read as if they were warnings against the system of secular education of modern India. All that early implanting of healthy and noble ideas which Plato advocated in the shape of purified myths and musical training is remarkably neglected. And if the ground-work is defective, the superstructure is not less defective. The crowning study of philosophy, which for Plato meant not only the intellectual apprehension, but likewise the realisation in practice, of the highest ideals of life, has nothing analogous to it in our days in India. If there are circumstances which render this latter deficiency unavoidable, then we must be prepared to meet it in other ways. And not the least amongst these remedial measures should rank the study of history. It is time that the study of all history, and of the history of India in particular, should be undertaken in the truly philosophic spirit. Instead of being taught by rote, as an exercise to the memory, it should train the judgment and strengthen the understanding. Instead of being looked upon as a mass of isolated, uncon-

nected facts and happenings, it should train the student to the discovery of those higher laws which bear witness to the presence of God at every stage and at every moment of life. Thus alone can come that true knowledge of history which would enable the student to see things from the right perspective, and to take up an attitude of active sympathy towards the *de facto* rulers. Sympathy is ultimately based on right knowledge; we cannot love a thing whose meaning and place in life we do not understand. Sympathy with the British rule in India is possible only with the correct appreciation of its historical significance and final purpose.

There are, indeed, other factors in the situation than the one we have touched on that may be said to have led to the present estrangement between the rulers and the ruled. Perhaps a more conciliating and sympathetic attitude on the part of the individual members of the bureaucracy—or, to avoid that word, of the administration—in India may do more towards restoring healthy political relations than anything else. Perhaps a little more promptitude on the part of Government to deal severely with the idiosyncracies of erratic officials here and there, and to redress the wrongs resulting from its slow-moving judicial machinery, a little more earnestness and willingness to enter into close and intimate social relations with the subject races, might improve the situation and make men forget the storm in the brightness of the sunshine. But the true basis of active sympathy between the rulers and the ruled, who constitute the two organically connected members of “New India,” can be found only in a healthy system of education resting on the inculcation of religious reverence in youth and culminating in studies that strengthen that reverence by the bonds of reason.

PESTONJI ARDESIR WADIA.

Bombay.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

THE matter with which I shall attempt to deal in the following pages is one of the highest moment, urgency and importance. During many past years I have given much thought and study to it ; but I am conscious that within the compass at my disposal, I cannot hope to come near satisfying myself, for I must eliminate many facts and arguments which would strengthen the position taken up.

I would preface the remarks I have to make on the relations between England and Germany with a few general observations. It is emphatically untrue to accuse those among us who foresee that unless existing tendencies—tendencies dating from the Franco-German war—indeed, their genesis was earlier than that epoch-making event—are diverted or arrested, a conflict between Germany and England is inevitable, of being consumed by an insensate hate of Germany, of “jingoism,” “militarism” and so forth. Such accusations are entirely baseless, entirely wide of the mark.*

* It is commonly said by those among us who detest to be troubled with serious matters, and wish to cry “Peace, Peace,” when there is no peace, that a sure way to bring about disaster is to prophesy it. Others assert that the situation has been created, or in any case aggravated, by those persons who insist upon talking and writing about it. I entirely agree that it is a lamentable thing that England is governed as she is—the German system, so far in any case, as foreign policy goes, is infinitely better. It is most regrettable that England is not governed by a council of really able men of world-wide knowledge and experience, drawn from the entire Empire, tried patriots who should possess the power to make England strong and to insure her against attack, without being under the necessity of talking about it. But this is merely a pious wish ; a dream. It does not touch solid ground. We are so governed that it is impossible to get anything accomplished until it has been prefaced by floods of talk. The more the pity, but we must recognise facts as they are. Our party system is ruining the Empire. The reason that it is essential that those who foresee the disaster ahead of us should open their lips is, that for many years the campaign against us in Germany, in the press and lecture room, and the active preparations, military and naval, passed unheeded and indeed almost unknown in this country. Even now it seems impossible to bring home to our rulers and the great mass of the people, the real state of affairs. The eleventh hour is almost upon us ; and it is quite improper in the face of the seriousness of the situation, and the ceaseless preparation and incitements going on on the other side of the North Sea, to maintain the attitude of silence. *Post factum nullum consilium.*

Let it be said at once that I yield to none in my sincere admiration of the many sterling qualities of the German people. In numerous important regards, they set us an example we would do well to emulate. Their educational system is far and away in advance of ours; their commercial systems and methods of trading leave ours far behind. In general efficiency and thoroughness a comparison between the two peoples puts our nation to an open shame. Under their social and domestic institutions the men retain their masculinity, the women their true womanhood. Germans are patriotic enough to submit to a rigorous system of military training. The average Englishman will not so much as listen to schemes under which, tentative and inadequate though they be, our manhood would at least gain some knowledge of the elements of self and national defence; even so mild a system as that obtaining in Switzerland being scouted as un-English, and so dismissed from serious consideration.

Again, no one blames Germany for wishing to found Colonies, or to provide herself with a fleet worthy of her position as the greatest European power. No sane Englishman has any quarrel with German patriotism. The German Emperor's magnificent devotion to his country, His Majesty's tireless activity in its service, coupled with his extraordinary versatility go far to justify his own belief, and that of a vast number of his subjects, in his divine prerogatives and mission. For myself, I ought to say that for many long years I was a persistent and consistent advocate of an Anglo-German alliance. No one deplotes more than I do the pusillanimity, procrastination and equivocation of our Foreign Office in dealing with Germany's earliest and tentative endeavours to found Colonies. It was clearly Lord Granville's duty to point out to Prince Bismarck that, having regard to the future potentialities of our South African Colonies, we would not tolerate the intrusion of Germany into territory long before ear-marked by Cape Colony and in which, as an actual possession, the principal port, Walfish Bay, was already coloured red on the map. But Lord Granville had not the frankness to say this; nor had he the grace, tact, or magnanimity* to help Germany in the realisation of her newborn Colonial aspirations in directions where he could have properly done so.

Assuredly, Germans have some reason to feel aggrieved at the churlish manner, officially that is to say, we met their entrance into the arena of Colonial powers. It is only fair to make this admission, and I make it because the insufferable indifferentism and almost insulting trifling of Lord Granville—a weak minister with a wholly deceptive appearance of strength—was at the root, it is in fact the germ, of that anti-English feeling, now so general throughout Germany. It explains this animus, or rather goes far to explain how it began, and thereby helps to make clearer, what to so many Englishmen seems inexplicable—the extraordinary prevalence, not only of an anti-British feeling throughout the German Empire, but of a distinct desire and growing intention on the part of exceedingly powerful sections of the nation, to prepare Germany for a conflict to the finish with us, which shall result, so it is hoped and believed, in the break-up of the British Empire, and in the conquest and humiliation of the British Isles.

It was not until I became absolutely convinced, by signs and proofs of irresistible force and cogency, that such was Germany's aim, the aim, that is to say, of that section of Germany's people that counts—the Prussian war party and the leaders of thought throughout the Empire; not until the disdainful rejection of all suggestions at a common policy in world politics on the part of Germany's writers and speakers, had opened my eyes to the true facts of the case—the settled intention of Teutonic policy to put itself athwart our path—that I abandoned the advocacy of an understanding or alliance with Germany, and devoted myself, with several others, to the task of endeavouring to open the eyes of my countrymen to the dangers almost immediately confronting them.

Now, what are the symptoms and proofs of this intention on the part of our so-called cousins?*

(1) The writings and teachings of a large number of German professors and publicists with Heinrich von Treitschke at their head,

* As a matter of fact the kinship between the two nations is not nearly so close as it is generally assumed to be. It is now widely accepted that the ancient British⁴ (Celtic) stock inhabiting this country before the incursions of Germanic and Scandinavian hordes—a stock, by the way, largely infiltrated with Latin blood during the Roman occupation—constitutes the basis of the English race to-day, rather than the Anglo-Saxon invaders. Moreover, it is certain the Norman conquest led to a very much more distinct tincturing of the existing population of England, than the mere numbers of the invaders would indicate.

in which Great Britain is represented as the enemy: the great obstacle to German progress and expansion and to the realisation of Germany's legitimate ambitions, the constant insistence upon these and cognate ideas in the journals and from the platforms and rostrums of the country.

(2) The declaration of the German Emperor that "the trident must be in the German fist," and the enthusiastic support this idea has received throughout the Empire. The Flottenverein (Navy League of Germany) numbers over a million members.

(3) The extraordinary efforts put forth to bring the German fleet abreast, in strength, numbers, and efficiency of our own. The rapid, almost feverish haste with which the building of this fleet is being pushed forward, every few years seeing fresh programmes of expansion sanctioned. The impossibility of accepting the explanation that this fleet is required for the protection of German shipping, commerce and seaboard, since on a liberal calculation, it is already more than sufficient for these purposes. No responsible person in Germany can possibly imagine that either France or England would attack Germany. The conclusion forced upon one as to the use this fleet is to be put to is, therefore, not to be evaded.

(4) The building of two miles of quays and harbourage at Emden, one of the nearest and most practicable pushing-off ports for an invasion of these islands. The explanation that these works are merely to serve commercial objects cannot be accepted, because upwards of 200,000 highly trained troops, with more in easy call, are mobilised in the immediate Hinterland. The military business of ceaselessly, day and night, rehearsing the embarking and disembarking of men, horses and munitions of war has an obvious significance.

(5) The minute mapping out of England and her colonies and the indisputable fact that Germany has at her disposal a large and increasing body of fully-trained Germans, resident in this country and our colonies, who possess an intimate knowledge of every square yard of the British Isles, and of all the points of strategic importance throughout the Empire. It is practically certain that in any movement of need or emergency, Germany could put her hands on a considerable number of men, in each district, possessing this local knowledge.

These are the main facts, but of course they are supported by a number of accessory and minor ones. It is customary to put down the Emperor's historic telegram to President Krüger, and other significant utterances on his Imperial Majesty's part, to the irresponsible workings of an impulsive and, indeed, neurotic temperament. Be that as it may. The Kaiser, powerful though he be, owes the permanence in his power to associating himself with the dominant minds of his country—the Prussian war party and the more energetic and pushful spirits among his people. In the Prussian war party and in the aforesaid elements the belief resides that it is Germany's destiny to become the ruler and final arbiter of Europe. The main obstacle to the realisation of this destiny is held and believed to be England. It is essential, then, that this obstacle shall be removed, as speedily as circumstances will allow.

It will be profitable now to examine more nearly and in greater detail what Germany expects to gain by the humiliation, subjection and elimination of England. It may be said at once that apart from the more material and practical gains, the German people have in view certain objects of a sentimental kind, which objects have a far more persuasive effect on the Teutonic mind than many persons suppose.

With all their excellent qualities (they are many and obvious), Germans, as a nation, cannot be absolved from the sin of envy. It was this fault—a variant of it in any case—particularism—that kept the German States apart so long, and seemed, until the will of the Iron-Chancellor subordinated it to his ends, to be likely to keep the Germanic States detached and at variance among themselves indefinitely. Even now, so far as internal matters are concerned, it is not dead; though while Prussia preserves the ascendancy, it has small chance of asserting itself actively. It finds its vent externally, in an extreme intolerance of any power which may seem to dwarf, in the eyes of the world, Germany's self-esteem. Since the subjugation of France, and the reduction of that nation to a condition of vassalage, or something too nearly like it, the self-esteem of Germany has grown by leaps and bounds. This self-esteem and envy of other nations, especially of England, has shewn itself in numerous ways during recent years. The gratuitous, and in a measure successful, interference with the arrangement come to by England, France and

Spain—the three powers concerned—in regard to Morocco, may be cited as a conspicuous example. Now, apart from the material gains, some problematical, others certain, (with these we shall deal later) it would be exceedingly agreeable to German *amour propre* to see England robbed of her pre-eminence as the premier world-power; while it would be particularly gratifying to German spleen if Germany, acutely envious as she is of the British Empire's commanding position, could be instrumental in bringing about that end. Of course, it is not suggested that Germany would embark on an enterprise of this magnitude and daring, exacting so much from her, for purely sentimental reasons. But the sentimental reason is the one that counts with the multitude. The Germans are before everything sentimentalists; this is the dole nature exacts as compensation in giving them natures so calculating and level-headed. It will be easy to show that this interdependence of two, on the surface, divergent and antagonistic characteristics in the complex mental and moral equipment of the average German, added to their opportunities and general acceptance of the creed that the end justifies the means renders the mass of the people convinced of the sound policy and entire reasonableness of directing their efforts to the task of removing the British Empire from the path of their advance. Treitschke and his school, long ascendant in the Fatherland, have taken care to bedeck what is really an ugly monster, the demon of greed, rapacity and envy, in a garb wherein it presents quite an attractive exterior. Great Britain has been the great thief, the great marauder; the relentless, selfish oppressor of innocent and defenceless peoples. It is convenient to forget that on the whole, rather than having exploited the nations we have conquered, we have been exploited by them. It is convenient to forget that our national debt, unlike that of Germany—that country's State debt being almost wholly represented by public works bringing a steady revenue to the imperial exchequer—was mainly incurred, not merely to preserve ourselves from such devouring ogres as Lewis XIV. and Napoleon, but to free Europe from their thralldom. Incidentally, and it may be allowed more by luck than conscious design, our colonies, or the greater part of them, came to us as rewards; but this fact does not affect that other one, that we made the union of Germany possible when we freed Europe from Napo-

leon. To-day the creed inculcated in Germany is that England, having obtained her Empire by unholy means, fortuitously fortified by extraordinary good fortune, has no moral right to it. Further, that, seeing she gained it by the sword and by stealth, and that she no longer boasts the strength of arm or cunning of brain to hold it against a determined attack, it is perfectly legitimate for a power—Germany to wit—self-assumed of its physical and intellectual superiority, to wrest that Empire from her. It is beside the mark to enquire as to how far the German plotters imagine they could and would secure the reversionary interest in the dismembered British Empire. Able pens have laboured to show that neither in Canada, the West Indies, South America, Australasia, India or South Africa, could Germany hope to step in, were our tenancy terminated. Assuredly, the Monroe doctrine, and the spirit of the American people, would make any such design impossible of realisation in America—North or South; while I am personally convinced that the Canadians, unaided, could and would make any such attempt, so far as the Dominion is concerned, abortive. It is also obvious that Australasia, however she might fail in self-defence, would not be permitted by Japan or China to fall into the German lap. As to India, the case is more problematical, because it is impossible to say what kind of reception German invaders would meet with locally. I am persuaded that the Native Princes would rally to our standard to a man, and whether or not Russia has really relinquished her designs on India, or is merely disguising them seasonably, it is in any case certain that Russia would not tamely acquiesce in the substitution of any other than her own for British rule in India. Obviously, Russia would be in a position to make her wishes on this point respected. Unquestionably, the presence in Damaraland of a large armed force—and the new Realm of South Africa, if it be established, would do well to remember this fact in connection with the intention with which the dominant factors are credited, of making this new Realm entirely self-defensive—would give Germany an advantage in trying to translate into fact her long-cherished ambition to supplant us in the sub-continent. But it would mean war to the death, for of this I am certain, that the Dutch, whether of the Cape, Natal or the erstwhile Republics, would never kill Charles to make

James king. The love of individual freedom, each family (its head that is to say), a law unto itself, is the dominant note of Boer character. The Boers are not such fools as to wish to substitute the hard and fast bureaucratic red-tape German system, with its grandmotherly, old-maidish interferences with personal liberty, for the free-and-easy, go-as-you-please methods of British administration. Without question the intrusion of German legions into British South Africa would result in an *entente-cordiale* between British and Dutch and would unite them in solid phalanx against the invaders. The natives being the letter *x*, it is of course possible Germany might subdue South Africa ; but she would never hold it permanently.

A shrewd appreciation of some of these facts and considerations marks a German pamphlet just published at Berlin and brought under my notice since I penned the above lines. This effusion is entitled : "After the Storm : Reflexions on the Decline of the British Empire." Therein it is set forth that the German High Sea Fleet, having utterly vanquished the British Navy, Australasia and Hongkong fall to Japan ; India revolts and is annexed by Russia ; Canada is incorporated by the United States. Ireland becomes an independent republic, as does South Africa. England, Scotland and Wales in the year 1911 constitute the British Empire. Africa, other than the sub-continent, is divided between the three powers forming the Triple Alliance. France is ruled out everywhere and shorn of all her possessions. Here is a splendid revenge for the *entente cordiale*. But the author of this agreeable little forecast really shows a very acute mind. It is amusing to note how he ascribes Germany's moderation in not taking more of the broken fragments of the British Empire, and contenting herself with the nascent and undeveloped colonies such as Uganda, to a self-denying ordinance ; to magnanimity forsooth ; whereas this shrewd prophet has very well thought out the probabilities of the case, and has constructed his drama skilfully. In point of fact it is highly problematical whether Germany could take more. But even at that, the gain from the German point of view would be immense and worth any sacrifice to obtain. English pride would be hopelessly humbled the spectacle of her grandeur—her ports and coaling stations, her flag

on which the sun never sets—would be obliterated ; and no longer all the world over would a standing eye-sore offend the vision of of the covetous Teuton.

So much for the more sentimental view of the matter. But in such a case as that foreshadowed by this anonymous scribe, surely, many of the ports and coaling stations would fall to Germany and the Spreading-eagle would float over Aden and over Gibraltar and Malta, giving Germany the position in the Mediterranean she has worked herself into the habit of coveting. *

In any case it may be taken as a corollary of the destruction of the British Fleet, or its being placed *hors de combat*, or so successfully out-maneuvred as to make a German invasion of England and its subjugation an accomplished fact, that the colonies, or rather, let me say, those great states in North America and Africa, which, once colonies, are now affiliated nations, would fall away from the parent land. This, not from a craven or pusillanimous motive, but because of the inevitableness of the situation created. Now, apart from the aforesaid sentimental gratification, there is a real and substantial reason why the Fatherland would view this consummation with entire satisfaction. Germany knows that, other things being equal, should no great disruptive shock, that is to say, shatter the British Empire, it is only a question of time when Mr. Chamberlain's great and statesmanlike policy, under which the British Empire would be welded into a homogeneous whole, first for trade purposes, then as a natural sequence for defence, and finally for legislative purposes, would become a reality. That anything approaching a British Zollverein would be extremely hurtful to Germany's trade, no one need doubt; while the wealth to the whole Empire following thereon would be so great that the creation of an imperial fleet too powerful for any power or powers to challenge, would follow easily and naturally. Germany has, therefore, a solid reason for wishing the British Empire to fall to pieces as quickly as possible. This, then, is the practical aim of her policy in contradistinction to the sentimental aim.

* As indirectly bearing on this part of my subject, it may be mentioned that during the last 20 years or so the Germans have gradually replaced the English as sojourners in the French and Italian Riviera, and have great and increasing private interests all along the littoral. They are becoming the unofficial garrison of the coast.

Nor would the gains resulting from our fall stop there. It would be sufficiently satisfying to Teutonic aspirations to accomplish all that is set forth above ; but it by no means exhausts the list of German gains, nor have we, so far, so much as touched upon what, after all, is the principal and paramount aim Germany has in view, in her subtle preparations to destroy British power and prestige. Unquestionably, Germany aspires to become the mistress of Europe, that is the ultimate of her *Welt-politik*. She wishes to be the doyen of the states of Europe ; in other words, to have Europe at her feet.

The treaties which guarantee the independence of, or in any case neutrality of, such small states as Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland, were signed by the great powers of Europe. Two of these, Austria-Hungary and Germany, have recently shewn the world what store they set upon international treaties. But apart from this, can it be questioned for a moment that were England eliminated, the chief sanction and guarantee for the sacredness of these arrangements, the one solid basis on which they rest, would be removed ? I think not—I am sure not. France could offer no effectual resistance, neither could Russia. Austria-Hungary could be easily bought off and silenced for the present. It does not seem likely that Italy could or would intervene ; for the internal conditions under which the Italian Kingdom lives and moves and has its being are such—a Socialist and Radical combination could wreck the monarchy and split up the Kingdom on occasion—that in the circumstances foreshadowed Italy—though other things being equal the potentialities of her future are great—could hardly protest, much less offer active opposition. So the end would be that either in actual fact, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland would be absorbed by Germany, or in any case their individual action would certainly become a thing of the past. Either in name or in fact they would be reduced to a condition of vassalage to Berlin.

This much being accomplished, and Austria-Hungary being what it is, a loose grouping of states and nationalities, the aims of the Pan-German party in Germany and Austria would not wait long for fulfilment, with the result that German influence and power would extend from the Adriatic to the Baltic, from the Mediterranean to the North Sea.

As touching the elimination of the smaller states, it may be said in passing that Great Britain, who has done so much for them, would in the case of three of them in any event be wasting sympathy in deploring their fate. This is particularly true of Holland and Switzerland. The Boer war brought to a head the anti-British feeling in these states and revealed the animus of these countries towards us. So far as the Netherlands are concerned, there may be some justification for the feeling : history supplies it. The case of Switzerland is different. Her prosperity had its genesis in the appreciation Englishmen were the first to show of the natural beauties of that favoured corner of Europe. This beauty, which is in no sense the exclusive possession of the people inhabiting the land, the Swiss for sordid reasons, during the past generation or so, have done their best to destroy ; it has been, in fact, exploited for all and more than it is worth. The Swiss, apart from a certain exclusive class (there are of course some exceptions outside that class), are not unjustly described as a band of legalised robbers, pursuing their selfish aims (the enrichment of themselves,) with characteristic directness and narrowness of purpose ; each canton a self-centred little state, ready to fly at the throats of every other canton. Switzerland, a buffer state, created by Europe for its convenience, is in no true sense a nation at all, and strictly speaking, the Frenchmen, Germans and Italians whose homes abut on France, Germany and Italy, ought to be absorbed by the States to which they are respectively contiguous. Despite all Switzerland owes to England, politically, and to Englishmen personally, during the Boer war, save in the case of those Englishmen whose wealth made the outward manifestation of hostility impolitic, an Englishman's life in Switzerland, especially in those cantons upon which Britons had conferred the greatest benefits, was made a misery to him. Assuredly in the case of Holland and Switzerland, England could have no sentimental objections to their absorption by Germany.

Now, apart from the remoter reasons urging Germany to attack England, I am persuaded that the more immediate and direct one is the desire to remove Great Britain altogether from the arena of European affairs, seeing that our country is the chief obstacle to the achievement of German designs of aggrandisement. There is a peculiar irony about the situation. The Little Englanders, whose heart

is aglow with joy when British loyalists in South Africa, Ireland and elsewhere are subjected to humiliation and loss, would doubtless resent the suggestion as the basest form of cynical selfishness, that we should give Germany a free hand in Europe, intimating that so far as we were concerned she might do as she chose with the smaller States. Nevertheless, seeing that we will not put ourselves in a position of invulnerability, and by our growing weakness positively invite German attack, there might be some worldly wisdom—base it would be, I allow—in disavowing any obligation to protect the interests and independence of these smaller States, in that, while willing and eager to profit by us, politically and privately, they invariably repay us, in the hour of our distress and adversity, with insult, contumely and outrage. Naturally, no right-thinking person would have any sympathy with a policy so pusillanimous and un-Christian-like, but I submit, whatever Little Englanders may think, that our frequent desertions of our own loyal and patriotic subjects is grosser still. I am aware, too, of course, that this matter has wider issues, especially so far as Holland is concerned. And indeed, in regard to Switzerland, an effective buffer between Germany and Italy, or in other words the Mediterranean, England's interest in the independence of that State is not, I freely allow, solely a platonic one. The mention of Italy reminds me that the men who are shaping the destinies of Germany are as little pleased to witness the substantial growth of Italy, in a military, manufacturing and commercial sense, as they are, at the unexpected turn events have taken in Turkey, a change which looks very much like the rejuvenescence of the Ottoman Empire. The recovery of a patient, supposed to be *in extremis*, is frequently displeasing to his expectant heirs. As to Italy, that country is probably the only really disinterested friend, if we except Scandinavia, the British Empire has the world over; and Italy may become a power to reckon with; in any case, I am persuaded that her army could and would give a most excellent account of itself.

Nevertheless, I think any student of world politics must allow that in the event of any power, and especially in the event of Germany, making an attack upon England, however unprovoked—however much the sympathies of certain powers might be with us, and however, much in their own interests certain powers, and indeed every power, might deplore seeing England supplanted by

Germany, it is useless to expect any aid from any source whatsoever, with the possible exception of France, and personally I do not at all count on any such help being vouchsafed from that direction.

Of all this Germany is acutely conscious and she is shaping her policy on the assumption of our isolation.

We may now consider on what grounds we must assume that Germany would be successful in her challenge.

I do not propose here to enter into a laboured analysis of the respective strength, to-day, of the fleets of Germany and England. I have before me a fine assortment of statistical statements, all professing to be authoritative but gloriously contradictory for all that, on the respective strength of the two navies. However, on paper, we can, of course, still make out a very considerable advantage. The fact remains that Germany's "High Sea Fleet" at the present moment is a most formidable weapon of offence, being in a splendid state of efficiency, while in certain respects it is not to be denied that the German fleet is ahead of our own. Moreover, Germany is laying down more and more ships every year, and her naval programmes are expanding in a truly remarkable and significant manner. Meanwhile, Great Britain is making more and more economies in her naval expenditure and in the opinion of all, or nearly all, naval experts and authorities—outside the region of interested persons—is seriously jeopardising, not only the two-power standard, that would appear to have gone by the board already, but also, it must be said, her position of invulnerability as touching Germany alone. This may not be the case at the present moment; but it is not too much to say, while guarding one's words, that our fleet is rapidly tending that way. I for one am absolutely convinced that unless a radical change takes place in the policy of our Government, unless they divert their energies from the work of ruining native industries, driving the trade of the country away, and destroying the nation's credit, to the more patriotic work of national defence, unless a heavy loan, (probably £100,000,000 is not more than is needed is demanded immediately for naval purposes, England's boast that she is the mistress of the seas, will become an idle one.

Apart even from this consideration, let us suppose for the

sake of argument that England has to-day, and will continue to have in the future, assured and actual superiority at sea. Does this in itself, in these days of rapid movement by sea and land, presuppose an immunity from successful attack? The English channel, the North Sea even, are not the bulwarks of defence they were, even ten years ago, though we go on regarding them as of the same defensive importance they were in Napoleon's days. We know, in any case, that in order to make our strength in home waters look reasonably secure on paper, we have withdrawn our ships from those seas where we formerly thought it essential to have a naval predominance, and that all or nearly all the outlying portions of the Empire are practically defenceless. At the eleventh hour, Australasia, in any case, has become alive to the fact that although it may be sound strategical policy, as the Admiralty maintains it to be, to concentrate our strength in the region from which attack will come (and it is a significant fact that it is tacitly assumed that this attack is to be expected from Germany and Germany alone), the possibility of predatory attacks and even attacks from allied powers—for it is rash to assume as a certainty that Germany will be without support when the moment for her onslaught upon our Empire arrives—upon the outlying portions of His Majesty's dominions must be reckoned with, and as far as may be, anticipated. Obviously, as things now are, the peril, under which our great dependencies labour, is great. But let that pass.

At home a combination of fortuitous circumstances—our ships being demanded imperatively in other waters, a series of accidents to them or what not—might give our ever-watchful rival and potential enemy the right to risk a sudden surprise. I will grant that it is not likely or even possible that Germany will take any risks. It is her habit, witness the Franco-German war, so carefully to prepare every detail of her plan of campaign beforehand, with so much exactness and precision, that when the moment for action arrives, nothing short of a miracle could rob her of the victim she has marked out as hers. The history of her wars, throughout the best part of two centuries, makes this clear enough. But with an enemy so watchful, alert and subtle, we are by no means justified in assuming that the moment, unexpected by us, might not suddenly arrive, giving her the advantages momentarily waited for, with the result that, our

fleet being out-manœuvred and out-matched, a landing in force could be effected on our shores.

In the face of such a disaster, what resistance could we offer ? We have an army of less than 300,000 men all told, for the rest of our manhood is nothing better, from a military point of view, than an "unarmed rabble."

It is the opinion of all, practically all, military men, and especially men of high attainments, that in this event no effective opposition would be possible. This fact is, indeed, recognised by all classes of earnest and detached thinkers throughout the Empire. Still, we seem to be no nearer the remedy. We are making no efforts to bring our manhood up to that standard, as fighting men, which is now attained by all the great nations of Europe. Our greatest soldier has taken up this parable and preached it up and down the country ; but his words of warning and advice fall on deaf ears and are likely to. The advocates of national service are rudely dismissed as alarmists and militarists, when it is obvious that they are really more ardently in love with peace than the most pronounced pacifist. Our riches, our colonies, our coaling stations all excite cupidity and envy and invite attack. That the only way to avert war is to be prepared for it is, of course, a trite aphorism ; but as it is often necessary to repeat to a child any lesson it may be essential for it to learn, some hundreds, nay thousands of times before it will learn it, so it would seem to be necessary to repeat these and similar platitudes indefinitely in the hope that at last the nation will grasp their significance. No one who knows human nature, and especially is this true of German human nature, supposes for a moment that anything but our defencelessness would invite attack. If the prophecies of the "alarmists," "terrorists," and "panicmongers" should unhappily come true, which may Heaven avert, it will simply be because our countrymen refused to learn the obvious lessons of history or to regard human nature as it is, and not as countless centuries hence, we hope it may become ; it will be simply because we preferred to follow the lead of such fatuous persons as Lloyd-George and his school rather than men of knowledge and experience such as Earl Roberts—in brief, it will be because we would not learn by heart a few tiresome oft-repeated lessons. They are teaching these elementary truisms to eager learners in Germany. Even the school children are taught

the A. B. C. of patriotism, and along with it the pernicious doctrine that England is the enemy, and the bier-hallen and bier-gärten of the Fatherland take up the legends inculcated in the nursery. Pfennigs and marks flow into the coffers of the Flottenverein, while here in England fierce opposition is shown to the proposal to make official the unfurling of the Union Jack over the school-houses of the United Kingdom on Empire Day! And the most conspicuous instance of any awakened interest in our first line of defence forthcoming in recent years, has been the curiosity to learn the details of an unfortunate personal quarrel between two distinguished admirals!

To so low an ebb has our patriotism fallen that it is a common thing for our countrymen to justify the designs of Germany against us on the grounds that as we won Canada, India and South Africa by the sword, we ourselves are only robbers of yesterday, and have no right to criticise the designs of those who wish to become the robbers of to-morrow! Could pusillanimity go further? Another school, who seek to darken judgment, contend that all our fears of a land invasion are superfluous, since although the Kaiser can do what he likes with the navy, neither he nor his Government has the power to move a German soldier across the seas! Naturally a stroke of the Imperial pen or in any case a hastily passed enactment would quickly dispose of this technical quibble. The Kaiser and his ministers and generals are not sticklers for constitutional etiquette; it is notorious, for instance, that although the constitution enacts that frequent recourse should be had to the Bundesrat, a supreme council representative of the different states of the Empire, the most delicate problems of foreign policy are settled off-hand by the real rulers of Germany, without calling together or consulting that august body.

Yet another set of sentimentalists echo the disingenuous German cry that England has succeeded in isolating Germany! King Edward, to whom many well-meaning persons look to achieve the impossible—in other words, to save the nation from the consequences of the people's and the Government's folly and ineptitude—has, nevertheless, done great things for us in Europe, since his diplomacy has practically assured us from the risk of a coalition against us. But because His Majesty has endeavoured, and with much success, to attach to England powers by no means friendly towards us, Germany is

entitled to sympathy on account of her supposed isolation! The enemy being England, Germany finds many English sympathisers, because nations who might have become her allies in her schemes of aggression against us, are converted into friends of England, or in other words, detached from Germany.

The foregoing are a few examples—they might be extended indefinitely—of the kind of futile talk and writing on the part of the apologists of Germany and the detractors of England to which, unhappily, we are become accustomed. Even Prince von Bülow, whose attempt to destroy the positions taken up by an informed and unimpassioned review writer, whose facts and arguments were, with a few minor exceptions, unassailable, was singularly ineffective, as of course it was bound to be and meant to be, would scarcely advance such miserable pleas were he speaking on behalf of his own country.

I have essayed on many occasions during the past years to show that these extraordinary evidences of impaired moral development, this remarkable disease which destroys the natural instinct of patriotism in vast sections of our people, must be attributed to the decay of stamina consequent upon the selfish materialism of the age, with its frank disavowal of revealed religion. For, from the national and patriotic point of view, from the point of view of sound citizenship, there is not a pin to choose between the noisy crew of pleasure-seekers whose creed is "let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," and the intellectual fops to whom strange doctrines and un-English sentiments are as dear as fine clothes and sweet-smelling dishes to those others. The terrible part of it is that the very men and women who refuse to listen to the voices of persons of wide experience and knowledge, persons who have a grip of the politics of the world, whose sole object is to save their country and countrymen from terrible disasters, are the very persons least able to bear the miseries, privations, and humiliations which the actual occurrence of these anticipated calamities would entail on the whole nation.

It would seem that Englishmen who, as a nation, rarely read history, and who, even among the well-educated classes, know little even of the history of their own country, have forgotten all about the "Great Terror" of upwards of a century ago, and how patrioti-

cally the menace of Bonaparte was met. Then practically every man, able to bear arms, rallied to the standard ; in any case there were upwards of a million men under training. The fact of the matter is, we have been so long dominant, that the very idea of being conquered seems to the uninformed and baffle-headed Briton, an inconceivable proposition. He received a severe shock at Colenso ; but he expected our rulers and soldiers to muddle through somehow, and muddle through they did. He still holds to the absurd fiction that "as a fighter, one Englishman is worth three foreigners any day." He refuses to read the signs of the times, continues to believe what he wants to believe, what it is convenient to him to believe, while he is pleased to regard anyone who suggests the mere possibility of his country being defeated as little better than a mischievous traitor.

As to the Germans, the man-in-the-street does not like them. He takes his idea of the whole Teutonic race from the German bands, German waiters, German clerks and German Jews, whether traders in old clothes or ornaments of high finance, who infest London. To his mind Germans are mostly a poor sort of a folk, ill-fed, ill-mannered, dirty and contemptible. He cannot understand why we should fear such people.

But "what does he know of England, who only England knows ?" The comparisons the stay-at-home Briton draws to the detriment of the German are mostly absolutely erroneous. That, thanks to their enlightened system of education, military training and their wise fiscal relations with the outside world, Germany grows richer and richer daily ; that, despite the deliberate falsifications commonly put forward, there is less poverty and unemployment in Germany than in any State of the world ; that its population, already one-third larger than that of the United Kingdom, is growing at rather more than double the rate of our population, he may have read in his journals ; but for all the impression anything he reads on this or any other serious topic, makes, he might as well have never heard of any of these things. So that when our hour comes, I am convinced, despite all that has been written and said, the man-in-the-street will be as much taken by surprise as, if we are to believe their words, the men in the Cabinet will be. But it will assuredly come one day, and that day is not far removed from us.

unless a complete change comes, and comes quickly, over our people and their rulers.

I make no secret of my conviction that, should it come, the result will be a foregone conclusion. Germany will not be betrayed into attacking us a moment before she is ready at all points, and everything has been prepared with the certainty of clock-work. We shall have no sort of chance, except the chance of accidents amounting to the miraculous, or some such merciful intervention of Providence as saved us from the Spanish Armada. One is tempted to ask oneself, having regard to the marked deterioration of our people, its wilful blindness and indifferentism, why Providence should intervene on our behalf.

This, of course, will be called the language of the enemy of his people. Everyone who attempts to bring the nation to its senses must expect to be so stigmatised. We are alarmists, traitors even, jaundiced pessimists, disappointed varlets and so forth. We are pursuing some ignoble personal aim and what not. If a man who has devoted himself from his boyhood to the study of world politics, if a writer whose business it is to write and proclaim the truth, if one who may, at least, appeal to his record to maintain his claim to be an ardent lover of his country, yielding to none in his pride in its past history and achievements,—if such a one may not open his lips to utter words of solemn warning without having his good faith impugned, who then may speak? For myself, I say openly that my belief in Germany's designs against my beloved country amounts to absolute conviction; while the apathy of my countrymen in the face of this almost open menace is a real, poignant grief and anxiety never absent from me.

I have lived for five years in various parts of the Continent of Europe and everywhere I find among all classes that it is assumed as a foregone conclusion that England and Germany will presently be at war. What we cannot see in our island home, our foreign critics, friends and foes, see clearly enough.

There was a leader, a few years ago, who had grasped the necessity of so consolidating the Empire that all its parts should be interdependent, its disjointed strength co-ordinated and subordinated to the one end of common advantages and defence. Had its strength been conserved to him, I am persuaded he would have

forced upon his countrymen the acceptance of his far-seeing scheme. But even the first link in the chain of his policy he was never so much as fated to forge, for he was stricken down, while the metal was yet hot beneath his hand. In the hour of our greatest need, the necessary man, the indispensable man was removed, and no one has taken his place. The fact suggests pregnant reflections ; but I refrain from pursuing the matter further.

There are some among us who believe that Germany's designs even go the length of aspiring to incorporate the British Isles in the German system ; some who see in the Kaiser a second conqueror of his name. The ambition of Germany is boundless, and Prussia has never allowed any nice scruples to stand between her and the prosecution of any aggressive design, however lacking in moral sanction, she may have conceived herself able to put into execution. It may be that even this last and final humiliation is in store for us ; but of one thing I am certain, one sees the process in operation all the world over, that whatever Germany's success in conquering these islands, or in annexing the colonies that have sprung from them, she is sadly misjudging, if she imagines that the process of absorption will be in a direction which will give predominance to the German language and German institutions. Sooner or later, the Germans sent to supplant and obliterate the English will be themselves absorbed and obliterated.

The language will alone insure that result ; for no one supposes, at this epoch of the world's history, that the archaic and cumbersome dialect of the Fatherland could possibly hold its own in active competition with the nimble and elastic tongue which is rapidly becoming the vehicle of communication, linguistic and literary, for the whole world. *Aliquis malo sit usus ab illo.*

Therein would German wickedness in planning the destruction of an over-confident and unsuspecting people, who had done Germany no injury and wished her no ill, whose only sin lay in the possession of widespread dominions, meet its reward. Therein the English race would be avenged.

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

Switzerland,

October, 1908.

Note.—The morning following the posting of the above article will be memorable in history as the day that gave to the world the extraordinary manifesto of the Emperor William II., wherein his Majesty avowed his warm friendship for England. This document has been fully discussed by the press and people of the civilised world. It would be discussed here were it desirable to add to the length of this article. Suffice it to say that it supplies convincing evidence of the truth, justness and soundness of the conclusions arrived at in the said article. The Kaiser asserts that the majority of his people, and he especially singles out the middle and lower classes, are strongly inimical to Great Britain. We knew already that the military class and the upper classes were deeply imbued with a feeling of hostility to England. Now we are assured that practically all Germany is, in its heart, our enemy. It is significant that, in large measure, the universal condemnation in Germany of this latest Imperial indiscretion is based not on any repudiation of its assertion that Germany hates us, but on the grounds that the Emperor has declared himself at variance with that animus and on the annoyance that his Majesty should have prematurely let the cat out of the bag. It may be added that the authoritative statements emanating from France prove that the Emperor's assertions lack accuracy. It is clearly shewn that the general desire in Europe to humiliate and ruin England during the Boer war, had its head and front in Germany rather than in France. Our fleet alone saved us, when this coalition was threatening. Every day gives additional proof of the fact—that our fleet is being weakened, while the German fleet grows apace. There is no excuse for any among us being blind to the situation longer. We know now where we stand.

LOVE'S SUPREME SACRIFICE.

(Concluded from our last number.)

A WILD pang shot through her heart. Was it joy, or pain, or both? Never had she felt like this before. She pressed her hand to her heart, she closed her eyes and stood tremblingly, breathing heavily. Something new and unspeakable seemed to come to life in her, under great and horrible emotion; maddening and irresistibly it came upon her. She felt as if she ought to rush after him and kneel before him, and say: "Here I am! Take me! There is nothing in heaven or earth for me but thy love; I pant for it, I thirst for it; give it then, and take in return the offering of my life." This was love, then, she thought; she wondered dimly, if every woman at some time or other had to go through such tumultuous change. Never yet had she experienced any strong impulse of affection, that she had not been able to obey freely and instantly. At the time the very force and harmoniousness of her nature taught her self-restraint and composure. Since yesterday she seemed to have learnt so many new and wonderful things. With quick intuition she understood, that with a woman's highest privilege—Love, the dark and silent twin-sister of that radiant Love—Suffering, had come to her. She sought her refuge in prayer; long she knelt, gazing on that little ivory crucifix, that had had its place over her bed, as long as she could think; but now for the first time its full meaning seemed to dawn upon her. She could not pray collectedly; all her prayers were breathings for blessings upon him, a fervent desire to sacrifice herself for him.

Their intercourse henceforth was deprived of the old charm of mere camaraderie; but instead of this there was the mysterious, fervent, and scarcely restrained breath of a strong passionate love; what the lips dared not confess, the eyes avowed eloquently. Instead of her ever-flowing merry talk, there was lack of conversation, sometimes abrupt silence. How long these two beings, so different from each other, and yet alike in the intensity and depth of feeling, could have endured a strain like this, it is difficult to say. But Providence intervened. Arabella's father

died suddenly one night of heart-failure ; just as the trio had risen from the dinner-table in the stifling hot room, to enjoy the soft sea-breeze in the front-veranda, the blow came. A heavy fall, a short struggle, a groan, and all was over. Without a warning, without a farewell he had gone and the mysteries of his checkered life were shrouded for ever by the veil of death. Arabella was dazed ; she sat by the bed whereon they had laid him, holding the dear, dead hand, yet warm, while L., with calm and collected mind, sent the servants hurriedly to the doctor, the magistrate and other places, to make preparations for the funeral, which had to take place the next morning. The house of death was calm during this short interval ; but one mad thought was surging through his brain and heart : " Now is your hour ! Take her ! She has nobody else ! She can be happy only with you, and you with her ! " He went into the chamber, and loosening her hand, gently pulling her by both hands in a standing position, folded her arms round himself and held her close and strong, but without betraying the storm within. " Mine, child, you are mine," he whispered. " Don't fear, you have me now and always." She did not answer, but with closed eyes rested in his embrace, her head leaning on his shoulder.

Soon it was whispered, then talked about, that Arabella had refused all female assistance, beyond that of her old faithful ayah—refused even to see any one, except a few of the men who had so often visited her father's house, but who felt that a word of sincere sympathy was all they could offer. By noon the next day the old Italian rested in the Roman Catholic part of the cemetery, and on his way back the old priest, who had been called hurriedly from the near mission-station, wished an interview with Arabella. She knew the gentle old man well, having often visited his little church.

He said words of sympathy and comfort. Arabella's expression saw stony, her eyes shone with unshed tears, but did not tell of the misery within.

" And what are you going to do now, my dear ? " he asked gently.

" Do ? Nothing ! This is my father's house ; I shall stay in it."

" Will you not agree to accept the hospitality of one of the ladies here, to whom I have spoken about you, till a convenient steamer calls to take you back to your own country ? "

" Never ! "

The priest was amazed, but wisely did not show this.

" Yes, I can understand you, poor girl. But let me come for you to-morrow or the day after, and I will in the meantime make arrangements

for you in my own station. I have heard that Colonel L. is your father's executor ; you can stay with me, till all is finally settled, and when your presence here is required, I shall accompany you.

"You are very good, Father ; but I shall neither leave this place nor this country," replied Arabella coldly and almost repellant.

Was this the girl the priest had known before—childlike, bright, confiding ?

"My child," he said, still persuasively, "you are now without friend or adviser. Look to me, then, as the one who will try to do for you all your earthly father would have done."

Arabella seemed moved at last. Her eyes filled with tears, and with a mute appeal in them she fixed them on the priest.

"In this time of affliction it is the Church only that can offer you consolation," continued the latter. "As the world has no longer a home to offer you, in the bosom of that Mother you will find rest. A time of quiet retreat in our convent at M. will restore your peace and give you spiritual comfort."

"Father, O Father, I beg of you to leave me," she cried piteously. "I cannot think, I cannot talk, not now ; all seems a stony desert within and without ; but in a few days, yes, in a few days, I shall be able to speak to you, to answer your question ; and O Father, do not think harshly of me ; I am stunned, bewildered ; I will seek peace in prayer, as you say ; but now, good Father, leave me ; pray for me, and for him, who has been so suddenly taken." The priest sadly took his leave ; he also had heard rumours of the danger in which Arabella was ; but he did not know that practically the crisis was already over, the die cast, at least within the girl's mind.

Arabella knelt before her crucifix ; she prayed to the suffering Virgin Mother, to the Divine Martyr, Who gave his life for his friends. But her spiritual vision was blurred, her judgment, usually so direct and clear, perverted. "Yes, holy Mother, thou sufferedst for Him, Who was dearest to Thy heart, and Thou, O Blessed Jesus, didst bear the crown of thorns, didst tread the blood-sprinkled path to Calvary, didst bear the mocking and scorn of the whole world, yes, didst bear to be forsaken by God even, in order to prove Thy Love for Thy friends. And I, I shall do the same ; for me also is the path of death, the crown of thorns in order that he, whom God has given me, may be made happy, may be redeemed from the dreadful burden of the past." Was this indeed reason—common sense ? Alas ! It was the supreme moment in a woman's life, at a time when her love and her sorrow for the beloved one blinded

her, and made her regardless of everything else within, around and above

L., to make an atonement for his previous conduct, tried to appear as brother and friend and attempted to efface the lover. But Arabella's nature, once the great passion had taken hold of her, had no thought to turning back. As a last effort, L. told her that he would have to retire, and that his service would be at an end, his career spoiled, if they joined their lives. Of a truth, he dreamt of nothing, desired nothing else, but to make her his own, and lose all else. Perhaps he tried to satisfy his conscience, by appealing to her unselfishness, to make her give him up. And he was not mistaken. As soon as Arabella understood that it would be to his material disadvantage if they followed their hearts' dictates, she drew back and bade him go. Hastily she collected her belongings, adding such things as would be a life-long remembrance of her short dream, and remembering the priest's kind offer, meant to flee to him for refuge and rest. Her heart was dead within her. Had she but been suffered to carry out her plan, she might have died soon of a broken heart, and would have escaped a life-long martyrdom. But her poor little drama came soon to an end.

L. approached her after sunset, just as she was seated on her favourite pony Rajah's back, about to start. But seeing him, she almost unconsciously glided down from the saddle, and, with outstretched hands and a world of love and misery in her eyes, went towards him. He led her into the house and told the ayah and the other servants that their mistress would not start that night.

"Darling," he said, holding her in his strong arms, "do you really think we can part thus? No, for better or for worse, you are mine; neither for you nor for me is there any more escape, and what God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Henceforth we must be all in all to each other; for the world will have nothing more to say to us. That is love's sacrifice; if you find it too great, dear heart, that is another matter." But she interrupted him, pressing his hand to her heart: "Then I swear to you, here in God's presence, that I am yours in life and death, happen what may."

Then he lifted her in his arms, and carried her into the room where her father had breathed his last, and from that day they began their life of love and suffering.

L. retired with the rank of a Major-General. He soon found that they could not remain in the little house on the sea-shore, and removed to the native town a few miles distant, where they bought the residence of a bankrupt nawab, a rambling, mysterious old bungalow, with

a garden, that resembled a wilderness, and a deep water-reservoir surrounded by dense trees in the middle, where the harem ladies used to take their bath. To have to part from the dear house, so full of memories, was Arabella's first pain in her new life; it had been the only real home she had ever known, and full of tender reminiscences of her dear father. But her lover never realised what it cost her. With brave resolution she set to, and created for herself and her friend a new home, full of poesy and beauty, and for a short time they buried all pangs and memories and fears, and with eyes shut to all the world, lived their own life, finding, as they had confidently hoped, all sufficiency and satisfaction in each other. L. kept well-filled stables. Selling, buying and training horses was his delight, and he soon took,—among the natives at any rate,—the place of Arabella's father. But as time went on, he began to fret and to long for the purposeful life of discipline he had left behind. Still Arabella remained to him, to the end, the one thing worth living for, and her dear love, her ever-ready sympathy and sweet, brave patience never wavered.

But she, poor loving woman, trod a path, the darkness and bitterness of which none knew but her own soul. Had she not failed in her endeavour? Had she not spoiled, instead of redeemed, the life of him she loved?

Years went by, years after years, of loneliness and silence for her; and while her lips smiled, her beautiful eyes shone with the lovely soft radiance of an ardent devotion, her heart broke slowly. While her friend found to some extent compensation in friendly intercourse with the officers of the new regiment, Arabella remained alone with her remorse and sorrow. Her old friend, the priest, she had not seen again. His saintly soul could not understand such conduct as hers, and only as a penitent would he have received her. Though she was constantly remembered, in his prayers, he would only meet her as Father Confessor, but she was too proud to confess to him, that she had made an irremediable mistake. And before Arabella's life sank into deeper darkness, he had gone to his rest.

So she went on her path of suffering in deep loneliness to her dark Gethsemane, where she struggled and wept, and received Divine comfort and Divine strength, to wear that crown of thorns that she had prepared for herself. Her weary feet were enabled to climb the hill to her death-shadowed Calvary. Outwardly she always remained the same, bright and sweet and strong, her friend's good angel, at times when evil spirits assailed him and tried to get the better of him.

Now, she knew, the end would soon come; for her strength decreased

rapidly, and she found courage to leave her beloved one entirely in God's hands. She did not find it necessary to warn him beforehand, that the parting was near: she did not cling to him for strength, because she felt that she had sinned and suffered, but also had atoned and conquered.

So death came, her redeeming angel. How she comforted her dear one, when the dread hour came, we do not know; but she did it, and he was brave, because he did not want her to suffer more on his account. A doctor she would not see.

"Dear heart," she said to him, letting her glorious eyes rest on him for the last time, before death dimmed their lustre, "two petitions I have to make on my own account, though you may think me very childish," and she smiled faintly.

"Whatever it is, dearest love, I swear to you, it shall be done, should it cost me all."

"Listen then: To wear a bridal dress in honour, as other women do, was not my lot; let me rest then in my grave in bridal dress, ready to greet you on the resurrection morn; and, dearest",—her voice grew faint—"let me be buried in God's acre, in holy ground."

Foolish requests, perhaps! But she, who had never wished anything for herself, wished now, and her friend vowed to her, it should be done, that to fulfil her wishes should be his only aim and duty. Only at this time his eyes were opened, and he began to realise what she must have suffered, and it was he, who wanted to make her life a rose-garden, that had caused this cruel, silent suffering, this premature death. He ground his teeth in anguish and vain remorse.

So she slipped from him, and with the help of clever Indian hakeems he embalmed the dead body of his beautiful love—ah! more than ever beautiful to him now—till he knew the ravages of death would not touch her for many years to come. In due time the bridal dress arrived, and the veil, with the wreath of artificial orange-blossoms, and he arrayed his dead bride, and had her laid in a lead-coffin with glass lid, and there he sat, a distracted, despairing lover, in his weird old house, and gazed on her, and his strong soul gasped and writhed under the consciousness that he had spoiled this beautiful young life and condemned her to a perpetual isolation in this world. Roman priest and Anglican chaplain were equally persistent in their denial of burial in consecrated ground, and even the Bishop, when applied to, replied in the negative. Then he sat and brooded, how to carry out the last behest of Arabella. One night, with the help of some faithful servants, whom money kept quiet, he hid Ara-

bella's body in some secret grave, the spot being shown to nobody else, and then vanished.

Many rumours were afloat concerning L. Some said that he lived as a native among natives, some conjectured that he had committed suicide. But how could he die, without having fulfilled his love's last request ?

As the years went by, people stopped talking, forgetting all about him.

Nearly ten years after Arabella had died, when the troops had been removed, and a new station had sprung up round the very house in which her sad life had been lived, an old weather-beaten Sahib appeared. Worn he looked and tired ; but rich he was, rich as Croesus. A swarm of workmen was soon employed, and within a year a beautiful compact little Church raised its slender spire between the palmtrees, just opposite the bungalow which was by this time little better than a heap of ruins.

The time of the Bishop's annual visitation drew near, and he was informed by the chaplain that he would have to conduct a service of consecration, as by the kindness of a generous donor a new church had been given to the station, instead of the old half-tumbled-down military church three miles away.

The Bishop happened to be the very chaplain who had refused Arabella burial in consecrated ground ten years ago.

The service of consecration was performed, and after the ceremony was concluded, the Bishop and several other gentlemen followed the generous stranger all over the church, to inspect and admire it.

"Gentlemen," he said suddenly, standing still between the pulpit and the chancel, "I beg that you will wait here for a few minutes," and beckoning to some workmen, he ordered them to remove a thin coating of plaster on the wall and the ground ; underneath a large marble slab became visible, and let into the wall, a tablet with an inscription, above which hovered a white marble pigeon with out-spread wings, flying heavenwards. The mysterious stranger pressed a button between the wings of the dove and slowly the marble slab rose, and revealed to the amazed spectators, lying in a coffin with glass lid, the figure of a still beautiful woman in full bridal dress.

"My Lord," said L. fixing the uncomfortable-looking Bishop with his sharp eyes. "you see here the body of her, to whom you, a minister of the gospel of love, in spite of many entreaties, peremptorily refused burial in consecrated ground. But I hope," he continued, raising his voice, till it rang passionately through the church, "that she herself is present, at this present moment, to witness that I, through the grace and provid-

ence of God, have been enabled to carry out her last behest—to me more than a command—to be buried in consecrated ground. And though you, my Lord, wished to treat one of God's angels on earth like a publican and sinner, you will perceive that a Mightier One than you has been on my side. And you yourself have been compelled, though unconsciously, to speak the words of consecration and blessing over her grave."

The Bishop and his followers stood dumb, scarcely daring to look at each other, and the Bishop, in particular, left the church with a little less self-confidence than he had entered.

After Arabella had been dead for ten years, people began to call her a heroine and weave a halo of romance around her.

Her faithful lover, who, after her death, had no other task left than to fulfil her dying wish, disappeared for ever, and his unknown grave may be hundreds of miles separated from hers; but let us hope, that beyond the grave they were re-united, purified from all imperfection that marred their union on earth.

H. E. MEYHR.

LA BATAILLE DES FLEURS À CANNES.

Lilac and violets were her flowers.

As she drove by

Bouquets assailed her in sweet showers :

I caught her eye !

My flower, alone true to its aim,

Fell to her hand ;

And she that message of my flame

Did understand !

A smile : in swift return to me

Her violets flew !

Madonna ! Ah ! How graciously

You turned and threw !

HENRY CAMPBELL.

SOME ASPECTS OF INDIAN COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

EDUCATION in India, in the modern sense of the word, may be said to date from the year 1854, when the Court of Directors, in a memorable despatch, definitely accepted the systematic promotion of general education, as one of the duties of the State, and emphatically declared that the type of education which they desired to see extended in India was that which had for its object the diffusion of the arts, science, philosophy and literature of Europe ; in short, of European knowledge." (Government of India's Resolution on Educational Policy, 11th March, 1904.)

The beginnings of Collegiate Education in India may be said to date from the foundation of the three Universities of Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, in 1857, the two other Universities being incorporated in 1882 and 1887 respectively. It is thus fifty years since University education on Western lines was introduced into this country, and it is worth while reviewing the condition of Collegiate Education in India at the present stage of its progress.

The humble beginnings made in the year 1857 in the direction of imparting collegiate education to Indian youths have grown to a gigantic system of collegiate education which can boast of five Universities and two hundred Colleges, engaged in the work of educating 25,000 young men all over the country. The nature and results of such a vast educational system are well worth close study and critical examination.

In spite of all the efforts made by the Government and people in the direction of the improvement of collegiate education for the last half century, it will be found that the progress achieved is not as great as one would reasonably expect it to be. The most superficial observer of the facilities that exist for collegiate education in this

country must be struck with their extreme poverty. The educational institutions all over the country, intended to discharge the exalted mission of bringing Western culture and science to the Indian, are disappointing. The best Colleges are but inadequately equipped for the purposes of imparting higher education.

The absence of endowments to colleges in India on as large a scale as in England and other Western countries seriously hampers their usefulness, and it is impossible to expect a better state of things with the scanty pecuniary resources at the command of our colleges. It is too much to expect of colleges, poorly equipped and poorly manned, to exercise any considerable influence in imparting higher education. The number of youths sent out from their portals year after year may increase, but their education must be of a low order indeed. A college not furnished with an extensive library, for instance, can be of little use to its students, though it may have very good professors on its staff. The absence of public libraries on any appreciable scale in India makes it all the more necessary that good libraries must be attached to colleges. Post-graduate study and original research are rendered nearly impossible if this condition is not fulfilled.

An idea of the poverty of Indian colleges in the matter of endowments and equipment can be gathered from a comparison with the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. It is computed that the various colleges at Cambridge give annually about £25,000, or a sum equal to nearly four lakhs of rupees in scholarships alone, excluding the large sums spent by the University in that direction. The number of books and manuscripts in the Cambridge University Library amounts to nearly half a million, while those in the Bodleian Library of Oxford amount to twice that number. Mere numbers cannot give an adequate idea of the worth of these libraries, as they are full of very rare and valuable books and manuscripts which aid original research, and are of quite a different nature from the libraries attached to collegiate institutions in this country, which usually contain nothing but the ordinary books issued year after year from the press. There are no opportunities here for consulting rare and original documents in the libraries attached to Universities which can aid original research work. The inability of Indian colleges to supply the needs of higher education is felt most keenly in the department of science. This

absence of any provision for original scientific research—it is hoped the Tata Institute of Science will remedy the defect to some extent—is striking. This drawback in colleges professing to teach science to post-graduate students is severely commented upon in a report of “Furlough Studies in Germany,” by Dr. Kuchler, of the Bengal Educational Service, published by the Government of Bengal, a year or two ago.

Athletics is another department which comes in for inadequate treatment at the hands of Indian colleges. The provision that is usually made for this branch of collegiate education is too small to meet the requirements of the large numbers of young men receiving their education in various collegiate institutions. The extensive meadows like those attached to colleges at Oxford and Cambridge are not met with in Indian institutions. Manly exercises like boating and fencing are unknown. The sound of “the measured pulse of racing oars,” alluded to by Tennyson when speaking of the revered walls of Cambridge in his “In Memoriam,” is not heard amidst the surroundings of Indian Colleges.

The next serious question that has to be considered with reference to the equipment of Indian colleges is the staff. It is a matter for considerable regret that Indian colleges are seriously handicapped in this direction, because of the inevitable difficulties that have to be met with in an attempt to impart Western culture and science in a land far removed from its home. The best men in literature and science are absorbed in Britain and do not come to India. A brilliant galaxy of scholars have been professors in British Universities. They have been men of remarkable genius, and it is no exaggeration to say of some of them at least, that they have been able to influence their special branches of knowledge to an appreciable extent. It can be said of most of them that they have been authorities in their several branches of learning. To mention but a few of the most remarkable instances of professors, past and present, in British Universities: there are Palgrave, Matthew Arnold, Saintsbury and Courthope in Literature, Skeat, Earle, Sayce and Max Müller in Philology; Oman, Stubbs, Freeman, and Gardiner in History; Marshall, Nicholson and Bastable in Economics; Bain, Sidgwick and Stout in Philosophy.

Can the average professor in India ever hope to inspire such an

enthusiasm for his subject in his students as any of these master minds? Certainly, there are professors of remarkable capacity in India who are actuated by a strong sense of duty and who infuse in their students a taste for the subjects they have to lecture upon. All honour to them. But the student of an Indian college most envies his brother at Oxford or Cambridge for the glorious privilege he enjoys of sitting at the feet of some of the ablest men of the day in each branch of knowledge. It is true that Professor Raleigh, of the University of Glasgow, whose recent biography of Shakespeare in the "English Men of Letters Series"—not to speak of the brilliant monographs on Milton, Wordsworth and the English Novel—has firmly established his claim to literary fame, was once a professor in an Indian college, the M. A. O. College of Aligarh, but such instances are rare. Dr. J. C. Bose, of Calcutta, and Dr. Bhandarkar, of Bombay, are two illustrious professors, distinguished in Science and Oriental research respectively, of whom Indian colleges are justly proud. But the number of such professors, as has already been remarked, is very small indeed in India. It is true that collegiate education in India is sure to improve in quality with a better class of professors, whose inspiring example may serve to kindle the enthusiasm of their students to a greater degree than at present. It is a pity that the Indian educational service does not offer sufficient attractions to really brilliant men. The case of private colleges is worse, and it is impossible to expect abler professors there. Persons of established literary or scientific repute are not likely to sever themselves from their associations in Britain, whatever attractions might be held out to them in this tropical climate. Every effort must, however, be made to capture as many of that class as possible for service in Indian colleges.

The success or failure of any system of education depends, it will be readily granted, on the persons educated. The Indian student naturally comes next for our consideration. It is unfortunate that persons professing an intimate acquaintance with collegiate education in India should have often thought fit to indulge in severe attacks on the Indian student, forgetting that students are students all the world over.

It has been said that there is a peculiar tendency in the Indian student to cram. It must be admitted that there is some truth in

the remark that the Indian mind has developed the faculty of memory to the detriment of the other faculties of the brain. It is, however, a fact that professors and examiners in the Indian Universities are as much responsible as the students for encouraging this pernicious tendency which threatens to undermine the cause of sound education in this country. Many an intelligent student has to submit to cram, much against his will, to suit the requirements of his professor, who has perhaps to suit himself, in his turn, to the perversity of University examiners. A professor with high ideals of education who wants to discourage this evil tendency, is disappointed by the results of his students in University examinations. It is inevitable, because the nature of the present system of University examinations in this country is highly conducive to cram, and without it the student cannot secure brilliant success in them. In spite of all his scholarship and learning, such a professor is set down for one of the "incapables." One who takes the trouble of going through the question papers set annually in the various Indian Universities can easily judge for himself the extent to which examiners are responsible for the growth of this intellectual vice in the Indian educational world. The evil, however, does not seem to be peculiar to Indian education, as is sometimes supposed. Lord Rosebery, in one of his recent addresses as Chancellor of the University of London, complains in bitter terms of the growth of cram among students in the Universities of the United Kingdom. The evil appears to be prevalent in India to a greater extent than in the British Universities. The reason is not far to seek. The fact that Western literature and science are alien to India, and have to be assimilated in a foreign language, seems to be largely responsible for this growing evil. Though the college student in India is one who is bred up for years in the atmosphere of English education, and very often even thinks in English, time alone can make him feel thoroughly at home amidst the surroundings of an alien civilisation. It is hoped that every effort will be made by the newly regulated Universities to prevent colleges from degenerating into mere "Cramming Institutes."

The educational ideals dominating the present system of collegiate education in this country seem to be very narrow in their scope and based on a misconception of the principles that ought to characterise true University education. An examination of the conditions

of collegiate life and training in this country will lead one to believe that the colleges are so many centres for imparting knowledge, rather than for "educating the mind." Intellectual education seems to be understood to mean little more than the mere acquisition of knowledge, and its far wider scope is not recognised. It does not consist in the mere training of the memory ; in the retention of facts and figures in the mind ; in the ability to trace the relation of cause and effect in the various natural sciences ; in writing learned treatises giving evidences of scholarship and wide information ; in the consciousness and enjoyment of the glory and usefulness of large intellectual possessions. It is something wider than all these, it is, as Cardinal Newman says, "an acquired *illumination*, it is a habit, a personal possession and an endowment." A college is not a place of instruction only. It is more accurate to speak of it as a place of education—a conception which is emphasised in that qualifying word "liberal," which is often prefixed to it. A widening of the intellectual horizon is not brought about by the imparting of a great deal of knowledge ; an enlarged mind is not that which holds much information, but one which has that "intellectual illumination" and "culture," without which there can be no true education.

"A University," says Ruskin, "is a place where only certain persons come to learn everything, that is to say, where those who wish to be able to think, come to learn to think—not to think of mathematics only, nor of morals, nor of surgery, nor of chemistry, but of everything rightly."

A constant attention to the ideals of true education is necessary to the success of any educational system. The essential and fundamental distinction between "learning" or "knowledge" and "education" or "culture" is too important to be lost sight of. In drawing up the courses of instruction, in defining the nature of question papers and examinations, and in the fixing of standards of instruction, this ideal has to be kept in view, for it is only then that there can be true intellectual culture.

The scope of the examinations and the course of studies in our colleges do not seem to be conducive to true intellectual culture. University examinations in our country seem to be tests of mere *memory* rather than of *general ability*. This evil is not peculiar to any particular subject, but it is prevalent in almost all subjects

prescribed for our University examinations, even in language subjects, in English literature, for instance. The following remarks of the late Professor Churton Collins, in connection with the teaching of the subject in the British Universities, apply with greater force to the system of instruction in our colleges. "Literature has been regarded," he says, "not as the expression of art and genius, but as mere material for the study of words, as mere pabulum for philology. All that constitutes its value as a liberal study has been ignored. Its masterpieces have been resolved into mere exercises in grammar, syntax and etymology. Its history has been resolved into a barren catalogue of names, works and dates—(this is eminently true of the question papers of our Universities). No faculty, but the faculty of memory has been called into play in studying it."

It is annoying to observe this narrowing influence even when the subject of examination is a literary classic, or a work in literary criticism. There is absolutely no scope for the exhibition of a person's critical faculties and no encouragement is given to the exercise of originality of judgment. He is asked to give the substance of the authors' remarks on a particular characteristic of the poet or novelist who is the subject of the literary sketch, to narrate the chief incidents in his early life, or what is worse, to "write short notes" on some of the writers whose names are mentioned in the text-book in connection with the personal or literary history of that man of letters.

The evil is clearly perceptible in the teaching of History. Even the degree examinations have been narrowed in their scope and reduced to mere tests of memory. It is not unusual to see the students for the B. A. degree examination in History, being asked to summarise the details of a campaign, narrate the circumstances of a war, or enumerate the reforms of a ruler. An estimate of historical events, a critical examination of constitutional changes, a discussion of the political policy of sovereigns—questions like those which alone can test the historical grasp of examinees, are of very rare occurrence, and it is only recently that a tendency to remedy this defect has begun to influence our examiners. Let us hope that with the advent of the new regulations in our Universities, the study of those subjects will rest on a wider basis than at present.

There is another defect in the course of studies prescribed for

our University examinations which must be noticed in this connection. It is desirable that in subjects like philosophy, history and economics, special stress be laid on their application to India, Indian thought and Indian conditions. The subjects studied must have a direct bearing on Indian environment and Indian life. A knowledge of at least the outlines of Indian philosophy must be insisted upon in the case of a student taking up philosophy for his B.A. degree, while more attention must be paid in the history branch to Indian history, political, constitutional and economic. It is true that there is no *national* political economy, but there is an imperative necessity as well as a very wide scope for the study of economics, in special relation to the peculiar social, political, and material circumstances of this country. The oriental languages must be shown greater consideration than is being shown to them at present.

The University of Calcutta has taken the lead in remedying these and similar defects, as may be seen from the fact that in the new regulations drawn up recently, provision has been made for the compulsory study of Indian philosophy and Indian economics, in connection with the philosophy and history branches, respectively, of the B.A. degree examination. The recent resolution of the Madras University to institute the degrees for Oriental learning is a step in the right direction. It is hoped that the example of the University of Calcutta will be followed by her sister Universities all over India. It is only then that the instruction imparted in our colleges can have that degree of relation to Indian thought and environment which is necessary for the success of our educational system in making the Indians assimilate Western culture.

It will be recognised on all hands that sympathy between professor and student is one of the essential requisites for any sound system of collegiate education. It is a regrettable fact that the sympathy felt by the average English professor in India for his students is not adequate to ensure a living interest on his part for his work, and in the drawing out of the best efforts of his pupils.

A professor can exercise a personal influence on his students and inspire them with a love for his subject only if he has some intimacy with them. It is not rare to find students in Indian colleges who have never exchanged a single word with their English pro-

fessor throughout their collegiate course, except when they have had to answer a question put to them in the class-room. Overcrowded classes—it is not unusual to see a college class with two hundred and fifty students—and over-worked professors are no doubt responsible to a large extent for this condition of affairs. But there is still the fact that the English Professor in India very often moves in a groove of his own and does not feel himself drawn in sympathy towards his Indian students. An English professor in India, writing in a recent number of the *Modern Review*, of Allahabad, on the subject of Indian students, says :—

“The first thing that a European professor or school-master comes to learn in India is that mere official and rough-and-ready methods will not do. Personal interest and intimacy is everything. It is surprising how a student seems to change when the barriers of shyness and reserve are broken down. . . . A student who, when treated with indifference or harshness, may appear at first sight sulky and dull, becomes a changed being when a man comes to know him better. It is not that his nature has changed, but the only atmosphere in which he can be himself—the atmosphere of affection and sympathy which was then denied to him—has now been given him. I have never known in my personal experience any Hindu student to take advantage of an intimacy with his teacher. Indeed, it is from the student one knows best that one may confidently expect the greatest politeness, good faith, and respect. I assert this most strongly as against the almost universal conviction of my fellow-countrymen that to unbend to a native of India is to expose oneself to contempt and the possibility of deception.”

The collegiate life of a student in India differs from that of the young men in British Universities in many other respects. Residential Colleges on any grand scale were till recently unknown in this country. The success that has till now been achieved in ensuring the valuable provision of a residential system as an essential feature of collegiate life in this country is not at all commensurate with the magnitude of the educational interests involved. Collegiate life without the residential system cannot be far-reaching in its wholesome influence on students, and every effort must be made to establish the residential system on an adequate scale in connection with every collegiate institution in this country.

The absence of religious instruction and religious discipline in our college and hostel life, except in the case of a few denominational institutions, like the Central Hindu College, Benares, or the M. A. O. College, Aligarh, is a circumstance that must be regretted by those who want to see a wholesome influence exercised on the students that are being educated in them. Without entering into the question of the interdependence or otherwise of religion and morality, it can be safely asserted that this religious life and discipline, which occupy a prominent place in British University life, are too valuable a feature to be ignored in a healthy system of collegiate life and education. The student must, as Tennyson says, hear

In college fanes,
The storm their high-buil
And thunder-music, rolling shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes.

The traditions that have gathered round British Universities contribute in no small measure to the sterling excellence of collegiate life in that country. Indian Universities being only of recent origin, this valuable feature is necessarily absent from Indian collegiate life. It is a drawback which seriously affects the value of collegiate training as part of a man's education and refinement. The youth who enters the portals of an Indian University is not privileged to feel the ennobling influence of hoary associations; no glowing inspiration infects his mind; no thrilling impulse moves his aspirations; his soul is not kindled with enthusiasm for the memory of any great men whose names are associated with the best traditions of the University. He does not burst out in sentiments similar to those of Matthew Arnold in that famous eulogy on Oxford:—

“Beautiful city, so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our country, so serene! There are our young barbarians all at play! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side.”

When will there be an Indian Oxford?

P. SESHADRI.

Madras

THE ENGLISH SOCIALIST PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

A WEEK or so ago, a young member of Parliament walked out of the House, dismissed for the session because he insisted on discussing the unemployment question out of order. Another M. P. has narrowly escaped jail for inciting the hunger marchers, while by the latest accounts Stewart Gray, solicitor and agitator, is already doomed to a term of imprisonment for the same offence. The unemployed themselves are getting more glib with the shibboleth that has been put into their mouths, while throughout England, in all the large cities at least, there are signs of disturbances which the winter will augment. What is the reason of this? With that common sense which even he himself must feel tired of hearing called "sturdy," Mr. John Burns has proved that distress is no greater this year than last. Yet protest has taken a more violent form. "We may soon," as the veteran Sir Theodore Martin prophesies, "see bayonets drawn in Trafalgar Square."

The truth is that the socialist spirit of England is entering on a new and more practical phase. It is narrowing itself to one ideal, and is beginning to concentrate itself solely, and, therefore, effectively on that ideal. Formerly, till this very date in fact, the socialist stultified himself by tacking on to his creed ideas and ideals with which it had nothing to do, such as free love, State-aided motherhood, the dethronement of the king etc., giving the average mind a strong impression that when socialism arrived, all the pageantry and religion of life would be put on one side. More than all, however, has the State Socialist injured his cause by putting forward some impossible plank and then appealing on its behalf to instincts in human nature which do not exist. Thus he invented the stupid phrase "land hunger," a hunger which nine-tenths of modern English

people never feel. Last year, as an object lesson, he sent some hundreds of unemployed city folk to squat on waste ground and pretend that some instinct was thwarted because they might not till it. Fortunately, these and similar stupidities seem at an end. Very different from the "land grabbers" of last year are the hunger marchers of this. They confess only to one instinct, the desire for food, affirm their willingness to work, but leave to the Government the business of settling what that work shall be.

State recognition of the right to work is, indeed, the only reform with which practical reformers should employ their energies. The land problem of which so much is made, is simply beside the question. In the colonies, Australia and New Zealand, land was to be had cheaply or for nothing, yet the evils of larger countries were not nipped in the bud till State Labour Bureaux were instituted. Sometimes, indeed, these Bureaux exist only to bring employer and employed together, sometimes, as in Germany, they send the unemployed on the State-owned railways to the parts where labour is desired. Whenever necessary, however, they do more, despatching men out in gangs or groups to the relief works, to the goldfields, paid sometimes at piece work, more generally at day wages. These Bureaux do not do all that is possible, partly because the State does not assume enough control over the wastrel or loafer; partly because the right to work even in the colonies has not been recognised as a constitutional principle, so that a State worker's year is patched with months of unemployment. In Australasia, however, unemployment can never be the intense evil either to the State or the individual that it is in crowded England. Therefore Britain, suffering more, will probably in the end effect a completer cure. Is not the State workshop better than the State workhouse, and assistance given in wages preferable to that proffered in often ill-directed charity? Not at once, perhaps, but assuredly some day this new half-formed Right to Work party will demand a recognition of this principle.

Before this can be done, however, the Socialist will need to get on his side the masses of those tradition-ruled, non-thinking middle-class voters who are at present alarmed, not by the above-mentioned creed itself, but by various moral changes which are presumed to result from it. Unfortunately, following H. G. Wells,

Bernard Shaw and other recognised leaders of the cause, it is customary for the average socialist teacher to alienate those very masses by running counter to the ideals which are bound up with their ideas. We notice this, for instance, with regard to patriotism. It is the socialist's habit to assume that this jealous exclusive love of the country is a relic of barbarism, and that, therefore, it is time that mankind should throw it aside and trust to the ideal created by the larger Brotherhood. To live and die for England is an anathema to him, because in his mind patriotism is something that has had its day, a sentiment old, effete, to be cast aside. So far from this being the case, however, patriotism is still a new young virtue, its work on the human mind yet to be done. We realise this fact when we comprehend that in the ages which are ly styled patriotic, the prevailing sentiment was really clannishness or cityism. Thus the mediæval Englishman would think of himself as a man of Winchester rather than as a son of England, and when in straits on the Continent, would appeal to his town, not his country, for financial or martial aid. To pass from the familiar instance that a Roman boasted his native city not his native land, we note that in certain periods of Greek history a merchant moving from one town to another was liable to be put to death as a foreigner. One has only to glance through mediæval history to realise how completely the claims of tribe or city overrode those of country, and how little patriotism as a dominant force entered the spirit of our nation till within comparatively recent times.

Unfortunately, the English socialist's contempt for patriotism as something old and barbaric is not merely a reflection on his political psychology. It has grave practical disadvantages. Because of this idea, he upholds or at least fails to discourage, legislation which permits the inroads of emigrants, forgetting that the State will less readily pass industrial improvement measures if this means a larger inrush of aliens and outsiders. If instead of that vague universal Brotherhood ideal, the English reformer would consider only his own nation or the dependencies of that nation, his Utopia would arrive sooner. In this he would be advised to take counsel by Australia, where the legislation he dreams of is actually in operation. With a socialistic ideal which is almost brutally national, the Australian keeps rigorously out of his country those aliens whose

presence, he considers, would jeopardise his schemes for the ultimate solving of the industrial problem. No sentiment that extends beyond his own nation ever influences him; the cause of the working man is the cause of the Australian working man and him alone. Personal prejudice against eastern nations is slight, less than in England. In excluding them he does not assert any belief in their inferiority; on the contrary, he has the greatest tolerance for their faiths and interest in their ideals. His stand merely is this—that he has a difficult problem to solve, and that their presence in his country for the present, at least, makes that problem harder than it need be.

There is, however, another and more important matter of ethics in which the English socialist prejudices his own cause—that is in respect to religion. Fortunately, the time has gone past when British socialism and atheism were almost synonymous; nevertheless, a certain irreverence or at least non-reverence towards the prevailing religion still prevails. In rightly rebuking the churches for their supineness, the demagogue would do well if at the same time he claimed simple Christianity as one of his own weapons. From a sociological standpoint this is the only thing to do, for this reason, that the British people are essentially a spiritual race, and apart from their agnostic leaders cannot be led save by spiritual force. To the Hindu mind, accustomed to much greater spirituality, this statement must seem surprising. We must compare the British temperament, however, not with the very different eastern races but with those more allied to his own, and here this fact is made manifest. A French writer, for instance, has pointed out that the British differ from his own race inasmuch as the latter is more idealistic, the former more spiritual. That is to say, while the Latin mind can be influenced by aspirations from which religion is absolutely separated, the more Germanic mind of the British has beneath all its sturdiness a childlike and wistful desire for the intermingling of such aspirations and ideals with religious faith.

The fact that this religiousness is not dependent on churchism, that, unlike France, it could exist without churches, is a potent truth which the true socialist should use for good. In the most unruly open meetings I have never noted any reference to Christ and His mission received in anything but respectful silence. A Methodist Suffragette,

jeered at by the throng, found a respectful way made for her when she based the right of suffrage for woman on this theme. The same holds good of unemployed meetings. Unfortunately, the average somewhat bigoted agitator will not make use of this vast reservoir of enthusiasm. He still persistently preaches or hints at agnosticism to a people which, more than in more church-ruled nations, is repelled by pure ethics as apart from some definite faith.

In their rebellion against existing conditions the social reformers must, therefore, be at the same time more practical and more religious. They must narrow their creed down to one ideal—the Right to Work. And then, in order to make it suitable to the minds of the middle-classes, they must aid it by every patriotic and every religious sentiment possible. They must let alone for awhile Universal Brotherhood, because, beautiful as it is, it is an ideal quite beyond practical politics just now, even as wider patriotism was impossible in the days of the city and the clan. They must keep as close as possible to the simple faith of the people, for by that lever only will lasting success arrive.

“If you are hungry, take from those that have, excluding women and poor people. Steal rather than starve, deprive the rich of their surplus—” so said Mr. Grayson and his followers. Is it possible to reconcile such counsel with that Christianity which ignorance has emasculated, giving a milk-and-water impression to the world? We know that there is another beside the popular Good Shepherd aspect of the Man of Galilee, he who scourged the moneylenders from the Temple, and took as a simple matter of course that wherever it might be, the multitude must be fed. It is possible of belief that a high ideal might logically inspire the “raiders” so long as their words and actions of protest do not include actual violence, for, it must be remembered that such protest is aimed to benefit the rich morally as well as the poor materially. To claim a right is merely to exact from ourselves and others new duties. This the marching unemployed must understand, entering Trafalgar Square not as a battlefield but as a church.

Unfortunately, the method of this new Right to Work party has one weakness. It is frankly modelled on suffragette lines. “The suffragists are getting the vote because they riot,” said Victor Grayson encouraging the men by the women’s actions, jus

as the latter in their earlier days of warfare exhorted their sisters by reminding them how the unenfranchised men tore down the railings of Hyde Park. This reiteration, however, gradually leads to ultimate weakness. Again, it cannot be denied that those who come forward as hunger marchers are by no means the true unemployed, but the wastrels who want the pickings of the scattered coins and the possible loot. More self-conscious than women are, the respectable artisan and workman does not easily bring himself to parade the streets, banner in hand. When finally he does come forward, he will rebel with difficulty, missing redress, maybe, strangely not because he has lost control but because he has not lost it sufficiently. For English reverence for order is so strong that paradoxically Britons feel the more respect for those who are daring enough to resist it. That is the true psychological explanation for the fact that in orderly England, some disorder is needed to gain a right.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

London.

A THOUGHT.

The soul and the heart fare otherwise
Through this Life-Forest of adverse ways—
One soars where pinewoods heavenward rise—
While one at the busy clearing stays !
How often we promise—again and again,
To lift our thoughts toward things of worth—
How seldom they rise to a higher plane,
Drawn down by the heart's strong ties to earth !

M.^cEAGLES SWAYNE.

BLACK-ART IN INDIA.

THERE is much that is mysterious and seemingly ridiculous in Indian life which the Western man of science can hardly understand or appreciate. To him the folklore of the Hindus is but a huge tissue of absurd rites and superstitions. It is almost incredible what a powerful sway witchcraft still holds over the imagination of people here. It is not only the illiterate and ignorant masses who place implicit belief in it, but even the so-called educated and refined classes are not entirely free from it. To the evil magic of the witch is still ascribed many a death otherwise unaccountable, and to the influence of her "evil eye" many an untoward event or illness. The purpose of the present article is to give the reader an idea of what "black-art" in India is, with perhaps one or two instances of "death by magic" which have come within my experience.

"Black-Art," or *chullangi*, *soomyam*, or *todubothu* as it is known here, seems to have been very common in India for a long time. It is commonly believed that Malabar is the home of witchcraft in India, though perhaps it is there the art first began to be practised extensively. The land of Malayalam is still talked of as a land of mysteries.

"It's a land of beauties and riches,

It's a land of spells and witches."

But the art is not now confined to Malabar only and may be seen practised in the several provinces of India. It is extensively practised in our Presidency. The Savaras and Khonds of Jeypore hills, the Oriyas of Ganjam, some Brahmans of Godavari and Krishna, the Yenadis of Nellore and some Tamils of Madras all practise it more or less. The art consists in killing men or animals by means of spells and incantations. It is the same kind of magic as prevailed in Rome in the days of Horace, and in Europe in the Middle Ages and later. It is very strange that the magic always works, and stranger still is the fact that the victim often dies in the same way in which his death has been foretold. I am generally very sceptical about these matters, but one or two things happened in my life which, unable as they were by themselves to "flash

conviction on my soul," have succeeded in making me somewhat wavering, and perhaps, superstitious. I was spending my summer holidays in 1906 in my own native village when the following instance came to my notice:— One of the female inhabitants of the village became suddenly ill one morning. Her body was terribly swollen, the woman appearing nearly four times as big as her normal self. The whole village was soon on the spot, and many were the whispers among the women present who concluded their half-audible deliberations saying that the woman was the victim of some evil magic. A "devil-driver" was at once procured, and he gave out that the woman was subjected to the influence of *chillangi* and mentioned a certain house in the village where the operation of evil magic was being carried on by a Brahman youth. A couple of men ran to the house and to their surprise found there a young magician busily engaged in washing a clay representation of the sick woman. They forcibly took it away from him and gave him in return a sound thrashing. Counter-spells and incantations were afterwards used and eventually the woman recovered. I can give another instance of "black-art" which came within my experience. Two Brahman youths of a certain village in the Ganjam district had once a quarrel. One of them who knew "black-art" cursed the other. He said he would die in a month a miserable death, his body full of foul ulcers. They then separated, the other Brahman youth little heeding the words of his enemy. A couple of weeks after the young man who had been cursed became ill, and as was prophesied, his body became full of foul ulcers and he died. His friends and relatives came to know that he had been subjected to *soonyam*, but it was too late to save him.

There are many ways in which "black-art" is practised in different countries, but the goal has always been the same—the sickness or death of somebody. An earthen or pith representation of the person whose death is aimed at is made, and after some preliminary worship of the Evil Deity, it is destroyed by means of fire or water, and the life of the intended victim is shortened in proportion to the reduction caused in the figure, and no sooner does the figure vanish completely than the person aimed at dies. Sometimes the dust of the feet of the person to be killed is gathered and washed in a running stream. One is often struck by the similarity that exists between the ways in which this evil magic is worked out in widely separated countries. The following is quoted from an interesting article on the subject by Mr. Elkington: "I was once present," says Mr. Elkington writing about the South Sea Magicians, "at the death-bed of an old Chief who had offended another Chief, and that man

had been cursed by a Tohunga or a priest. I was unable to ascertain exactly what he had done, but the result of it was that an image made of clay, which was supposed to represent him, was made in a creek, and, as the water washed away the figure, so the Chief gradually sank, and when the last particle softened by the slowly trickling water and vanished down the stream, so that moment the soul of the old Chief passed over the border." Here is another paragraph bearing on European magic: "This recalls the wax figures melted over slow fires by which the Roman Canidia consumed her victims, and again the similar figures through which the magicians of Elizabeth's day and that of Charles IX. of France attempted the lives of these sovereigns. One morning the occult philosopher Dr. Dee was hastily summoned to save the life of Elizabeth from such magic machinations. A great wax doll, representing the queen, was discovered lying in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with a huge pin transfixing its breast. Dee undertook to disenchant the image, but only on condition that Mr. Secretary Wilson stood by him to testify that nothing but godly enchantments were used. About the same time, in 1574, the Florentine Ruggieri was condemned to the galleys for having conspired against Charles IX. in favour of his brother, the Duke of Alençon, by transfixing with pins the heart of a wax image representing the French monarch."

It is a curious fact that in India everybody believes in the efficacy of "black-art," though perhaps its practice is more common in villages than in towns, more among the illiterate and semi-civilised races than among the educated and refined. The magic is said to be so easy that anybody can learn it in a couple of hours. Not many months ago I had a talk on the subject with an inhabitant of my village who seemed to have known and practised the nefarious art, and I may be permitted to tell the reader something of the way in which the power of causing death by magic is acquired. My informant said that he heard one day there was such a thing as *chillanri* and was fired with a desire to know the art himself. There was a man in the village who was notorious for his proficiency in it, and he went to him with a request to teach him the magic, which the man consented to do. He and his *guru* (teacher) went one night, fixed previously as auspicious, to a tank outside the village. The *guru* undressed himself, bathed in the waters of the tank and smeared his body with ashes and saffron. He then made a clay figure of a woman, and having placed it on the bank of the tank began to worship it with flowers and fruits as any Hindu would worship his idol. My informant was in the meanwhile sitting mutely, observing what his teacher was doing. He was then asked to undress himself and take a plunge in the water of the tank, which he at

once did. The *guru* then uttered some spells and incantations and called his deity. There then appeared on the scene a female form. It was shadowy, but my informant assured me it was by no means good-looking. The *guru* and his pupil stood still for some time, at the end of which the former requested his goddess to enlist the young man by his side as a member of the fraternity presided over by her. The female form then stretched its hand and blessed (?) my informant with the power of causing death to mortals by magic. The *guru* and his pupil prostrated themselves at its feet, and the shadowy form vanished into the air. The young man was then taught some *mantrams* by the *guru* which he said were extremely easy, and made to do certain things. Next day he wanted to test his newly acquired powers, and so worked the magic, aiming at a cocoanut tree in his neighbour's back-yard. He found to his great satisfaction that the green tree with its beautiful foliage and bunches of fruit was completely consumed within twenty-four hours. He then directed his magic against a child, then against its mother, and then against anybody whom he had a fancy to send to the grave. My informant told me that he had to kill at least two persons every month, or else his goddess would not be satisfied and might turn round and eat him up.

Persons who have been known to be in communication with the devil cannot hope to live peacefully among their neighbours. The town or village in which they live will be rendered too hot for them. Every untoward event and sudden illness is ascribed to them and they are often rather roughly handled by the villagers. There is a belief among our people that if a person be deprived of his front teeth, he cannot work any more his evil magic, and many a supposed witch has been robbed of her teeth and rendered powerless. Instances of the people harassing witches are common in this country, and the following one, reported in the papers some time ago, may be read with interest: A labourer in a certain village had his son ill for some time. It appeared that the illness was at first not of a serious nature, but the fever grew worse and the young man was ultimately bed-ridden. The parents promptly came to the conclusion that a neighbouring middle-aged woman who had the notoriety of dealing with the devil, had cast "evil eye" on the lad. From that time began the persecution of the poor woman. She was cut off by the caste *Panchayat* as a witch, and was excommunicated socially and religiously. In her despair she appealed to the Zamindari Tahsildar to save her from further persecution. He convened a meeting of her caste people, and tried to make matters smooth by offering a rational explanation of the lad's illness. But the people would not hear him, and the poor woman was still harassed in every conceivable

manner. She was asked to leave the village for good, and when she did not comply with the request, she was thrashed. A devil-driver was one day procured, who disenchanted the lad by means of counter magic. The devil that the lad was supposed to have been possessed with was locked up in a pot and cast into a well. Strange to say, the boy then recovered. This confirmed all the more the suspicions of the villagers, who lost no time in making the place too hot for the woman. Fain would they have killed her, but they lived under the British Government.

It is generally supposed that the black magic does not work in the case of enemies. But there are instances that go to prove the contrary. It is also believed that the corpses of persons killed by magic do not decompose for a considerable time even after burial. We are told that the magician goes to the burial ground and takes out the corpse of his victim, and enlivens it by some *mantrams*. He then talks to it for some time, and again depriving it of life, once more sends it to the grave never more to rise.

Another superstition supposed to have some connection with witchcraft is that of the "evil-eye," which is very common among our women. The superstition is not confined to India alone, but is prevalent in China and Japan also, as well as some parts of Great Britain. But it is in India more than in any other country that it thrives vigorously. It is a duty with many a Hindu mother to disenchant her child every night lest it should be under the influence of some "evil-eye." And to do this she takes some salt and chillies, and waving them round the child's face three times, throws them into fire. Sometimes a lamp is lighted, waved round the child's face and cast on the road. The origin of this superstition is traced to the feeling of envy inherent in human nature. It is the idea that the face is an index of the heart, and that an envious look works mischief to the person looked at, that has given rise to the superstition of the "evil-eye." It is the unconscious look of envy that wears the cloak of admiration or appreciation that is to be most dreaded. Nothing is more displeasing to the Hindu mother than a complimentary remark on the beauty of her child. It is said that "untold miseries lurk in an admiring look, and that a hearty compliment forebodes something evil to its happy recipient."

There are some women who are supposed to have been gifted with the power of disenchanting persons suffering from the effects of the "evil-eye," just as there are persons who are able to "drive away devils." I have seen many cases of disenchanting persons subjected to the "evil-eye." The magician holds some ashes in the hand and recites some *mantrams* over

them. The ashes are then rubbed to the forehead of the suffering person and he gets better. The *mantrams* are sometimes uttered over some water held in a vessel, and the suffering person is made to drink it afterwards. "Devil-driving" is not so tame an affair, and the process of disenchanting a person possessed by a devil is a tedious and long one. We are told that it is easier to drive the devil when it possesses a man, than when it possesses a woman. There are many kinds of devils, some of which can be easily driven, whereas some are very obstinate and do not easily yield to the spells of the disenchanter.

T. S. RAMA SASTRI.

Maaras.

RENEWAL.

How glad the young leaf'd wood in May,
When all the dewy paths smell sweet,
And morning gilds the onward way
Where Youth and Love and Pleasure meet!

How sweet the wood in early June
When nightly there her full-souled bird
Trills forth his passion to the moon,
By Youth and Love and Pleasure heard

How still the autumn woods must seem,
When all around, below, above—
Their silence is a golden dream,
Where Youth and Pleasure talk of Love!

Even when the songless woods are sere,
And Youth's bright pleasures all have flown,
How dear their pain who linger here,
Remembering these sweet things alone!

For Nature's Pledge—a still green leaf
In every wood recalls a truth—
How life's reposeful hour is brief,
And Winter's sleep Renewal of Youth!

M. EAGLES SWAYNE.

SOME RANDOM STUDIES.

I

THE EXPANSION OF THE METAPHOR.

WILLIAM BLAKE speaks of seeing a world in a grain of sand : we in like fashion may see all religion, all philosophy, and all history, in that figure of speech which is known as the metaphor.

Consider religion : the metaphor is the root-principle of all its teachings ; its symbolism is the metaphor made concrete, its parable is the metaphor extended, its allegory is the metaphor diluted. The Great Unknown assumes visible shape in the divine shorthand of its lightning, and the supreme revelation of love and of sacrifice stands under the metaphor of the Lamb of God.

Consider philosophy : this is an inert mass until the metaphor flashes a vital spark through its densities, and wisdom leaps full-armed upon the world. "Hitch your waggon to a star," says Emerson. "Imagination is a pilgrim on the earth, and her home is in heaven," says Ruskin. "Unity itself divided by Zero will give Infinity," says Carlyle. Language itself is built on crumbling metaphor, and in the inspired creation of new metaphor lies perhaps the final test of poetry. Then, as far as history is concerned, an examination of the metaphors of various nations gives sure key to the dominant characteristics of each : an examination of the metaphors of a single nation at different periods yields a more certain index of progress and decay than the record of Parliamentary Bluebook or parish archive.

For if our thoughts are high, we magnify them in lofty images ; if low, we degrade them still further by base comparisons. The metaphor is sensitive to every spiritual and intellectual influence, and registers like a barometer the rise and fall in aspirations and ideals. The connection between the metaphor and scientific discovery of peculiar interest, since the most vital literary problem of the present day is to determine the exact relationship between Science and Poetry. We propose, there-

fore, to glance briefly at the metaphor in England, with a special view to its expansion under scientific stimulus.

The metaphor is of little account in the Middle Ages. Chaucer seldom reaches the climax of identification; he usually employs the weaker device of simile. His comparisons are wholly drawn from familiar everyday objects—household utensils, and the flowers of the field. Of the Squire we are told—

“ Embrowded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.”

The Monk's eyes “stemede as a forneys of a leede.” And Emilie

“ fairir was to seene
Than is the lilie on hire stalke grene. ”

Thus it will be seen that Chaucer's images, circumscribed within a very narrow compass, have all the detail and fulness of colour that belongs so peculiarly to mediæval times: now the metaphors of the Elizabethan Poets lose in definition what they gain in size. After the Renaissance, the world was no longer a homestead with its contingent fields, or the tiny plot occupied by a walled city; adventurers had sailed to its uttermost edges, astronomers had skimmed the deeps of sky, and poetry reflects these vast extensions in the conquest of space, and opens out so as to include unknown oceans and remote lands, and all the paraphernalia of sun and moon and stars. The æsthetic manifestations of the Renaissance entirely overbore its lesser achievements in science, which perhaps accounts for the fact that these expansions of metaphor are chiefly used by the Elizabethans to glorify physical beauty and romantic love. “It is the East, and Juliet is the sun,” exclaims Romeo, and again:—

“The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars”
As daylight doth a lamp”

Una's face, “as the great eye of heaven shined bright.” Britomart's golden hair—

“Like as the shining sky in summer night . . .
Is crested all with lines of fiery light.”

Sir William Davenant writes,

“Awake, awake, back through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.”

The stimulus of the Renaissance prompts the gorgeous imagery of Milton. “Paradise Lost” is a piled magnificence of metaphor. For the present purpose, it is enough to point out that two of his most striking comparisons are adaptations of scientific truths, that wherein he describes Satan's shield,

"The broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views,"

—and this comparison of the sun to the moon in "Samson Agonistes"—

"The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night,
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

William Blake's greatest claim to the title of prophet lies perhaps in his extraordinary anticipation of the limitless realms that science would give poetry. The Prophetic Books hold, through metaphor, dominion over regions even yet unexplored; and the Auguries of Innocence afford perhaps the most striking series of metaphors in literature. We have already quoted from the preliminary quatrain:—

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
 And a heaven in a wild flower;
 Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
 And eternity in an hour."

In this reaching out to include the Cosmos we have the most amazing prescience of modern aspiration.

Many of the finest thinkers of the last century held the opinion that science was destined to kill poetry, since science made of man an insignificant pigmy, whose thoughts and emotions counted for nothing in the great sum-total. Using the touchstone of the metaphor, we arrive at a directly opposite conclusion.

The Elizabethan poets drew images from the sun and the moon and the stars to glorify their lady-loves; the modern poet ransacks the universe to magnify man. To-day, the metaphor contains, not only the earth, but cycles of solar systems; aeons of time are brought to a point within its bounds. Indeed, Hamlet's speech, beginning, "What a piece of work is man," is the only passage in the literature of the past wherein man attains that large stature which is given to him by science working through poetry. Thus Carlyle says of Teufelsdröckh, "He could clasp the whole universe into his bosom, and keep it warm." Tennyson makes man a planet equal to the sun, -

"A planet equal to the sun
 Which cast it, that large infidel
 Your Omar . . ."

Francis Thompson, that most reckless and daring rider of metaphors, calls man master of the stars:—

"they

Who clomb the cars
And learned to rein the chariots of the stars;
Or who in night's dark waters dipt their hands
To sift the hid gold from its sands."

Here is the account that William Watson gives of man's high destinies:—

"Man with the cosmic fortunes and starry vicissitudes tangled,
Chained to the wheel of the world, blind with the dust of its
speed"

Or consider the magnificent egoism of Walt Whitman in his "Song to Myself,"

"Long was I hugged close—long and long,
Immense have been the preparations for me
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,
For room for me, stars kept aside in their own rings . . ."

"One thought fills immensity," to quote William Blake once more and so, by means of the expansion of the metaphor, man fills time and space. Since Chaucer's age, the boundaries of knowledge have shifted further and ever further into the infinite; and the stature of man has increased in direct ratio. Now, as giants, we strive in art and literature after that which is beyond our reach, we try to utter the inexpressible, to paint the impossible, and our despair is largely the result of noble and inevitable failure. Yet even so, if the test of the metaphor count for anything, it would appear, in spite of our commercialism and mammon-worship, and all the evils peculiar to this epoch, that we do veritably tower over the peoples of past ages. This granted, it is impossible to avoid the further conclusion, that our sublime conception of man, so full of inspiration to the highest poetry, is directly due to the great currents of fresh air, let in on every side by the opening of the doors of science.

II.

THE WAYS THAT LEAD TO FAIRYLAND.

What are the ways that lead to Fairyland? Here stand we on this material plane; and there it lies, shimmering in the clouds of the sunset, pale and radiant in the zone of the moon, or wonderful, beyond the farthest stars. Not only space divides us from it, but time: we look back, and see Fairyland down vistas of interminable years; forward, and its light shines along the distances of centuries yet to be. What manner of bridge have the poets built for us across the vasts of time? What devious paths

have they traced leading from this earth to the unplumbed depths of space?

It is this debatable borderland that we propose to examine, the land within whose magic limits the material and the faery dovetail into one another. Many there are, it is true, who do not concern themselves with the ways that lead to Fairyland; in one bound these overleap time and space and immediately meet the gentle knight pricking over the plain, and Una, and Britomart, and all the faeries of Romance. It is not with these wild and violent vaultings that we concern ourselves here, but with slow and difficult exploration and methods of attainment; the following of voices, or of birds, through densest thickets; adventurous wanderings in strange lands, or over lonely seas; and the construction of mechanical contrivances to penetrate distances or years.

It is worthy of notice that in the old days, people were occupied with faeries rather than with Fairyland. If Fairyland were anywhere, it was here upon Earth. Mediæval faeries may in some sense be regarded as the lineal descendants of classic and Norse mythologies: the name Titania is a corruption of Diana, Oberon of Alberich, the dwarf-guardian of the Niebelungen hoard, while Pluto and Proserpine figure as faeries in Chaucer's Merchant's Tale. The nymphs and dryads of classic lore may be supposed to have partaken rather of the faery than of the divine nature: and their Fairyland is the green world they live in, with no magic but the moon in the columned glade, or the sunshine through leaves painting the soft contours of the lakes.

In mediæval times, when nature was despised, and the world mistrusted as a snare to lure from the contemplation of higher things, Fairyland was removed to a place a little apart. Still it was not very far off. The ways that led to it bear, in the folklore of many nations, a striking similarity: it is always reached by following a faery through a green mound, or the side of a mountain, and there are an infinity of tales about those who have thus ventured. The Pied Piper of Hamelin, it will be remembered, led the children right into a mountain, and the little boy who was left outside tells of the faery delights promised in the magic piping. In all such legends there is that extraordinary resemblance which makes comparative folklore so fascinating. But where we have to deal with fairylands other than those of folklore, we find the most ingenious invention expended in the tracing of new tracks.

We shall try to confine ourselves to fairylands proper, but it is impossible wholly to exclude those other realms of the imagination, those dreams of the future, that are approached by such varying and such devious paths.

The simplest, and most general mode of reaching Fairyland, is across the misty regions we traverse nightly, into the mysterious places we call Dreamland.* From this mainly undiscovered country, travellers do return, but their reports remain ever fragmentary and unsatisfactory. Science itself may not pronounce on the uncapturable glamour of dream, to state if it be indeed illusion or actuality. This fairyland may as possibly have its foundations in real experience as in imaginary experience; hence the innumerable feet that have crossed into it over the bridge of sleep.

The two great visions of our literature, the one recorded in poetry, the other in prose, were reached by merely traversing the threshold of sleep. Piers Plowman in a summer season, when soft was the sun, fell into a slumber beside a stream, lulled by the pleasant sound of the water; and in his sleep he visioned that field full of folk. John Bunyan, as he walked through the wilderness of this world, lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid him down in that place to sleep; and as he slept he dreamed a dream. William Morris, in his *Dream of John Ball*, goes back, back through corridors of marvellous dream-architecture into the glorified land of the past; and one of Mr. Wells's heroes arrives at the ugly land of the future through artificially prolonged sleep. The Prince, in "The Prince's Quest," imaging sleep as a hollow sea, a soundless sea, surrenders himself to it with the prayer that it may bring him to that golden fairyland where his fairy bride awaits him; "Golden her palace, Golden all her hair, Golden her city, 'neath a heaven of gold."

But if Fairyland is so often attained through the gates of sleep, it can also be found in remote wanderings over the face of the earth; and the strong hold that folklore still has over the imagination is witnessed by the fact that fairylands are still constantly situated underground. Before his descent into the underworld, Dante traverses a dark, trackless wood, and its grave mystery prepares his mind for the wonders and terrors that are to come. The Oriental fairyland discovered by Prince Ahmed in the *Arabian Nights*, is underground; the Prince, searching for an arrow he has let fly, finds it near some high, steep rocks, in a barren wilderness. He enters a hollow in the rocks and comes upon an iron door which opens inward, showing a gentle declivity without steps. Like other adventurers into fairy regions, he finds himself surrounded by a light totally different from the sunshine he has left, and almost immediately he meets the fairy *Pari-Banu*.

Both the philosophic speculator, and the writer of children's stories, have indulged us with the shock of an even more sudden descent into

earth. Alice gets into Wonderland by a fall down a rabbit-hole, while Bulwer-Lytton's hero discovers the land of the Coming Race at the bottom of the shaft of a mine.

Sometimes, when we neither make search for fairyland, nor reach it unexpectedly, it is apt to break in the quietude of our chambers. Genii appear through sudden doors in the walls in oriental lore, and similar doors open to the Princesses of German legend, leading to long flights of steps by which they shall descend to join the fairy dances, and none may know of these fairy adventures except by finding the dancing shoes repeatedly worn out.

We are for ever haunted by the strangeness of one fairyland, seen out of a window of literature—a fairyland poignant with unattainability and the sorrow of loneliness. The notes of the thrush's song in Keats's poem build for us

"Faery casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

And here we may fitly recall some of the many fairylands that are approached by sea, and the method of their discovery. Nearly always these are visioned as islands. The best known is undoubtedly the lovely island of the "Tempest," with its blue-eyed witches, its monsters, its delicate spirits with all their exquisite craftsmanship of sights and sounds. Prospero and Miranda come ashore upon the island, "by Providence divine," and the ship containing Alonso and Antonio is driven thitherward "by accident most strange," but they make the island in ordinary ships independent of enchantment. William Watson's fairy island is situated in the midst of a great mist on the sea wherein it blooms "like a rosebud ring'd with snows." A magic gem set in the prow guides the boat in which the Prince is floated to this island. The boat

"Swift as any captive bird set free
Shot o'er the shimmering surface of the sea
The spirit of the emerald guiding her."

Wrought with still finer imagination is the method whereby Oisín reaches Fairyland. For on the dove-grey edge of the sea, he meets "a pearl-pale, high-born lady, who rode on a horse with bridle of findrinny," Niam, daughter of Adene and Aengus; he mounts beside her, and they gallop over the glossy sea to Fairyland. Then, after a hundred years of happiness, a staff of wood, from some dead warrior's lance, drawn out of the white flowers of the foam, reminds Oisín of the world of men and battles; they ride forth again over the purple, glimmering sea to another region; and after another hundred years, they ride forth again.

Now fairylands reached by ways that lead through the terror of deep woods, or over the perils of mountain barriers, as in Erewhon, are conceivable; fairylands set in the mystery of far-off seas are credible,—for fairyland is very close to Nature, and we may cross the threshold almost at our will. The Celtic peoples, indeed, hear the talk of fairyland in all the little, common objects of earth. Mr. W. B. Yeats makes the fish and the knot-grass, even the worms in the graves, whisper it, disturbing man's ease with the dream of a perfect peace, his content with the dream of a perfect happiness. Fairyland calls and shines in Fiona Macleod with the voice and the gleam of birds, and you shall arrive there if you but follow the white merle between the quicken boughs.

But ours is an age of experiment, an age of frenzied exploration, an age of machinery. It is not enough for us to listen to the simple tales of bird, and fish and worm; we must ransack the confines of space and time, to startle with the recognition of our ingenuity. The chariot of Queen Mab, with its waggon-spokes of spinners' legs, its cover of the wings of grass-hoppers, is no longer to our purpose; we fashion instead our own machines to penetrate into the realms of the imagination, and endow them with the minimum of faery power, so as to preserve, as far as possible, an illusion of reality. It must be confessed that the experiment rarely succeeds. The contrivances have in most cases proved too heavy and too clumsy to do more than lift a very little way off the earth.

By far the most delicate and original of these inventions is Mr. Wells' Time Machine. It is based on the supposition of a fourth dimension—Duration—in addition to the three existing dimensions of length, breadth, and height. Parts of the machine are of ivory, parts of nickel, parts of rock-crystal. We watch without any serious violation of the sense of possibility, this vague and shining invention, passing through the centuries, the ages, and the aeons.

Jules Verne, however, in his *Clipper of the Clouds* and his gun projectiles for reaching the moon, is so hampered by a multiplicity of material detail and scientific exactitudes, that his machines can only go just beyond the possible, and never reach that realm of splendid impossibility where the real dreamlands and real fairylands abide. By his ingenious and constant appeal to reason, he has bound himself irretrievably to earth. His most successful venture is made with the delightful *Nautilus*, in a voyage that scarcely more than describes what we are on the verge of achieving.

There is one more way of entering fairyland, "and therein we enter not by ships, or chariots, or feet." It happens when the glamour of fairyland takes so passionate a hold on the imagination that life becomes,

in comparison, too sordid and too ugly to be lived. For here on earth there is a round of petty tasks, and the clamour all day of bitter tongues : there, in fairyland, you shall "pierce the deep woods' woven shade, and dance upon the level shore." Here we must grow old, and "wrangle over butter, fowl, and eggs," there, you shall "ride upon the winds, and run on the top of the dishevelled tide." And the fairies are just outside the door, awaiting your call. The story of one so stricken with the incurable longing for fairyland, is told in Mr. W. B. Yeats's exquisite play "The Land of Heart's Desire," and

"The wind blows over the lonely of heart

And the lonely of heart is withered away."

For the last pathway to Fairyland is the path of Death.

III.

DEATH AND EVERYMAN.

The age of faith was possessed of so concrete an imagination that death, the infallible herald of immortality, is yet always represented under the guise of a skeleton. Many there are in these modern days who hold that man's skeleton in very truth stands symbol for his end ; but with a few rare exceptions, death is regarded now as a Benefactor, a Friend, a God. Professor A. E. Housman's strange and terrible address to the bones as the immortal part of man, therefore, seems to be directly inspired by mediæval times, when Death walked the narrow cobbled streets, and tapped familiarly this and that one on the shoulder to follow his summons.

So the mediæval Death appears to us in Holbein's marvellous series of the Dance of Death ; and a recent revival of the fifteenth century morality play, "Everyman," has emphasised to us by actual representation this ancient conception. Death is figured in the play under the form of a skeleton, clad in the traditional red velvet cap and blue velvet tunic edged with fur. His step is a dance, and he carries pipes and a dull drum. The love of glaring contrast, peculiar to the age, is seen in the fleshless bones emerging horribly from the gay attire ; its intensity of imagination gives the personification a concentrated vitality. Thus Death the Skeleton is the extreme example of the grotesque, that inspires, not to laughter, but to terror : it stands to us of another age symbolic of all the multi-coloured beauty of the past, which covered so often frames wasted by the ravages of starvation and plague.

But apart from its historical interest, Death the Skeleton makes vital appeal to all times as a forcible expression of a universal truth. To

this we must all come: and walk the way of Everyman, deserted at the first summons by kindred and friends, abandoned at the mouth of the grave by Beauty, Strength, Discretion and Five Wits. This is the allegory of death in its most poignant, because in its simplest, form.

A few great men of various ages have approached the grave according to the old traditions, and their works possess a directness and intensity only to be achieved by the statement of naked fact. In music, for instance, the grave dominates the Dead March in "Saul," which seems to reproduce the mediæval convention of Death's drum. The march has the monotony, the hollow echo of a sepulchre—its dull anguish overbears the sense of final triumph. In literature we might perhaps mention Blair's "Grave," which, however, in its apostrophe to Death as "the great man-eater," and "unheard-of Epicure" has an unbalanced gruesomeness. In engraving, William Blake's "Grave" and in sculpture Bartholomey's "Aux Morts," both represent, in their several mediums, man at the entrance to the tomb. These two works are great and beautiful, because they show in its root-simplicity the pathos of the supreme tragedy that is for all time.

But the great body of literature has not followed along these lines; the thought of the tomb no longer dominates our lives; Death the Skeleton has ceased to haunt the imagination of Everyman. The coming of death to-day is more mysterious, his warnings more subtle. He is a wind in "Paolo and Francesca," a footstep in "Les Aveugles." The kindlier relationship of death to man is first indicated in such poems as Longfellow's "Reaper," a metaphor used with remoter symbolism in La Thangue's well-known picture, "The Man with the Scythe." An excellent example of the difference in the modern and the mediæval attitude towards death may be found in a contrast between Holbein's "Dance of Death" and G. F. Watts's "Love and Death." In both, there is the same tragic inevitability, the same inexorable fate; but in Watts's picture, the figure of Death is shrouded and the face hidden; we are in the presence of a mystery, almost of an abstraction, and we would more willingly resign ourselves to the decree of this that seems sublimer than we, than to the summons of the thing of fleshless bones made in our own image.

Watts's picture typifies the mystery which the modern painter has set as a halo round death; modern literature endows death with a more astonishing attribute—the attribute of beneficence. It is to be noted that this attitude is entirely modern; there is no trace of it whatsoever to be found in Elizabethan poetry. One is tempted to ask, "When life is fair,

can death be fair?"—for in that age of new birth and new hope and new light, the poets viewed death with a feeling akin to profound despair. Again and again we are struck in Elizabethan literature by the persistent allusion to the transitoriness of human things. Shakespeare, while following the conventional tradition in "Richard the Second," and making the shadow of Death the Skeleton sit in the King's crown, and grin at his pomp, has given in one of his sublimest passages expression to the baseless fabric of human life. "The great globe, yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, and like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind." Even the heart-rending poems of Phillip Bourke Marston have nothing sadder in them than Beaumont and Fletcher's definition of death—"It is but giving over of a game that must be lost."

The men of mediæval times were able to bear with sufficient equanimity the conception of Death as a Skeleton, because of their unquestioning faith in another life; but to those of us who have lost belief in the certainty of the future, Death the Skeleton emphasises past bearing the materialism from which we aim ever at escape. The Elizabethans found compensation for their philosophy of dissolution in their own glorious times of intellectual expansion; but the note of weariness, of sick hurry, of divided aims, disturbs whatever joy we might find in the contemplation of the present. And yet though faith, and the *joie de vivre*, are rare possessions of this age, there has never been a time when the attitude towards Death was so healthy and so courageous. It is seldom that our poets approach death as a mere relief from pain, "the peace of the great release"; and "The City of Dreadful Night" stands alone in embodying the last pessimism, which permits suicide, because there is no longer any fear of waking after death. The majority of our poets do not say life is bad, therefore, death is good: but rather, life is good but death is better. "I was ever a fighter,—so one fight more, the best and the last!"—this of Browning's is a familiar cry to us: though, indeed, modern death is less a terror to be fought than a god to be worshipped—a god in whose honour hymns are written, and whose ritual is building slowly in perfect language. "Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adornments and feastings for thee." °

Let us give a few examples at random. "The ways of death are soothing and serene, and all the words of death are grave and sweet," says W. E. Henley. "Sole comforter and sweet," Swinburne calls death in his beautiful sonnet "Deliverance:"—

"Sleep hardly shows us round thy shadowy shrine
What roses hang, what music floats, what feet

Pass, and what wings of angels"

And what are we to say of Walt Whitman's song to death in President Lincoln's Funeral Hymn ?

"Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,
arriving"

Never has life been so exquisitely praised, nor have any of its triumphs or its joys been more perfectly hymned than this its ending.

It is a little difficult to account for the modern attitude towards death, and our suggestions in the matter must only be regarded as tentative. There seems a general tendency in this age to express abstractions, not under the symbols of persons, but under the symbols of natural objects. Love, which used to be represented as a Cupid or a Venus, has now become a sun, the dearest light of souls, an ocean, a cloud. Instead of seeing Death as a Skeleton, we of to-day vision it as a tide "too full for sound or foam." In a word, the personal element has lost something of its overwhelming importance in religion, in literature, and in life ; and nature has to a large extent been substituted as the supreme bearer of all our ills. Death, therefore, is no longer regarded as a capricious decree, but as a destiny which, like birth, has been preparing for us through countless aeons. Recognised at last as one of the great and mysterious forces of the universe, Death rises to a dignity and a beauty that it never attained before.

This is no more than an attempt to suggest one reason for our changed attitude towards death ; and whether it have truth in it or no, the fact remains that *we* shall never be called to follow the summons of a grisly Skeleton, nor to shiver in fear and mortal trembling on the dreadful verge of the tomb ; for when the last moment comes, delicious death folds us in its sure-enwinding arms and we are

"Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death."

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London.

VEDANTA AND SUFIISM IN THE LIGHT OF KANTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

IN this Review for November, 1907. Prof. Dhruva drew our attention to the remarkable influence of the works of the Königsberg philosopher upon the Victorian poet-laureate. Art and science have alike been affected, and it may be truly said that no philosophical writings have had such an effect upon modern thought as those of Immanuel Kant. To-day "Zurück auf Kant" is the call of the best thinkers in the Fatherland itself.

What we now seek to show is that the far-reaching results of Kant's philosophy, which were arrived at by an elaborate examination of the conditions of experience, have been the unconscious hypothesis of the leaders of thought both in India and Persia.

The outcome of Kant's formal and transcendental idealism has by none been so ably and tersely stated as by our friend Prof. Deussen; we therefore, propose to preface our study with a summary of the "Critique of Pure Reason" very much in the words of the latter's "Elemente der Metaphysik."

In Europe the philosophy of the Middle Age had moved round two great and dark problems, the question of the Immortality of the Soul, and that as regards the existence of a Deity outside the world. The contributions of Cartesius, for instance, consist for the most part of a clear and logical analysis of these mediæval views, which, after the searching examination of the French metaphysician, were shown to be scientifically untenable. The systems of such venerable theologians as are described by Dante in the 10th Canto of the *Paradiso* might well fill one with wonder and admiration, but could not fail to appear threadbare and antiquated as soon as Descartes subjected them to a scientific investigation. And the philosophic

atmosphere having once been cleared, the following century was occupied with such problems as : how is the immaterial substance of the soul related to the body enclosing it, and how the extra-mundane Deity to the world created by Him ? After much conflict of opinion these questions led to the pantheism of Spinoza, the idealism of Leibnitz and Berkeley, the scepticism of Hume and to the materialism of the French revolution.

Into the midst of this distracted state of speculation came Kant, and at once began to ask the relevant question, whether the human mind possesses the organs and faculties to produce conviction founded on a scientific basis about that kind of problems transcending all experience. In order to find this out, he subjected the whole human intellect to a critical examination, which he called transcendental, because it would test the legitimacy of all transcendent philosophising up to this point. The result of this test was to be anticipated. With marvellous prudence he took to pieces the whole machinery of the intellectual apparatus and showed how all its organs and functions are unmistakably only destined and fitted to receive and deal with empirical matter, and how they wander aimlessly and lose all meaning directly we undertake to go beyond the world of experience. So far the result of the Critique of Pure Reason, with all its penetrating researches, would be a purely negative one. But whilst Kant took the human intellect to pieces like a clock, noting and describing in detail all its minute powers, sensibility, understanding and reason, he made, to his own and to the world's astonishment, the greater discovery which the whole history of philosophy has to record, as during his investigations it became manifest that certain essential elements of the reality by which we are surrounded prove themselves to be innate perceptual forms of our intellect. These fundamental elements of the entire empirical reality, which were shown by Kant to be original functions attaching to consciousness, are, first of all, "infinite and all-embracing Space, secondly, endless Time, in the course of which all events happen, thirdly and lastly, the one category out of the 12 set up by Kant which can be maintained, namely, Causality, i.e., the causal nexus connecting all events as causes and effects. These three penetrating and regulating world-bases, Space, Time and Causality, are not, as we are wont to believe, objective entities exist-

ing independently of us, but are, as Kant has conclusively proved, subjective forms of perception inherent in the general world-consciousness, realised in every individual consciousness as functions of the brain. This is and remains the fundamental truth of all philosophy, and our present purpose is to enquire how it affects the great problems of life and mind with which both East and West will never fail to deal.

The highest blessings of religion, the most precious consolations which it can offer, can be comprised in the three words: God, Immortality and Freedom. These three supreme comforts can only be maintained if Kant is right, if Space, Time and Causality are only subjective forms of perception, if, in fact, the whole world, spread out in space and time and governed by the law of causality, is only Appearance, not Thing-in-Itself or Noumenon. For, granted that the world-order surrounding us were an eternal order of things-in-themselves, independent of consciousness, these three could not be, and religion would cease to exist.

Human ingenuity had long been engaged in this attempt to prove the existence of the Deity. Then, when the hopelessness of these attempts was recognised, one found comfort in the thought that at all events the contrary could not be proved. But the truth is that from the Anti-Kantian standpoint, which assumes the reality of the world independently of consciousness, the non-existence of the Deity is inevitable. Round us, stretching on all sides into infinity, is space. Outside of it there can be no Being, for such could be in no place, therefore nowhere. Hence everything which exists must exist inside space, but therein exists only that which fills a space, and this we call matter, whereof the most exact definition is, that which fills a space.

Therefore, in all boundless space, in all nearnesses and distances, there can be nothing but matter. From an empirical standpoint materialism is the only possible, true and consistent view of the world. Philosophically speaking, we are raised above this comfortless view only by the Kantian doctrine that the whole infinite space with all that it contains is but Appearance, but a picture in our consciousness, comparable to a dream, behind which there is another, supernatural, living Reality, however little we can grasp it with our intellect bound to spatial perception.

As space shuts out the existence of the Deity, so again Time makes it impossible to maintain the immortality of the soul. Like everything else our life has its course in time. It has a beginning in time by begetting and birth, and finds its end in time by death. Empirically considered, we are at the end of a hundred years exactly what we were one hundred years before, namely, nothing. It is otherwise only if with Kant we regard Time as merely a subjective perceptual form inherent in our intellect. For this alone our being is spread out in time, our essence being really timeless, sublime above beginning and end, rise and fall, and therefore immortal.

And the third saving truth of Religion, which underlies all morality, namely, Freedom of the Will, is shut out by the unlimited reign of the law of Causality, and only made possible by Kant's great doctrine that all our actions are subject to the series of causes and effects only from intellectual considerations and that with this physical necessity there exists in one and the same action metaphysical freedom, however little we may understand this.

Thus the fundamental doctrines of Kant serve as the indispensable data of all religion. Not that religion first became possible through Kant, but rather that Kant's ground-thought was there long before, and that all religious minds had always quietly taken for granted the great truth which was first raised to scientific evidence by Kant's proofs.

Philosophy, too, like Religion, is rooted in what has been by Kant's doctrine raised to a fundamental dogma, and the philosophy of all lands and times is at bottom nothing but the search after a principle of interpretation of the universe, after that secret which is within, but is before our eyes as this spatial and temporal terrestrial globe, or, put shortly, all philosophy is a search after the Thing-in-Itself.

Nay more ; that most beautiful bloom, the fair flower known as Art in all its forms, has had the Kantian thought as an unconscious hypothesis. The artist is an unconscious metaphysician ; he does not copy empirical reality, but goes beyond it ; he seeks to seize the eternal, which appears in all forms and events of this world, and as he represents this in forms, colours, words and tones, he offers a revelation concerning the inner essence of things which takes its

place by religion and philosophy as a potent supplement. Thus, the Critique of Pure Reason gives us that central truth which comes through whenever the human mind probes the depths, as has happened in Persia in the exalted mysticism of the Sûfis, and in the ancient Indian idealism known as Vêdânta.

For our knowledge of Sufism we are indebted to the researches of M. de Gobineau, Mr. E. H. Whinfield and Prof. Browne. It is not of ancient date, and, though we cannot fix the exact year of its first appearance, we may safely say that it is not found before the 8th century of our era. One of the first countries to fall a victim to the zeal of Muhammad's followers was Persia, and within fifty years of the Prophet's death, that once flourishing and mighty Aryan Empire had sunk into the state of a mere Semitic dependency. Zoroastrianism, the ancient Iranian religion, fell with Jasdigird, the last Sassanian king, and whilst the greater number of the conquered people, from various motives, embraced the religion of their conquerors, most of those who still held fast to the faith of their fathers and forefathers had to leave the country and find a home in India, where, under the name of Pârsis, their descendants exist to this day in Bombay.

So, from the zenith of its power and prosperity the land of the lion and the sun, in less than a century, fell into utter ruin, involving a change of views and a spiritual upheaval vaster and more far-reaching than any merely material misfortune. At the end of about two hundred years the Persians regained to a great extent their independence, but by this time Islâm had taken such firm root that the faith of the Magi was everywhere supplanted.

But, as Prof. Browne so ably points out, "it was not to be expected that an Aryan race would receive without alteration a Semitic system of religion, and accordingly the Shia schism, which has ever since divided the Muhammadan world, took its origin amongst the Persians. A mere modification of external forms and subsidiary details sufficed for the generality of the people, whose chief desire was to have a national religion peculiar to themselves, and differing sufficiently from that of their former conquerors and teachers to allow a fair field for religious bigotry and hatred. But there remained a small number of thoughtful and earnest men, inheriting the intellectual power and philosophic instincts of their ancestors, who felt

that the religion of Islâm offered too crude a solution of the problems of existence and strove to find for themselves a wider, truer and more satisfying faith." Whether the system thus elaborated owes anything to the Brâhmans or to the Neo-Platonists, it is very difficult to determine. One thing, however, is certain, namely, that "when the country began to free itself from Arab rule, and to struggle back to some degree of independence, Sûfi ideas were afloat in the minds of many of the wisest of its children and began to manifest themselves in the productions of the literary revival which accompanied the return to freedom."

Essentially Sufism is a form of Pantheism, not in the sense of looking upon the Supreme as merely that sum of the constituent parts of the phenomenal world, but in that which regards God as the cause, essence and goal of phenomenal being and treats phenomena as illusions. As waves to the sea or sunlight to the sun, so are these evanescent manifestations of the divine Ideas to the one true Being.

Now, much as this idealism resembles the "One only without second" of Sankara and "die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" of Schopenhauer, it differs from them in one most essential point. When the Sufi says:—

"God was, and there is nothing but He," he does not mean a mere abstraction of which one can say nothing except that it exists. Allah is rather the perfection of Beauty, Goodness and Truth, the Friend of Man, the Beloved. So far from believing that the universe is a mere chance coming together of atoms governed by controlling forces which can only be described as fortuitous, the Sufi holds that, in all its depths of beauty and harmony, the world is an embodiment or reflection of a pre-existing idea in a Mind endowed with supreme wisdom.

The Arab and the Persian are alike convinced that order is not without thought, effect without cause, form without idea. As an Arabian poet puts it:—

When the heavenly host I name
And the stars begin to shine,
"He is One, the Lord divine!"
This the truth they all proclaim.

Thus, whilst Sûfism is pantheistic in its belief that the Great Spirit is not only the highest but the sole real Being, it is *theistic*

in its affirmation of the existence of an over-soul beyond all that can be perceived by the senses. If, then, we have the unity and eternity of the divine Being and admit that all else is but a shadow of Him—nature being mere *Mâyâ* or illusion—the question thus arises: how are we to account for the world of phenomena? If in perfection and self-sufficiency the Deity existed before and above His Space, Time and Causality, the conditions of our earthly life, why has a state of imperfection and evil been brought about? This is perhaps the most stupendous problem with which philosophy has to deal, and the Sûfis do not shirk it. The thought which they conceive to have been present in the Mind divine in giving rise to contingent being is this:—

“ I was a hidden treasure and I longed to be comprehended, so I decreed Creation that I might be understood.”

Now, whether this be considered a satisfactory solution of the mystery of Being or not, it is undoubtedly a very poetical and beautiful idea of the cause of creation. And if progress toward perfection be the actual order of things, the Oriental philosopher takes for granted that the beginning was not chaotic. Be he Vêdântin, Rabbalist or Sûfi, the mystic wholly and heartily accepts the theory of evolution and applies it not only to the world of matter, but to that of souls, asserting, moreover, that only what has gone into a thing can come out of it. That is to say, if there really be a capacity in men and things to rise, it is because of the perfection from which they came and to which they must return. And this is the interpretation of the aphorism:—

“ Everything returns to its origin.”

To sum up the Sûfi position so far. Beholding the exquisite beauty and harmony of the Kosmos, nature in her many-coloured and varied aspects, the Persian sage became convinced that such a well-ordered and noble structure could not fail to be the outcome of Meditation; that behind all, though hidden from the heedless and heartless, is a Supreme Artist, a divine Will to conceive and to create. Moreover, inasmuch as out of nothing, nothing comes, the Sûfi holds, in the words of Prof. Browne, “that since in the beginning of Time the Supreme Intelligence alone existed, while the Universe *was not*, and since it is impossible to conceive of the former as in any way diminished by the process of creation, and

since it is illogical to establish a relation between two entirely incongruous things having 'nothing in common, namely, Being and Not-Being, therefore, as in the beginning God *was* and the Phenomenal World *was not*, so now also God *is* and the Phenomenal World *is not*, but only *appears to be*.

Hence, from the Monotheism revealed in Nature the Sûfi passes to the Pantheism which regards the Deity as the only true and absolute Being, and to the Idealism "which regards the so solid-seeming world as a vision or illusion, able, indeed, to blind and ensnare the thoughtless, who take its shows and appearances for realities, but incapable of instilling fear or desire into the soul of him who, being awakened and enlightened, knows it for the dream it is."

Students of Plato will here recall the Timaeus, in which the great Greek philosopher distinguishes two great kingdoms: the metaphysical realm of Eternal Being, neither rising nor falling; and the physical realm of that which arises and decays, but never really Is. The former contains the Ideas as the eternal types of things, the latter, on the other hand, consists of their phenomena, their imitations, copies, shadows. And when Plato calls his Ideas "that which is in itself" the expression unites the Indian term अमल and the Kantian *Ding an sich* or Thing-in-Itself. Empirical reality, however, which to the Hindûs is माया, mere Illusion, and to Kant mere *Erscheinung* or Phenomenon, is to Plato a world of shadows. In the "Republic" we find the phenomenal world described as Not-Being.

By Sûfis the the realisation of this thought, namely, that God alone is Being, whilst all else is Not-Being, is termed توحيد or assertion of the divine Oneness, and the great object of their theosophy is the realisation of the identity of the soul with the essence divine or everlasting Yea. When only a passing ecstasy, during which the soul beholds its own apotheosis or absorption, this state is called حال but when lasting it is known as فنا في الله "annihilation in God." To the Neo-Platonists the former was *ekstasis* or *haplosis*, the latter *henosis* or *deosis*.

Now, though at first sight the Sûfi ideal seems to be that of the Baudda and of the Vêdântin, *fânâ fî'llâh* being equivalent to *nirvânâ* and *mukti* or *môksa*, there is really as much difference

in thought as there is in character between the calm intellectual Indian and the highly emotional Persian. For Sûfism is not merely a philosophy, it is a religion ; and though as an Ontologist or Metaphysician he regards Allâh as Absolute Being, to the Sûfi as a Mystic the divine Being is the Friend, the Beloved, the essence of Beauty, Harmony and Truth. Hence alike the enthusiasm and the optimism of the Persian devotee, to whom Allâh is not the All-good and the All-wise only, but also the Altogether Lovely. Thus true or absolute Being is one with Beauty and Perfection, apparent evil being illusory, absolute evil being non-existent.

To cite again Prof. Browne : " Those who regard the Supreme Being only as All-Powerful, dread Him ; those who further know Him to be All-Good, love Him ; but the Sufi, seeing in Beauty a kind of Goodness, and in Goodness a kind of Beauty, or rather regarding Beauty and Goodness in their widest sense as identical, adores and loves Him with that fervour which is the special characteristic of almost all forms of mysticism."

In Hinduism it is the difference between the Vêdântin and the Bhakta ; in Judaism between the strict orthodox Jew and the follower of Kabbalah.

A few lines from Jâmi's very remarkable poem *Yûsuf and Zuleikâ* will give the reader an idea not only of the secret of creation as conceived by the Sûfi, but also of the imagery in which he is wont to clothe his thought of Allâh :--

In solitude, where Being signless dwelt, and all the Universe still
dormant lay

Concealed in selflessness, One Being was Unstained by thought of
" I " or " Thou," and free

From all duality : Beauty supreme, Unmanifest, except unto itself,
By its own light, with latent power to charm the souls of all ;
concealed in the Unseen

An essence pure, unstained by aught of Ill. No mirror to reflect its
loveliness,

Nor comb to touch its locks : the morning breeze ne'er stirred its
tresses, nor collyrium

Lent lustre to its eyes : no rosy cheeks o'ershadowed by dark curls
like hyacinth

• Nor peach-like down was there : nor dusky mole adorned its face,
nor any eye beheld

Its Beauty : to itself It sang of Love in endless measures : by Itself
it cast

The die of Love. But Beauty cannot brook concealment and the veil, nor patient rest
 Unseen and unadmired, but bursts all bonds. And from its prison casement to the world
 Reveals itself.

The couplets of another Sufi poem known as the "Rose-Garden of Mystery" are to much the same effect.

Not-Being is the mirror of Absolute Being
 From which is shewn the reflection of Truth's brightness.
 When Not-Being was opposed to Being
 A reflexion was instantly produced on it.
 That Unity was displayed from this Plurality,
 For when thou repeatest One it becomes Many.

* * *

And when thou lookest well into the heart of things,
 He is both the Seer, and the Eye, and the Vision.

Hence the relation which Allâh the *Mustagnî* or Self-Existent bears to *Imkân*, the world of phenomena, may be likened to the reflection of the sun in water, the former representing Being, the latter Not-Being or mere Appearance. Whilst it is distinct from either, the reflected Image has something of the characters of both, and the soul of man may be compared to a cloud floating between the two : above it the light of the Eternal, below it the darkness of its own shadow.

And here we have the last word, the final outcome of Kant's philosophy, namely, the distinction of the transcendental, spaceless, timeless, causalityless consciousness from the empirical individual consciousness, which, as a manifestation of the former, arises anew in every brain and again disappears.

In passing on to the Indian system we may take leave of Sufism with the following sonnet :—

From out the vast and vauntless void a voice
 Came falling, falling through the deep abyss :
 " I am a hidden treasure, and I miss
 The joy of self-expression and the choice
 'Twixt that which is and that which seems—Rejoice
 I cannot; there is none to share—so this
 Shall be my high resolve : with one glad kiss

Upon the brow of space, withouten noise
 I will create, and underneath the veil,
 Mankind shall see the sparkling of my cheek."
 Thus love sprang into being, and its trail
 Of glory, ever growing, made man seek
 The union of the human and divine,
 And grasp the secret, Allâh, his and Thine!

The evolution of Indian culture and with it that of religion and philosophy extends over three periods, the old Vêdic and the young Vêdic, representing Sruti, and the post-Vêdic or Smriti period. Although it is impossible to assign definite dates, we shall probably be right in saying that from about 3000 to 900 B. C. is the time of the Mantras of the Rigvêda, from 900 to 400 that of the Brâhmanas, Aranjakas and Upanisads, and from 400 B. C. to our own era is the Sanskrit period *par excellence*, that of the Vêdângas, including the Nirukta, the Sûtras, Darmasâstras, Itihâsas and Purânas.

In the earliest hymns of the Rigvêda we find a richly-developed polytheism, whereof the gods are but thinly veiled forces and phases of Nature. Thus Sûrya, Savitar, Mitra, Vishnu and Pûshan are the sun, Varuna is the starry sky, Ushas the dawn, Indra the storm, Vâyû or Vâta the wind, Rudra falling lightning, Agni the fire, and Parganya the rain.

In the latest hymns philosophical reflection begins to come into play; many Rishis feel after that eternal Oneness upon which all gods, all worlds, all things depend. And nowhere is this groping more finely expressed than in the song of Creation (x. 129) and the Hymn of Dirgatamas (i. 164). The former is a mystic, unfathomable song ascribed to Prajâpati Paramêstin, and will long remain a noble monument of Indian genius. From verse to verse the poet plunges ever more deeply into the secret of life, and in each verse the first and second half stand to each other in grand antiphonal harmony, the chorus to say what *was not*, the anti-chorus, on the other hand, to proclaim what nevertheless *was*, until in the fourth verse the last veil falls at the word Kâma, Love, which casts its flames over all nature and expresses the Rishi's highest thought. The opening is as follows:—

The birth of time it was, when yet was naught nor aught
 Yon sky was not, nor heaven's all-covering woof;

No life, no death, no amplitude of breath was sought
 In those primeval days. What clouded all? What roof
 Of many-twinkling eyes, if need of such could be?
 Unknown alike were sun and moon; no light or sound
 E'er broke the awful sameness of that vast wan sea;
 The One alone breathed breathless, waiting, self-profound.

अनीत् । अवानं । स्वयया । तत् । एकं ॥

The latter Sūkta is a compilation of curious cosmic conundrums, but it contains a thought expressed in one line in which, germ-like, lies the whole of philosophy. It is this:—

एकं । सत् । विप्राः । बहुधा । वदन्ति ॥

In many a way, the sages say,
 The true One doth himself display.

This is the summing up of the Hymn, the solution of all the problems so carefully propounded. When the early Aryan became convinced that what the poets described as Many was in reality One, he unconsciously denied to the true Reality alike Space, Time and Causality; for every spatial co-existence, each temporal sequence, every conditioning by cause and effect, is a manifold, a plurality.

The unity of Being having once been grasped, an attempt was made to define it more nearly. In the young Vêdic period that one Eternal and Unchangeable is conceived as Prajâpati, as Purusha, as Brahman and as Atman. The resting pole in the flight and flow of phenomena was at last found in that which is within us, and was called Brahman, Prayer, *i. e.*, as the exaltation of the spirit above individual existence, such as takes place in prayer and in religious meditation, and Atman, Self, as that which, unlike all that comes and goes, rises and falls, constitutes our truest, deepest, imperishable essence.

Besides those gigantic ritual texts of Indian antiquity belonging to this period known as Brâhmanas, we have a series of religious and philosophical documents which, as they form the concluding chapters of the Vêdas, are called Vêdânta, Vêda-end, or Upanishad, secret lore. And if by Vêdânta we understand not only the Sûtras and the Upanishads, but also the Bhâgavad Gîtâ, then we have Idealism, or Monism, Cosmogonism and Theism. The primitive Monism we find most clearly stated in the Brahmadâranyaka-Upanishad, and the other phases in the later Upanishads. Amongst the concepts by which

Indian thought leading up to the Upanishads seeks to get a more exact expression of the everlasting Unity, dimly discerned in the Rigvêda, the most important are those which have found the key to Nature as a whole in the contemplation of one's own self, that is to say, the conception of the Supreme as Purusha (man, mind), Prâna (life) and, above all, as Atman (self). As regards the last word, whereof the root means "to breathe," we must note how from the simple act of breathing, so distinctive of life in its beginning, and coinciding with its departure at death, the intension of the concept was gradually raised until it came to express what Anaximander meant by *arche*, Parmenides by *on*, Plato by *ontos*, Spinoza by *substantia*, and Kant by *Ding an sich*. The process of conceptual refinement is well shown in the Taittiriya Upanishad. Concerning the *jīvâtman* or conscious soul, for instance, we have first of all the *Annarasamaya Purusha* or man in his bodily state nourished by food, also called *Mâtrivâ*. But this body is only a sheath (*Kôsa*) which hides the essence; if we remove it, we arrive at the *Prânamaya Atman*, the self with the breath of life; this, however, is also a husk which, when taken away, reveals the *Manômayâ Atman*, the intellectual self; and so from this, pressing on in the same way to the *Vignanamaya Atman* or cognising self, we reach at last the *Anandamaya Atman*, the blissful Self.

This is the kernel of Indian philosophy, whereof the Vêdas and Brâhmanas are but the *Kôsas* and the *Upakôsas* !

Of this supreme Self it is said : *kâla-dêsa-anavakkina*, "unsplit by time and space," and *sarva-vikriya-rahita* "free from all change." Now, this is precisely what Kant says of the Ding an Sich, which is manifest to us only in phenomena by reason of the innate forms of our intellect, which oblige us to behold the Spaceless as spatial, the Timeless as temporal, the Causeless as subject to the law of causality. This timeless, spaceless, causeless Atman is wholly inaccessible to human thought and speech. In the words of the *Kâtaka* Upanishad (ii. vi, 12, 13);—

Since by neither speech nor mind nor yet by sight can he be gained,

• How can He be realised except by whispering "He is !"

Not only as "He is !" Both "Is" and "Is-not" must of Him be said,

But truth's first smile must rest upon "He is !"

You ask the Advaitavâdin to define the Atman and he keeps silence, for *Sântô'yam Atmà !* Is it Purusha, Prâna, Prâgña ? *Nēti ! nēti !* "Not so, not so !" Or rather it is this and much more : it is the metaphysical entity of every Purusha who, not by *Gñâna* but by *Anubhava*, comes to the supreme conclusion: *Aham Brahmâsmi*, "I am Brahma." This is what Shankara calls *Samrâdanam* "fulness of joy," whereby man's innate Avidyâ vanishes, the veil of Mâyâ is removed, individuality is lost, and the Jivâtman becomes the Paramâtman. Then it is, according to the *Mundaka*, that a man sees both the highest and the lowest, the knot of his heart breaks, all his doubts are solved, and his works vanish. He exclaims :—

Satyam gñanam anantam Brahma,
Anandarûpam amrtam yad vibâti.
Sântam, sivam, advaitam.
Om! Sânti, Sânti, Sânti !

which we may perhaps venture to interpret in the following sonnet :—

O seeker after God, eternal rest
Alone in Self is found ! All else is part
Of this great whole. See here, in this my heart
I feel its streams of light and life. No quest
Of first and last can now the soul molest ;
For, shines not 'neath the veil of soul, athwart
The vast dim sea of space, whose atoms dart
Refulgent through the worlds, supremely blest,
The grandeur of the Self ? No longer now
The shadows of duality appear.
The sword of being rises ; sweet and low
Come murmurs of glad music ; crystal clear
The streams of peace upon the spirit fall :
Existence, thought, love, bliss—the all in all !

Thus the best thought alike of East and West is wholly idealistic. Materialism is philosophically untenable and impossible, a truth which cannot be too strongly impressed upon this sordid age. In all lands and in every age pious souls and men of faith have never doubted it, but to those who are led solely by the lamp of Reason, Kant's masterly proofs cannot fail to be of the greatest service. To us in the West has come from the East a reflection, a revelation of

the Divine in One from whom we receive the child-like spirit,
whereby we cry : Abba ! Father ! And in this pure and perfect light
both East and West can exclaim together :—

सामीप्य । सायुज्य । सात्त्विका

HERBERT BAYNES.

England.

I KNEW NOT.

(*Translated from Hayat's Hinausians Gazal .*)

On all the worlds that face resplendent shone ;

But then I knew it not.

Behind the veil He sat all visible ;

But then I knew it not.

Within the rose and nightingale He dwelt,

In every leaf and branch,

In every place His sign and seal He set,

But then I knew it not.

For long in temples and in holy shrines

I sought in vain,

Yet all the while He was in my embrace,

But then I knew it not.

This hovel of existence fanciful

I took for home ;

While from my eyes my native land was hid ;

But then I knew it not.

Forsooth whatever else beside my Love

There was, O friend,

Was fancy, doubt, delusion, and a dream ;

But then I knew it not.

THE MENDICANTS OF LONDON.

LONDON with all its wealth, its riches, and its luxury, has also its army of beggars—professional mendicants who, in the garb of misery, plead not unsuccessfully for a living.

Prosperous London, centre of the British Empire, home of the Imperial Parliament, city of banks and money exchanges, depôt for the merchandise of all nations, is not ashamed of the miserable poverty that stalks its streets.

Philanthropic London, with its benevolent associations, its charitable Mansion House funds, and its thousand and one societies for spreading light and learning, religion and morality, throughout the world, passes with calm indifference the ragged mendicants at its gates.

Of all ages and of various characters are the London beggars. Their occupations, too, are various, for they are expected to have an occupation.

The passion for activity—physical activity—is part of the disease of the West. That a man or woman should sit and think seems deplorable to the average Englishman—hence the low estimate of wisdom, and the national suspicion that philosophy and intelligence are a token of weakness and incapacity. For a man to preserve his good name in England he must always “be up and doing”—even if the doing be no more than hunting a fox, making a bet, killing a fellow creature, or writing out a fraudulent company prospectus. So the London beggar, for whom no useful occupation is available, must at least make a pretence of being busy; and, thus, paying his reverence to the national fetish, he is accepted as, more or less, a man and a brother, mendicant though he be. For a beggar to invite alms on the ground that he was refraining from evil, and that

his thoughts were of the Most High, would be to court destruction. He would at once be handed over to the police as a dangerous person whom it were safer to lock up in prison.

At the same time, the requirements of industry can be easily satisfied, and the particular calling adopted by the mendicant is merely an affectation of enterprise, a polite concession to the conventional. Take, for instance, the mendicant crossing-sweepers of London. Theirs has long ceased to be a necessary labour, for Borough Councils now keep our roads tolerably clean, but at hundreds of street-corners in the suburbs, and the wealthier quarters of the Metropolis, a man or a woman—generally elderly—with a broom, is to be found getting a living, not by sweeping, but by begging pence of the passer-by. The broom of the crossing-sweeper is symbolical; its holder accepts the British cant that manual labour, no matter how disgusting or unnecessary, is in itself a blessed thing.

Cant we call this; for the comfortable people who of their abundance daily give pence to the sweeper, have grown rich not by any manual labour of their own, but by the manual labour of others, and they would be alarmed if they were called upon to do the work they insist is so beneficial for man. The very sweeper, too, knows that the road is not the cleaner for his presence, that the municipal authorities, and not his broom, accomplish all that is necessary, and he knows, too, that life is easier for him in consequence. But he dallies about with his broom, just as some of us do with our pipe of tobacco, because it keeps off thought: absolute idleness very often drives a man to think, and a professional beggar given to thinking would very soon drop out of the ranks—to become a criminal or a madman, an assassin or a suicide.

The crossing-sweeper is not a rich man. Occasionally he is allowed 6s. a week and his broom by a Borough Council anxious to keep men out of the workhouse, and on the average the receipts from the pence of the wayfarer will amount to 12s. But this 18s. will not exhaust his resources. Little presents of clothes and of food are often forthcoming from the large houses of the neighbourhood, and casual employment as a messenger or porter means an extra shilling from time to time.

One crossing-sweeper of my acquaintance, who only receives on the average 1s. a day, and has no endowment from the municipal

authorities, adds to his scanty income by odd jobbing as a gardener. But as he lives alone, and has no one dependent upon him, the shilling a day finds him a lodging and food. No one need starve in London who can get 1s. a day.

It is not a well-paid branch of mendicancy, crossing-sweeping, and there is a great deal of discomfort attached to it—exposure to all weathers particularly, but it provides a living.

Another class of mendicants sit all day long on the street pavement with rows of chalk-drawings beside them. Sometimes they make these drawings themselves, at other times they hire them by the day. The pictures are always very bad, they do not add in any way to the beauty of London, and yet they are a source of profit to their owners. Not the pictures, chiefly, after all, but the face of the "pavement artist" wins the pence of the sympathetic wayfarer. For all these men of the chalk-drawings are able to wear the most pathetic countenances. There they sit, hollow in cheek and hungry in eye, saying never a word, but imploring silently for the pity of the beholder; and not vainly imploring, for that mournful glance draws money as surely as the comic actor draws laughter in the theatre, and the "pavement artist" flourishes as well as any professional mendicant in London. And who would grudge him his few shillings a day? It is very uncomfortable to sit all day on a scanty rag of carpet on cold stones.

The crossing-sweeper and the man with chalk-drawings mainly get their living from people with a comfortable supply of money; the street-singer and the organ-grinder, on the other hand, appeal to the poor for alms.

The street-singer wanders along in the middle of the road, in a neighbourhood of mean streets, drawling out the verse of some well-known Christian hymn. He need not know more than one or two verses—enough for the length of the street he is in—and he repeats them in every thoroughfare. The noise is horribly unmelodious and the singer is not performing a religious exercise. His clothes are tattered and patched, his boots are broken, and so forlorn a spectacle is he, that it goes hard if he cannot win a penny from at least one person in each street, and sixty streets can be traversed in the course of the day.

The street-singer is not tolerated where the rich live, but the

compassion of the poor is boundless, and in spite of the harsh offensive voice of the singer the words of the simple Christian hymn touch the chords of old religious beliefs in many a heart.

The organ-grinder also lives by the poor, not because he appeals to religious sentiments, but because he provides some entertainment to lives dull and dreary, and breaks the weary monotony of everyday existence. And in both cases it is those whose own lot is hard who of their scanty resources feel constrained to give to the support of the mendicant who beseeches them.

Of course, there are also thousands of street musicians in London who really give very clever performances, and who work hard for the money they get. These are not to be ranked as beggars, unlike the ordinary vagrant hymn-singer who lives by his misery, and whose hymns are the excuse for an appeal to the compassion of his fellows. So with the organ-grinder: though he provides entertainment, yet he asks for alms because he is out of work or disabled. Whereas the street musician takes the hat round for pence because he has sung a song or played a tune on the cornet: he is a poor relation to the performer on the stage, and only one degree removed from the strolling players who perform in portable booths in the country.

Beyond these is the mendicant who lives by the story he can tell—the story of his own misfortunes. Considerable skill is required in this branch of the profession of beggary, for the story must be varied to move the particular hearer; moreover, great caution is necessary lest the wrong person be approached.

Begging is a punishable offence in England, and should the mendicant begin his plaint to a hard man, it is likely he will be haled off to the police station instead of finding money in his hand.

Generally, the story is of utter destitution and the pressing need of food and lodging. Often it is only just enough money for immediate necessities that is asked for, and there is assurance that if the charitable listener will provide for the present emergency, the mendicant will speedily be in a good position again.

It is a dangerous calling this, as I have mentioned, because the police can always be summoned to arrest the mendicant with the pathetic tale; indeed, they can and do arrest him on their own

initiative, and every day some one is sent to prison by London Magistrates for begging in the streets.

Still, the really skilful person who knows instinctively a sympathetic listener, and has ascertained where kind-hearted and credulous householders live, makes a very good living by his tales of woe and distress. Now it is the story of a sickness that threw him out of work and left him penniless and alone. Now it is an accident that has crippled him. In time the practised beggar in this line gets a story so circumstantial that to disprove it would be a long undertaking; and it is easier to give money, on the chance that it may be a deserving person dogged by ill-luck whose story is true, though in all probability it isn't.

After all, we pay to read the romances of the novelist, why should we begrudge the itinerant story-teller a trifle?

Positive physical deformity—especially loss of sight—is a never-failing source of revenue to the London mendicant. Blind beggars seem to be exempt from prosecution, at least one never hears of the police arresting them. To be deaf and dumb, on the other hand, is no inducement to mendicancy and the mute is as rare as the blind beggar is common in London streets.

— One other class remains—those who ply their calling through children. Women adopt this practice more frequently than men, and may be often seen standing in the streets, or moving slowly along, with two or even three small children by their side. It is hard to resist the spectacle of children in want of food, but these children who cling to the woman with the pitiful face have probably been engaged for the day, and are not necessarily destitute. Indeed, this form of professional begging is commonly successful, though at the same time it is attended with considerable risks, for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is often on the lookout to prosecute those who employ children in the mendicant's trade.

There is money to be made in this mendicant's trade in London, and though one death from starvation occurs on the average every week in this rich and mighty city, it is not the professional beggar who dies; it is rather some self-respecting man or woman in whose breast pride remains when all earthly fortune has gone, and who cannot face the humiliation of begging for bread.

The professional beggars live on. They crowd into the cheap lodging houses, and hide themselves in cellars and allies in the dark corners of London. The churches and the social settlements with their charities do a good deal to keep the mendicant alive. The free public libraries in wet weather and the parks on fine days offer shelter and relaxation when he is not following his occupation.

Ugly as this blot of mendicancy is on the civilisation of the West, however, it is not so full of tragedy as the distress of the honest and industrious to whom work is forbidden. The beggar lives, while the unemployed workman falls under the stress of poverty and dies. After all, though the professional beggar is a social parasite, he demands but little from society compared with the vast amount of wealth absorbed by the social parasites in high places—the idle rich who infest London and all big cities. The beggar of the streets is easily satisfied. He does not require motor-cars, champagne suppers, long expensive dinners, diamonds, luxurious furniture, and steam yachts. He has no use for deer forests and the preserving of game for shooting. He is contented with the crumbs that fall from the tables of the over-fed.

One thing is certain, where the rich parasite abounds, his needy brother will be near at hand.

And is it less certain that in a healthy community, neither the rich mendicant living in idleness on the labour of others nor the miserable mendicant of the streets would be found?

In a society where none would be rich enough to live at ease without working and where none need fear poverty who were capable of work, parasites and mendicants would disappear. The luxury of the rich and the misery of the poor, as we find them in England to-day, curse the civilisation of the West, and unless got rid of, will bring the strongest Empire to ruin as surely as they hastened the downfall of Rome.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

London.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**A Problem of
Problems.**

"It is a difficult problem: His Majesty's Government does not consider it wise to make any statement at the present stage"—such was the reply given by Col. Seely to an interpellation concerning the position of Indians in the Transvaal. It is the great race problem, the hardest nut that every community, nation or Empire has to solve. Wonderful are the achievements of Science: it has harnessed the forces of Nature to do the will of man. It has failed to subdue the will and chasten the sentiment of man.

His daring foot is on land and sea everywhere, he colonises the Pacific, the archipelagoes,

With the steamship, the electric telegraph, the newspaper, the wholesale engines of war,

With these and the world-spreading factories he interlinks all geography, all lands;

What whispers are these O lands, running ahead of you, passing under the seas?

Are all nations communing? Is there going to be but one heart to the globe?

So queried the enthusiastic poet, without rhyme, but not without reason. Yet the time when the globe is going to have a single heart is within the ken only of the poet, and not of the statesman, nor even of the man of science. Huxley preached that the equality of the races was a myth. Herbert Spencer advised the Japanese on scientific grounds not to intermarry with Europeans. Benjamin Kidd has spoken grandiloquently of the undesirability of the lower civilisation of the coloured races displacing the higher civilisation of the white man in South Africa. While Science has laboured to annihilate

space and to "interlink all geography" by railways, the telegraph, and steamships, it has lent no countenance to the interlinking of all mankind. Far from it: engrossed too deeply in the study of things as they are and have been, the high priests of Science have, as a rule, shown a disinclination to undertake the prophet's mission of leading men towards a different future. The epigraphist dislikes the attempts to introduce a common script; the comparative philologist is jealous of the movement towards establishing a common language; the ethnologist fears that the doom of his science will be sealed where the different races of the earth do not preserve their identity, but mingle freely and produce new shapes of skulls, new complexions, and new lengths and twists of hair.

The "higher civilisation" of the white colonist comprises four distinct standards—educational, political, sanitary, and economic. The educational standard of the Asiatic is capable of being raised: he is an apt learner. The King-Emperor's recent Message to the Princes and Peoples of India recognises the "apt intelligence" of the inhabitants of this country. Indeed, no one has yet propounded the theory that the coloured races are intellectually obtuse, though the power of initiative and direction has not been credited to them in an equal measure with the European. Asiatics do not claim the right of supplanting the white colonists in South Africa, and if they satisfy the educational tests to which the colonists themselves submit, there can be no danger of the educational standard of the "higher civilisation" being lowered by the liberal introduction of the Asiatic element in the colonies. In politics, again, the Asiatics do not claim the upper hand, or any privileges which are likely to give them a measure of influence calculated to menace the white man's supremacy. So far as the maintenance of a higher standard of civilisation is concerned, the example of Japan is a shining proof of the capacity of the Asiatic to approximate to the white man's standard, if he is put in the way of imitating it, and is not deterred from making an advance. The forms of government which have hitherto prevailed in the East do not disprove the innate capacity of the Asiatic to improve, any more than the political institutions of Europe in the Middle Ages were inconsistent with the progress which has since been made. Sanitary ideas may also be improved. The knowledge of sanitation in Europe was at one time very defective. The difference between the

habits of the Asiatics and of the white colonists is due to the discoveries of science and the spread of education. It must be in the power of the Colonial Governments to enforce sanitary regulations and to diffuse sanitary knowledge, such as would insure the community against the dangers of insanitation; and it is not likely that the Asiatics would perversely defy the law and the attempts to educate them, though they might resent restrictions unnecessarily humiliating and invidious. The real causes of the resistance to Asiatic immigration are now frankly admitted to be economic. The Asiatic is more frugal, more hardy, and quite as intelligent and enterprising in his own sphere as the white colonist. He can live on less and is content with smaller profits. He is, therefore, an undesirable, because successful, competitor. In this respect his civilisation is lower, in the same sense as that of an abstemious person, living on milk and bread, is inferior to that of the man who cannot do without beef and brandy. The claims put forward by the Indians in the Transvaal have now been reduced to the lowest possible limit: they seek no expansion, but only self-preservation. Their very moderation has evoked not a little sympathy in England, and it is only the colonist that has hardened his heart and made the situation "difficult."

—A rather remarkable apology for the colonial attitude has been recently put forward by a well known Member of Parliament. It is asked whether Indians would not have acted towards Europeans in precisely the same manner in similar circumstances. We are reminded that Asiatics, whenever strong enough, have in the past resisted the settlement of Europeans among them, and that even now in some of the Native States of India Europeans cannot settle without individual permission, and in British India a section, though small, of the educated classes wish to free the country from European domination. This question is raised with more frankness than tact. Governments and nations ought to be progressive, and if any Government, European or Asiatic, in the past excluded foreigners from its territories, it does not follow that such exclusion is to be imitated or perpetuated. It is unnecessary to inquire whether Europeans effected an entrance into India by sheer strength. History tells us that if they were strong, the Native rulers also found them serviceable. If they had not been serviceable in commerce, in the army, and in the accomplishment of the designs of

ambitious rulers against one another, it would have taken a longer time for them to occupy the position which they now hold, if indeed they would have attained to anything like it at all. When Vasco da Gama arrived at Calicut, he was no doubt opposed by the Arab traders, who wished to enjoy a monopoly of the trade with the West by sea. But the Zamorin did not treat him with a spirit of hostility. Da Gama is said to have returned to Europe with a letter from the Zamorin to the King of Portugal, in which the Hindu ruler wrote: "Vasco da Gama, a nobleman of your household, has visited my kingdom and has given me great pleasure. In my kingdom there is abundance of cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper and precious stones. What I seek from thy country is gold, silver, coral and scarlet." When the English trader arrived in India, it was the Portuguese who wished to oust them: the Moghuls treated them hospitably and permitted them to settle in the country for trade. Jehangir gave Hawkins permission to erect a factory at Surat: Middleton's fleet was prevented from landing at the port by the Portuguese. No doubt when the traders were suspected of designs to overthrow Native rule, attempts were naturally made to suppress them. If Asiatics in the Transvaal betray any inclination to oust the white colonists, they may be summarily ejected. But such a mad project has never entered their heads. The peaceful settlement of Europeans for trade was not opposed by Native rulers: they seem rather to have welcomed it. But apart from this question of history, it is far from desirable to re-enact in the twentieth century the episodes of a period when nations were more jealous of one another and their outlook upon the world was very narrow. What will be the result of reviving the ancient spirit? It is a double-edged weapon. If South African exclusiveness is justified, because extremists in Bengal want to be independent of foreign control, the latter will reverse the argument, and justify their attitude because the white colonists would have nothing to do with Indians. Indeed, that is precisely why the colonial attitude gives so much anxiety to the mother-country.

This difficult problem is not new in India. It was confronted as soon as the Aryan set foot in the land of the Five Rivers. It is known as the caste question. With unerring insight and without affectation of delicacy, the writers of old said that the basis of caste is colour or *varna*. Other factors have since contributed to multiply

castes in India, such as religion, diet, language and geographical isolation. But the primary conception of caste was colour. And though educational, political and economic considerations may be pleaded in justification of the colonial attitude before the civilised world, a deeper consideration is really colour. The educated man is taught to profess in words that colour is a superficial attribute, but in the consciousness of the average man in the most civilised countries, nothing is deeper than colour. As a matter of politeness, the expression "coloured races" is avoided in official and political literature, "native races" being substituted instead. But when this latter phrase had to be interpreted in South Africa, Asiatics were included among the native races of Africa. The Boer and the Briton alike knew that his sentiment was not against birth and habitat, but against colour. When Kipling wrote of the "White Man's Burden," and the late Lord Salisbury used the contrary adjective of chromatic import on a memorable occasion, they employed language which came directly from the heart, and which went directly to the heart. In India the problem is as old as the dawn of recorded history, and it is not yet solved. The literature that has been preserved being mainly of a religious nature, the political feuds that must have arisen out of considerations of colour have been largely forgotten. Yet the records that are extant are sufficient to indicate the nature of the struggles and conflicts that must have been frequent in ancient India. In Aryan society itself there were constant discussions as to the privileges of the Brahmans and the Kshatriyas, and their relative position in society. Ostensibly the difference between the two castes was one of function, and the distinction might have had its origin in occupational divergence. But *varna* did not always distinguish the Sudra from the twice-born only: it split up Aryan society also, and one legend at least attributes different colours to the three castes which constituted the twice-born community. The origin of these colours was probably ethnical, but scholars have not satisfactorily accounted for the notion that the Brahman was white and the Kshatriya red. Not only are there individual anecdotes preserving the memory of the ancient feuds: the whole history of India has been roughly divided by the student of traditional lore into four periods, in each of which a particular caste enjoyed predominance. Parashurama's victory over Kshatriyas marks the epoch

when the Brahman successfully asserted his supremacy in politics as well as religion. He could not maintain his dual reign very long. Rama of the solar race re-established Kshatriya supremacy. In the succeeding age Krishna, the shepherd, became the prominent figure. The Pandavas and the Kauravas were Kshatriyas, and there were renowned Brahman king-makers associated with them. Yet the student of tradition has represented the Shepherd, who under the ancient classification would have ranked as a Vaisya, as the leading figure of the period. Buddha elevated the Sudra in the last of the four epochs. Chandragupta was, indeed, ably supported by a Brahman. But Chanakya did not work for his own class. Since then there has been "mixture of castes." Yet the sentiment of caste and colour has lost its strength in actual secular life, though it has yielded somewhat to the constant assaults of religious teachers.

The idea of "locations" is not new. The tendency of birds of the same feather to flock together is a phenomenon not only of human, but even of animal, sociology. That which takes place even voluntarily was enforced by custom in Indian society. It was a rule as old as Manu, and no doubt much older, that outcasts should live beyond the precincts of a village inhabited by orthodox and respectable society. Curiously enough, there are said to be certain hill-tribes who desert their huts and shift their location to a new quarter if a Brahman knowingly or unwittingly approaches them. For centuries it has been the practice to divide a town or village into different "wards," each set apart for one of the principal castes. The Brahman, especially, has taken care to segregate himself. For a somewhat different reason dancing girls in every town lived in a separate quarter of their own. The modern practice of liquor shops being opened in parts of a town inhabited by respectable society is contrary to Indian custom, and though the segregation of castes will not be advocated by the educated Indians of the twentieth century, the segregation of open vice will enlist their hearty approval. The use of temples by different castes is one of the most fruitful sources of public disputes in India. Each caste is allowed the privilege of entering certain portions of a temple, and not others: the higher the caste of a worshipper, the nearer he may approach the sanctum sanctorum. From the outcasts no offerings at all would be accepted in most of the temples managed by high castes, but some may place their offerings at the

outer door, to be washed and taken in by the priest ; others may peregrinate in the first or outermost circle, and yet others the second circle, only a privileged few being allowed to enter the third or innermost circle. In a few temples, however, the reformers who have preached against exclusive religious privileges, from at least the time of Buddha downwards, have succeeded in securing special privileges for the lower castes, so that on certain days even the Mahar may approach the idol nearer than he is allowed to do during the rest of the year. Nothing proves the inveteracy and depth of this caste sentiment more conclusively than the influence it has had on communities other than Hindus on the Indian soil. It has recently been judicially decided in the enlightened city of Bombay that the Parsi temples and Towers of Silence are not intended for the use of converts to Zoroastrianism. Among Hindus fierce riots sometimes take place when lower castes enter precincts where only the higher castes are privileged to tread. The liberty to worship is allowed, but with the qualification that those who may approach God as near as they can in spirit shall keep at a certain distance from man in body. Christians have not shown themselves to be caste-proof. In the days of the early missionaries, the caste sentiment was not only respected, but even utilised in making conversions, particularly by one missionary who is said to have worn the garb of a Brahman and preached the lost Veda of Jesus. In Southern India there are even now Christians who keep caste almost as rigidly as Hindus, though we believe they do not carry the prejudice to the length of considering the touch of a low caste man a source of pollution. Education has had its effect on Brahman as well as Christian. But there were days when in Malabar high caste Christians kept the low castes at almost the same distance as high caste Hindus. In this respect Islam has succeeded better than any other religion, though colour sentiment is too deep to be eradicated altogether.

To appeal to history with the object of repeating the errors of the past, or relying on their support for a justification of like errors in the present, is entirely an abuse of that branch of study. The attempts to suppress the caste sentiment in the past have largely failed. They may fail again. But what we want is not an explana-

tion of the attitude of a colony or a nation, nor historic parallels: we want that the future should be better than the past and the present. We want a continuity of progress, and not of error. Buddha might have failed, and he did fail, in attacking the race or caste problem. He succeeded in keeping out the prejudice from the walls of the monasteries: the lay sentiment was too strong to be eradicated. Indeed, in the very attempt to overthrow the supremacy of the Brahman, the early Buddhists elevated the Kshatriya above him; and they had to use rivalry as a means of establishing equality. Even within the walls of a monastery the caste spirit is said to have made its appearance not only in India, but even in Ceylon. But on the whole the monks remained faithful to the teachings of their Master. "The wise cast an equal eye," taught the Bhagavadgita centuries ago, "upon a Brahman, endued with learning, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and a man of the lowest caste." This charter of the low castes, and many other charters of the same kind, have been explained away by the "wise men" of later centuries, even as the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 is said to have been explained away by some of the subsequent Viceroy's. But the plant fixed in the soil has taken root: it has now and then been cut down stem and branch, and yet the root has remained, and drawing its sustenance from the eternal principles of justice and the equality of all children in the household of the Father of all nations and castes, it has again and again burst into sprouts and leaves. If history is studied to any good purpose, we may derive inspiration from this imperishable vitality of the love of justice and brotherliness, rather than seek to uphold wrong because it has on the whole prevailed. The higher civilisation of the white races is not content to maintain its existence within the limits recorded by history: it seeks expansion. And it deserves expansion only if it is morally higher, and not merely educationally or economically more efficient. The Anglo-Saxon's diffusion over the world will meet with the good-will of other races, and will be successful, only if, in the poet laureate's words, it "enfranchises mankind." There is a palpable inconsistency in appealing to Asiatic precedents by way of justifying wrong, and at the same time asserting a superiority over Oriental civilisations as a plea for supplanting them. Appeals to Oriental ideals in politics are getting a little too common. The fate of the Oriental kingdoms and empires in the

past, and the vicissitudes to which they were subject, are forgotten. It is not by ignoring or trifling with the ideals of the past, and by imitating the example of unsuccessful and antiquated civilisations that difficult problems will be solved.

CURRENT EVENTS

The most sensational event of last month was the attempted assassination of Sir Andrew Fraser. Attempts to blow up his train had been made before, but they were not enterprises as daring as that of the young man, a student, who walked into a hail with a revolver concealed in his garments, and, observed of all observers, pulled out the weapon within a few feet of the Lieutenant-Governor, and fired at him. The powder refused to burn: in an instant the Maharajadhiraj of Burdwan interposed between the would-be assassin and his victim, and carried the latter safely pinioned in his arms into another room, while an American gentleman struggled with the young man, at considerable risk and with some injury to himself, and secured him. It is not yet known whether he had any associates in the criminal plot, but presumably he had. It is believed that there is a secret society pledged to encompass the destruction of high officials now and then, and to terrorise the Government. The particular young man is believed to have vowed vengeance against Sir Andrew Fraser, as the Lieutenant-Governor had rejected an appeal for mercy by a relative of his, who had been condemned by the courts to capital punishment for having murdered an accomplice in a plot while both were in the Alipur jail. The would-be assassin was tried, he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to ten years' rigorous imprisonment. It is easy to conjecture what would have been the fate under Native Governments of a person who had the audacity to attempt to take the life of a ruler in such circumstances. Sir Andrew Fraser, in one of his last speeches at Calcutta, hoped that the Government would do nothing in a spirit of vengeance in discharging its undoubted duty of suppressing anarchism by every means known to civilisation. It is generally said that the Sermon on the Mount is not meant for statesmen and administrators. But Sir Andrew's sentiments of forbearance and magnanimity made as near an approach to that exalted utterance as has ever been made by political personages in similar circumstances. As regards the Maharaja's act of courage and devotion, the Lieutenant-Governor acknowledged that he could find no language to express his gratitude. The incident would have been dramatic, if related in a novel it was bewildering and stupefying as an actual occurrence in broad

daylight under a civilised Government and in a province the inhabitants of which it is even now the fashion to describe as timid.

Shortly after this attempted assassination a police officer was shot in a street under cover of darkness : the motive must have been revenge, for he had successfully tracked an anarchist, who to avoid arrest committed suicide. The murderers of this officer have not yet been detected. A plain unvarnished narration of these events is enough to curdle one's blood, and it requires no eloquence or exposition to make one realise the condition into which Bengal, or rather a small section of the younger generation in that unhappy province, has drifted. From a somewhat different point of view, even more remarkable than these crimes was the apotheosis, by a large crowd, of a young man who had been executed for the murder of an accomplice and approver in a trial for waging war against the King. If the demoralisation of individual young men by the teachings of secret societies be a dangerous and deplorable symptom, what should one think of open sympathy shown by crowds—including ladies of high families, it is said—with *himsa* of this nature! The Government has amended the jail codes, so that the bodies of executed prisoners may not hereafter be handed over to relatives or friends, if demonstrations at the funeral are apprehended. Stringent measures will be passed to put down anarchist crimes, by adopting summary methods in trials, and by making the punishment of such crimes more swift and impressive *after* detection. But what about prevention and detection? After detection and proof of guilt, short shrift is precisely what the anarchist desires. He sometimes blows out his own brains. Let him be detected first

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The time is past for the discussion of the underlying causes of the unrest in Bengal. In whatever way the unrest might have originated and developed, the disease now requires the application of direct remedies and cannot be left to the slow operation of the restorative forces which may exist in the community, and which may be aided by concessions of one kind or another. There was a time when the partition of the province was the main grievance, but the anarchists do not seem to come from the ranks of those who would be satisfied with a re-integration of their province, or of that part which is inhabited by the Bengali-speaking race. That they hope to set up Native rule in the place of the British Government is highly improbable, and they are not sentimental enough to make much of a grievance like that of dividing the Bengali race between two Lieutenant-Governors, instead of placing them under one. It is probable that they will lose much of the popular sympathy which they manage to enlist on their behalf, if the Government diverts that sympathy towards itself by some magnanimous concession to popular opinion; and this way of taking the wind out of their sails is not un-

worthy of consideration, nor need it necessarily involve a loss of prestige. But the specific grievances openly discussed afford only a convenient opportunity to those who have been secretly plotting the destruction of magistrates and other high officials, and who are acquainting themselves with up-to-date methods of destruction. So far as one can gather from their general conduct and from the writings attributed to their school, their object is neither to drive out the British immediately, nor to secure the reversal of any particular measure, but to create in the European community such a dread of Native displeasure that the subject races may be treated with much more consideration and respect than they imagine their countrymen generally are. A recent visitor to India has opined that the best and the most permanent cure for unrest in this country is a "change of heart" on the part of Englishmen. Making allowance for the upheaval of unreasoning passions in times of popular excitement, one may perhaps say that the young men who risk their own lives and destroy the lives of others in Bengal have set before themselves the mission of bringing about this "change of heart" by means which they consider most effectual. A change of heart, however, is a slow process, and it is not to be secured by methods which stir up bad blood. Stringent measures for the prevention, detection and punishment of crime seem to be inevitable in the circumstances. The Government here, as well as the authorities in England, are thoroughly aroused to the danger of the situation by the attempted assassination of Sir Andrew Fraser, who has now, fortunately for himself, left the country for good, leaving memories behind which would have been more grateful if he had not been handicapped by circumstances beyond his control.



The public attention in India is almost entirely absorbed by the sensational events in Bengal. The Presidential election in the United States, the collapse of the Persian constitution, and the deaths of the Emperor and the Dowager-Empress of China are events of no little importance to the student of contemporary history. Mr. Bryan was at one time applauded by a certain section of the Indian press for his strictures on the shortcomings of the British Government in India. As President of the United States it is doubtful if he would have withstood the current of prejudice against Asiatics in the white man's land: indeed, the restriction of Asiatic immigration is believed to have been one of the planks in his platform. It would have made no difference to the people of the East if he had won, instead of Mr. Taft. The change of Emperors in China does not seem to have been attended so far with any change of policy. There may be more intrigue in the palace than before, but the tide of reform seems to have fairly set in, and it may not be turned back. The break-down

of the Persian constitution is more instructive in its own way. When the talk of Svaraj is in the air in India, the vicissitudes of the party of reform in Persia are full of warning and suggestion to countries like India which do not enjoy even the advantage of a homogenous population, as Persia does. There is a great deal which the "apt intelligence" of the East has to learn before it can successfully work schemes of constitutional government.

Towards the Light—A Mystical Poem, by the Princess Mary Karadjia, London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Ltd., 1s.

This poem is both a psychic problem and an inspiring message. The Princess relates in a brief preface how, during a period when she was seeking solace for bereavement in prayer, the inspiration came to her to write the experiences of a spirit in another world, and, in a sort of trance, she straightway wrote some hundreds of lines of unpremeditated verse. We have no hesitation in believing the author when she says that she discloses this history of the poem's origin in the interests of truth and at the risk of ridicule rather than from any desire to give a fictitious interest to the work. The poem, indeed, is so remarkable that it requires no story of a wondrous birth to account for its extraordinary success in the Swedish version in which it was originally written. This success has been repeated in translations in several European languages, Her Excellency herself doing the English version, in which that treacherous medium, blank verse, is handled with an ease and accuracy rare enough among the native writers of the language and remarkable in one whose thoughts are habitually expressed in another tongue. The poem is on the theme of Eternal Hope. It is at once a warning and a promise.

Every pain will end.

One sin alone can never be forgiven,
The sin of pride that does not wish for grace,
For then the spirit dooms itself to darkness.
God's arms are ever open Every soul
That struggles bravely upwards finds the light.
Though far the goal—yet it is reached at last.

No theologian has better defined the unforgivable sin of blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, but no sermon taking the Founder of the Christian faith as the Way, the Truth and the Life, ever contained less of dogmatic theology. The Princess's theme is the progress towards the Light, by the mercy of God, of a man who has wasted and finally destroyed his life on earth, but its application is unmistakably directed to the necessity of a faithful effort in spiritual progress in this life. Its appeal is universal, and we may expect to see it as warmly welcomed in the tongues of the East as in those of the West.

The Fairies' Fountain.—By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesareo. London: Arnold, **Fairbairns & Co., Ltd.**, 5s.

It is said to be the most difficult thing in the world to write a book for

children, and it can hardly be less difficult to review one wisely. The great bulk of juvenile literature fails to attract a class of readers who are too entirely unsophisticated to be uncertain or capricious as to what they like. But unless memory plays us very false indeed, this is a book which in those vanished but not so very distant days would have delighted us exceedingly. That we enjoy it in maturer years is, of course, no criterion, but some development of a habit of criticism enables us to understand what then we might but dimly have felt, that the stories have a moral which is not of that obtrusively repellent kind against which a free nature instinctively rebels, but is enforced so delicately and subtly that it becomes a part of the stories' charm. Kings and Queens consort with dairymaids in the same natural way as they do in Hans Andersen, and all the impossibilities are just of the sort that become possible in the childish fancy—which is, perhaps, the greatest of the many secret ingredients of the successful fairy-tale. The get-up of the book is just what it should be, and the printer was evidently no friend of the oculist, but selected a type which would do young eyes no harm. As for Mr. Charles Robinson's pictures, they are a pure delight to children of all ages. The firm, clear line drawings are just what the little ones most appreciate, and the only fault we can imagine these ruthless little critics may find with their pictures is in some of the conventional clouds, which occasionally realise the idea of the "heavens rolled up like a scroll."

The Missionary Enterprise.—By Edwin Munsell Bliss, D.D. Edinburgh: Fleming H. Revell Company. 3s. 6d.

Missionaries in these days are often severely criticised by their own countrymen, but one cannot read this book, which, owing to the vast amount of information it contains, is little more than a careful and accurate summary, without feeling that it is no common spirit of self-seeking or of spasmodic fanaticism which has covered the world with outposts of the Christian faith. The philosophic doubt as to whether it is not rather the people which makes the religion than the religion which makes the people, does not trouble the missionary, though from a certain standpoint he realises the possibility and prepares to struggle against it. For instance, Mr. Bliss tells us that in India they have to be specially on their guard to avoid a flood of "baptised pagans," and in realising this the missionary begins to grasp the stupendousness of his task. He sees what has become of the Vedic religion, and, while dreaming of what the people might be with a purer teaching as the guiding principle of their lives, has to ensure that this teaching, in the acceptance of which he believes lies salvation, does not become degraded as the faiths which have sunk among a sunken people before. The author has the common failing of painting the heathen of too uniformly dark a hue, but he is undoubtedly right in his statement that the religions of Asia had lost nearly all their power for progressive good among the common people, and where revivals are seen to-day they frequently owe their existence to outside stimulus and example. The book is an interesting history of an effort of enormous scope, and unprecedented earnestness, of which the final outcome must be good, though the shape of that outcome no man can foresee.

